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 — of *Prince Clermont*, and *Madam de Ravexan*.
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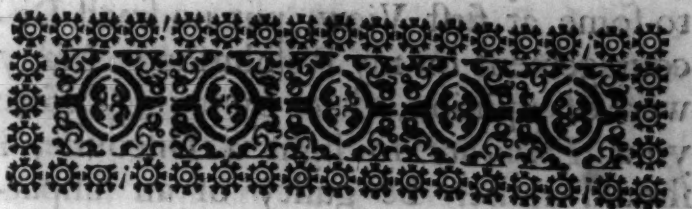
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TO HIS EMINENCY

CARDINAL

Julius Mazarine,

PRINCE of the Holy ROMAN Church.

May it please your EMINENCY,



HAVE long consulted with my
self, whether it became a prudent
Man, to suffer a POEM of this
NATURE to take Sanctuary under
A * the

ii DEDICATION.

the Protection of your *Sacred* NAME. The Levity of the Subject, as it appear'd to some at first View, put no small Discouragement on my Resolution: Many were of opinion, that, by laying before your *Eminency* so light a Discourse, I should rather be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, than express the Veneration I owe to one of so exalted a Character and Dignity: For who (said those censorious Gentlemen) can forbear arraigning him of Vanity and Arrogance, who is so injurious to the publick Interest, as to take off the Mind of the first Minister of the *Gallic* Empire from his more important Concerns, by the slight Diversion of a ludicrous CALLIPÆDIA? But some Reasons, however unacceptable to others, were so prevailing with me, as to remove all Scruples. This POEM, begun at *Rome*, in your *Eminency's* own native Soil, carry'd on, and brought to Perfection at *Paris*, in the spacious Theatre of your Vertue and Glory, with all Submission and Chearfulness courted the

the Honour of your Patronage. Thus the divine *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Georgics* (the Model and Idea of which I have endeavour'd to keep in View, tho at a great Distance) to *Caius Cilnius Mecenas*, Minister of the Roman Empire, and the Emperor *Augustus* himself; by which means both the Poet and the Patron of the P O E M, are jointly transmitted down to Posterity with equal Honour and immortal Reputation. I dare not, I confess, draw any Parallel between the *Callipedia* and the *Georgics*; for then I should justly incur the Censure of an over-weening Presumption, should I offer to compare my Littleness to his lofty Performance:

—*Sic parvis componere magna pueret.*

YET without the least Reflection, or Vanity, I dare be bold to affirm, that the Subject on which I write, is far superior to that of *Virgil's*: For who,

but one of a very partial and weak Judgment, would not blush to prefer a fruitful *Harvest* to a plentiful *Family*; *Vines*, when join'd to *Elms*, to a *Bride* and *Bridegroom*, married for the noble Purposes of procreating a *beauteous Race*; the keeping of a numerous Stock of *Cattel*, to the Care of *Man* himself, as he is forming in the Womb, coming into the World, and ripening into Perfection?

NEITHER have we omitted, no more than *Virgil* has done in his *Georgics*, to touch, in the following P O E M, upon that noble Science, so worthy an ingenious Education, *Astronomy*; for there we relate, under what Star, a fair Offspring may be conceiv'd, in a way not unaccurate, and, perhaps, not altogether disagreeable and undiverting.

HERE

D E D I C A T I O N. v

HERE give me leave, My LORD,
to add one Reason, which may seriously
recommend this Work of mine to the
Perusal of KINGS, and GOVERNOURS of
Kingdoms. For since their Empire, and
Adminiſtration of it, is not ſo imme-
diately concern'd with the Care of
Corn or *Cattel*, as in a more proper and
peculiar Manner, with *Men* themſelves;
who will not readily grant, that theſe
Precepts of ours, concerning the *Gene-
ration of a beautiful human Offspring*, are
conducive to the Strength and Glory
of Kingdoms, and deſerving to be an-
nex'd even to the S A L I C Laws?

ACCEPT therefore, *Moſt Eminent
Cardinal*, this genuine Progeny of my
Muſe, which may lay ſome Title to
Commendation, if not on account of
the Elegance of the Style, yet cer-
tainly for the Dignity of the Subject;

—*Et jam nunc votis assuesce vocari.*

IT would indeed be necessary here, that I, who have undertaken to manage so nice and delicate an Argument, should have done it in a suitable and extraordinary Way, with the utmost Vigour of Spirit, and in a Style above the Relish of the Vulgar: But I must plead the Narrowness of too circumscrib'd a Genius. However, My LORD, You, I hope, will vouchsafe to supply the Place of *Mecenas* to me; and as You infinitely excel him in the skilful Administration of Government, and the other Arts both of Peace and War, so is it agreeable to the Greatness of Your *Eminency's* Soul, not only to imitate, but overcome him, in Affability, Gentleness, Condescension, and a profuse and undisguis'd Affection for the Lovers of
the

DEDICATION.

vii

the politer Learning. So live, and enjoy the Favour of all good Men, and continue Yours, to,

My LORD,

Your Eminency's

Most Devoted,

Most Oblig'd and

Most Obedient Servant,

C. QUILLET.



* A 4

Mon-

DEDICATED TO

the better Learning, so live, and en-
joy the favour of all good Men, and

SECTION

Mr. O. and
Miss O. and
Miss O. and

C. GUILLET

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Monſieur * BAYLE's
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
A U T H O R :



LAUDIUS QUILLET, a
Native of *Chinon* in *Touraine*,
was one of the moſt celebrated
Poets of the XVIIth Century. I have

* See Bayle's Dictionary, laſt Dutch Edition, Articles
of *Grandier* and *Quillet*.

* A 5

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Monsieur BAYLE's Account

mention'd in another Place (1), the Occasion which oblig'd him to retire into *Italy*. I now add, That being at *Rome*, and frequenting the House of the *French* Ambassador, who was the *Mareschal d'Estrees*, he was made Secretary to the Embassy (2). I don't know for what Reason he was angry with Cardinal *Mazarine*; but 'tis certain, that he spoke very ill of his Eminency, in a *POEM* which he publish'd in the Year 1655. The Cardinal receiv'd the Insult with a great deal of Mildness, and was so easily satisfy'd with the Excuses of the Author (3), that he promis'd him an Abby. The *POEM* I speak of, contains some things which Mr. *Baillet* (4) condemns very much. The Abbot *Quillet* writ some other Books (5), which have not been publish'd.

NOTES

NOTES.

(1) Monsieur *Bayle* in his Dictionary, under the Article of GRANDIER, (who was burnt as a Magician, for possessing the *Ursuline* Nuns at *Loudun*) cites the following Passage out of the *Sorberiana*, pag. 172. ‘ That Mons. *Quillet* challeng’d the Devil of those Nuns, and made him speechless, and that all the Devil’s Craft was nonplus’d : That Mr. *Laubardemont* was offended at it, and issued out a Warrant against *Quillet*; who perceiving that this Mummery was carried on by Cardinal *Richlieu*, to intimidate the late King, (this is a wrong Expression; it signifies *Henry IV.* but the Author means *Lewis XIII.*) who was naturally very fearful of the Devil, thought it was not safe for him to be at *Loudun*, or in *France*, and went into *Italy*.

Naude confirms what concerns the Disgrace of this Challenger. These are his Words : (*Dial. de Mascarat*, pag. 310.) ‘ *Duncam* and *Quillet* having oppos’d the Imposture of the Nuns of *Loudun*; the former was reprimanded for it, and severely threaten’d by Cardinal *Richlieu*; and the latter was forc’d to go and serve the Marquis *de Cœuvre* at *Rome*.’

(2) ‘ This Place was contended for by Mr. *de Lionne*; but *Quillet* carried it, and *de Lionne* put himself into the Service of Cardinal *Mazarine*, for want of a better Employment,

ment, and at *Quillet's* Refusal, who chose the worst, as the Event has verifys'd it: For one died without raising himself higher, and the other has been promoted to the chiefest Places in the State. See *Sorberiana*, pag. 107. Dutch Edition.

(3) ' The *Callipadia* (says the *Menagiana*, pag. 130, 131.) of Mr. *Quillet*, disguis'd under the Name of *Calvidius Letus*, is a very fine Latin Poem. Being somewhat discontented, he inserted in it some Verses against Cardinal *Mazarine*, and his Family. He printed that Book in *Holland*. The Cardinal being inform'd of it, sent to speak with Mr. *Quillet*, and instead of shewing any Resentment, he only complain'd very mildly of the little Regard he had shewn for him in that Poem. You know, added he, that I have had an Esteem for you a long time, and if I have done nothing for you, 'tis because importunate People get all my Favours; but I now promise you the first Abby that shall be vacant. Mr. *Quillet*, affected with the Cardinal's Goodness, threw himself at his Feet, ask'd his Pardon, and promis'd to correct his Poem in such a manner as would please him; praying at the same time, that he might dedicate it to him; which the Cardinal granted. Accordingly he printed the second Edition corrected, in 8vo. at *Paris*, 1656. and dedicated it to the Cardinal, who a little while before had given him a considerable Abby; but Death prevented his enjoying of it long. The first

‘ first Edition, which is the most scarce, was
‘ printed at *Leyden* in 4to, 1655; that of *Paris*
‘ is larger.

(4) ‘ This Abbot (says Mr. *Baillet*, *Jug. de*
‘ *Poet. Tom. 5. pag. 61, 62.*) being desirous to
‘ teach the Art of getting fine Children, has en-
‘ deavour’d to reduce all the Precepts of his
‘ new Art into four Books, in *Latin Verse*, in-
‘ titled, *Callipadia*. Tho he does not tell the
‘ Publick from whence he had so many Rarities,
‘ yet it appears, that for an Abbot he knew more
‘ of the Matter than the most experienc’d Lay-
‘ men; and that he was able to teach Nature it
‘ self. (According to the *Menagiana* above-men-
‘ tion’d, he was not an Abbot when he made
‘ that *Poem.*) ’Tis said, that there are some
‘ things in it finely touch’d: but that it contains
‘ some Descriptions concerning Generation, which
‘ are very infamous, and unbecoming a Man who
‘ has any Sense of Modesty; and that he seems
‘ thro the whole Work to make a Pride of his
‘ reading of *Petronius*: and therefore the Praises
‘ which *Costar* bestow’d on the *Callipadia*, in a
‘ Letter to the Author, (’tis the 250th Letter of
‘ *Costar’s, Tom. 2. pag. 598, 599.*) must be look’d
‘ upon as meer Compliments of Civility.’

Since the first Edition of my Dictionary, I
have read the *Callipadia*, printed at *Paris* in the
Year 1656, which Mr. *Bourdelot* was pleas’d to
send me: the Title of it runs thus, *Cl. Quilleti*
Callipadia, seu de pulchra prolis habenda ratione,
Poema Didacticon. Cum uno & altero ejusdem
Authoris

Authoris carmine, (viz. ad Eudoxum Epistola, & in obitum Petri Gassendi.) The Preface mentions the Verses that are added to the *Paris Edition*, which are more in Number than those that were left out. 'Tis a very fine Piece as to the Versification; the reading of *Lucretius* appears much more in it than that of *Petronius*. Those who told Mr. *Baillet*, that the Author speaks very freely of what concerns Generation, were not mistaken; but it is not true, that this is unbecoming a Man who has any Sense of Modesty; for the Abbot *Quillet* says nothing but what is to be found in many Books of Physick written by grave Authors. I don't know whether he had any other Masters; but I am sure, that the reading of the most serious Writers is sufficient to teach one all the Precepts that he prescribes. He is call'd *Abbas Dudavilleus* at the end of the Licence, and *Abbas D. S.* in the Epistle Dedicatory.

(5) The Abbot de *Marolles* having mention'd (in the Enumeration of those who presented him with Books) the *Callipedia*, and some other French and Latin Verses, which *Quillet* had sent to him, goes on thus: 'He had compos'd another large Poem in Latin, Intitled, *HENRICIAS*, in Honour of King *Henry IV.* but I don't know whether that Work, and his Translation of all the *Satires* of *Juvenal* into French Verse, will ever appear in Print; since the Editions of the best Poems, written by the most excellent Poets, must be paid for now-a-days; and

‘ and those that have been printed, which are
 ‘ very many even in *Latin*, are scarce read now:
 ‘ I shall forbear making an Enumeration of ‘em;
 ‘ the Reader would be surpriz’d at it.’

I believe the following Passage of *Costar*, is to
 be understood of the *Henricias*.

‘ I am sorry (says he, in his Letter to *Quillet*
 ‘ before mention’d) you have taken from me the
 ‘ words *Convoiter* (to covet) and *Convoitise* (Co-
 ‘ vetousness or Desire;) for I would make use
 ‘ of ‘em very much to the purpose, in order to
 ‘ express the great Desire I have to see the Con-
 ‘ tinuation of your divine *Latin* Poem, the
 ‘ Beginning of which you have been pleas’d to
 ‘ send me. If the remaining part is like the
 ‘ Beginning, that Poem is as much beyond the
 ‘ fine *Callipadia*, as the *Callipadia* is beyond all
 ‘ the Works of that Nature, which our Age has
 ‘ produc’d. What a Pleasure will it be for me,
 ‘ Sir, if you keep your Word, and bring me
 ‘ four thousand Verses, as fine as those which I
 ‘ have just now read.’



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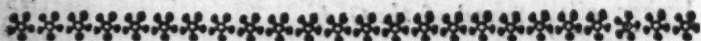
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PRE-



TO THE
READER.



Hope the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in Translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of Turn in English Poetry to so dry a Subject. The Sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some Places to be some Additions in the English Verses to the Greek Text, they are only such as may be justify'd from Hierocles's Commentary, and deliver'd by him as the larger and explain'd Sense of the Author's short Precept. I have in some few Places

To the Reader.

Places ventur'd to differ from the Learned Mr. Dacier's French Interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict Comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the Reader to determine.



T H E



Some ACCOUNT
OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF
NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

In a LETTER to a Friend.

SIR,



Am as much ashamed to give you
so small an Account, as unwill-
ling to deny you any, upon so
earnest a Request, of the Life
and Writings of Mr. ROWE. In
a Dearth of Wit, it is but a me-
lancholly Reckoning, to tell what has been,
B and

2 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

and how much our Friend preserved it, in an Age not much inclined to encourage it, even in a Genius like his; and which none but he indeed could have made encouraged at all.

To make Amends for the fabulous Derivations of the Ancient Poets, how unfit soever I am to speak of his Works; you may be certain that the following Account of his Family is true.

His Ancestors were Gentlemen thro' many Descents, but I wave the Particulars of them: yet think that Remark not unnecessary, not only for his Honour but that of Poetry, since it is seldom seen that Men have excelled in that way, without owing something to the Blood and Spirit of their Forefathers, as well as to Art, Learning and Education.

He was the Son of *John Rowe, Esq;* and born at *Little Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*, tho' the Family came originally from *Lambertown* in *Devonshire*. It is probable that his Father, who was an Eminent Lawyer, and called to be Serjeant, made that new Purchase in another County, and so transplanted

of *NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;* 3

planted the most remarkable Branch of the Family thither.

As to his Education, I have often heard him say, that it began at a private Grammar-School in *Highgate*, but the Taste he had there of the *Classic Authors*, was improved and finished under the Care of the Great *Dr. Busby*. I don't know by what Accident it happened that those Studies he so much delighted in, were not continued to a University Education, but it is most likely that under the gainful Study of the Law was his Father's best Prospect. Accordingly he was entered of the *Middle-Temple*, went thro' the usual Studies and Exercises, and was called to the Bar; where he made no mean Figure. But the Spirit of Poetry soon got the better of the Works of Profit, and while he still kept his Chambers, a Play or two of his came upon the Stage with great Success.

In such a private Account as this, you must not expect the Dates of every Action or Performance of Mr. Rowe's, my Business being only to tell you that about this time he was distinguished by, and acquainted with the

4 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

most eminent Personages of both Sexes, and made as handsome a Figure in the World, as a good Man and a good Poet could do. Yet I don't find he was in any publick Employment before the Duke of *Queensberry* made him his Secretary, with whom he not only lived in an honourable Service, but a near Familiarity and Friendship.

Since His MAJESTY'S Accession, he was made *Poet Laureat*, and one of the *Land Surveyors* of the *Customs* in the Port of *London*.

The Prince of *Wales* conferred on him the Place of Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor *Parker*, made him his Secretary for the *Presentations*, the very Day he received the *Seals*, and without his asking it.

He was twice Married, first to a Daughter of Mr. Auditor *Parsons*; and afterwards to Mrs. *Devenish*, a Gentlewoman of a good Family in *Dorsetshire*: by the first he had a Son, and by the second a Daughter, both yet Living.

He

of NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq; 5

He died the 6th Day of *December*, 1718, in the forty fifth Year of his Age, was interred on the 19th in *Westminster-Abbey*, and the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, out of a particular Mark of Esteem for him, as being his School-Fellow, honoured his Aſhes by performing the laſt Offices himſelf. I dare not venture to give you his Character, either as a Companion, a Friend, or a Poet. It may be enough to ſay, that all good and learned Men loved him : That his Converſation either ſtruck out Mirth, or promoted Learning or Honour wherever he went : That the Openneſs of a Gentleman, the unſtudied Eloquence of a Scholar, and the perfect Freedom of an *Engliſhman*, attended him in all his Actions. His Aſhes are too freſh to ſay any thing more of him which would not look like Flattery, and that is a Task I am as far from, as he was.

His Writings, if I am any Judge of *Engliſh*, have in them Strength, and Purity of Language : A certain Elegance which ſtrikes you at firſt View, and which all People muſt own to be natural, becauſe it is eaſily remembered. As a Poet, he had the Force of Imagination in a great Degree ; juſt Alluſions, proper Metaphors, and fine Deſcriptions, are ſo common.

6 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

mon with him, and so much admired, that they are in every Body's Mouth, and need not my Commendation. The frequent and continued Applauses of the Theatre make almost a whole Nation judge with me, and I should be really proud, if a fullen Critick or two were to differ from me, to stand by Nature, against their Rules; and profess my self his Admirer.

If I were to go on to a particular Detail, I might easily prove what I assert; tho' the modest Apology he makes for himself will satisfy any reasonable Man. * *It is not* (says he) *given to every body to excel; and I hope there may be some kind of Praise reserved for those who only endeavour after it; if not, I must own my Pretensions that way are upon a very ill Foot. However, I believe I shall never be more solicitous about these Matters than they really deserve. I won't deny but that I have the natural Tenderness of a Parent for these Children of my Brain; and I don't believe I have Philosophy enough to stand by and see 'em misused and murdered, without any lawful Reason: But wherever they shall be found*

* See the Dedication of his Plays to the Earl of Warwick.

guilty

of NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq; 7

guilty of apparent Treason against the Laws of Parnassus, I shall give 'em up with the Resolution of the first BRUTUS. I believe there might be something said for 'em, if I should take the Liberty of writing Examens, as was done by the elder CORNEILLE upon his own PLAYS. But whatsoever the French thought of these Things, I can't help looking on 'em as an insufferable Piece of Vanity: 'Tis making Trifles Matters of the last Consequence and Importance. And yet Apologies and laboured Discourses, have been written upon these Occasions, as if the Fate of a Nation depended upon the regular Conduct of a Poem.

Scilicet id curat Populus.

Tho', by the way, I never heard that the best Writer in Criticism could raise the Reputation of a PLAY that was sunk, by telling the World they ought to have been better pleas'd with it; or destroy the Success of one that was well received, by upbraiding Mankind with their Ignorance in these Matters. They are these Petulancies that fix so great a Degree of Contempt upon the Names of Author and Poet; and if they did not fall into these ridiculous Invectives upon one another, the unlearned World would use 'em all with more Reverence and Respect. I hope this is

B 4

enough.

8 MEMOIRS of Mr. Rowe's LIFE.

enough at present; but if there should be any farther Occasion, you will find me as ready to defend his Writings, as you will always find me

Your Friend and Servant,

St. James's, Dec:
the 26th, 1718.

S. HALES.





A
P O E M

To the MEMORY of
NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq*;

By Mr. BECKINGHAM.

IS then the Summons true ! does partial Fate
Retract so early what it gave so late ?
Must the Grave chuse ?--Must ROWE the Tribute pay,
And Merit moulder with the common Clay ?
Is the grim Tyrant then so jealous grown ?
Strikes he at human Fame to build his own ?
Has not th' insulting Monarch Wreaths enow,
But must the Robber strip the Poet's Brow ?

Let

Let Nature in her hoary Years decay,
 And mellow Age drop heavily away.
 Let the dull, earth-born Populace complain,
 And swell the Triumphs of his gloomy Reign:
 Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,
 Die unlamented, as they liv'd unknown;
 Let these, proud Victor, tremble at thy Nod,
 But spare the Poet for the Publick Good.

Does sacred Heat Prophetick Breasts inspire?
 Burns not the Poet's with an equal Fire?
 From Heav'n a joint Commission can he claim,
 His Soul as large, as sacred is his Name;
 Both universal Benefits design'd,
 Both sent to govern, and to save Mankind;
 T' unveil mysterious Truths to human Sight,
 And set the false bewilder'd Judgment right,
 Instructed great Ideas to impart,
 To warm the Bosom, and enrich the Heart.
 Are we not grateful when the Lamp of Day
 Shoots forth a genial Heat, and vernal Ray,
 To bless the honest Rustick's Wint'ry Toil,
 And bid the careful anxious Florist smile?
 Or in some Clime, where nearer Beams abound,
 And Heats immoderate scorch the cleaving Ground,
 When some fierce Channel from the seven-mouth'd Nile
 Pours forth its Plenty on the Sun-burnt Soil;
 Cements with lavish Streams the gaping Earth,
 And gives the hidden Treasures timely Birth?

Do Gifts, like these, our Gratitude command?
What Debtors are we to the Poet's Hand?
Whose nobler Streams in larger Currents roul;
Those but inform the Ground, and these the Soul.

Here Laurell'd Shade; thy own great Image see;
To draw the Poet is to Picture Thee:
Th' extensive Thought, the Energy divine,
The Flame, the Genius, and the Soul was Thine;
Each various Note declares thy Master-Skill,
How form'd to write, how worthy to excel,
To Virtue steddy, to thy Country true,
We read the Poet, and the Patriot too.
Does Liberty demand thy loftier Strain?
We gaze with Wonder on thy *Tamerlane*;
Thro' every Scene pursue the Godlike Cause;
And give the Fav'rite Hero full Applause,
When the shrill Trumpet summons him away,
The warm'd Spectator shares the bloody Fray;
In anxious Wishes, feels a Soldier's Pride,
Lifts in the War, and combats on his Side.
How does he charm, when bounteous to Distress,
Sedate in Fight, and humble in Success?
A Victor, yet without a Victor's Mind,
He Conquers not t'enslave, but free Mankind,
To distant Times marks out th' unerring Way,
Learns Kings to Rule, and Subjects to obey:
Strikes every Bosom with a sacred Awe,
And shews the happy Age a true NASSAU.

Or if some lowly Theme the Poet claim,
 Some banish'd Lover, or neglected Dame,
 Love's thousand Passions all his Skill employ,
 The quick alternate Tides of Grief and Joy:
 How well he paints the sad Extremes of Fate!
 How well describes th' unhappy——happy State?
 Each conscious Sinner does his Guilt confess,
 And awful Silence speaks the Bard's Success;
 So well th' expressive Miseries are shown,
 Some tender Breast still makes the Woe its own:
 The Virgin's Check the moving Scene approves,
 And artless Sighs betray how well she loves.
 The scornful Nymph condemns her long Disdain,
 And to her Arms invites her injur'd Swain.

When some † fair Wanton mourns her past Desires,
 Love's foul Embraces, and unlawful Fires;
 So soft she pleads, the pitying Audience melt,
 And clear the Sinner, tho' they damn the Guilt.
 The * Libertine in Love exults a-while
 On violated Charms and ravish'd Spoil,
 But soon his Triumphs find a timely Date;
 The Villan's Crimes receive the Villian's Fate.
 But why on single Beauties do I dwell,
 When ev'ry finish'd Scene is wrote so well?
 When thy vast Works are in themselves repaid,
 And modest Nature owns thy happier Aid.

† Jane Shore.

* Lothario in the Fair Penitent.

But now the Skill is lost, the Musick o'er,
And he who charm'd us once, can charm no more.
Envy at last repents her canker'd Hate,
And feels her Error in her Loss too late.
To native Dust now wastes the mortal Frame,
And nought survives the Poet, but his Fame.
Brave then in that, or Time, or Envy's Rage,
And be a LUCAN to a distant Age.
Yes, sacred Shade, thy Writings shall be read,
'Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:
Whilst Friendship burns within a faithful Brest,
Thy Name be cherish'd, and thy Worth confest.
Oblivion is the common Mortal Doom:
But thou shalt Live when Dead, and Flourish in the
Tomb.





ON THE
Death of Mr. *ROWE*.

By Mr. AMHURST.

Farewel, the Genius of the *British* Stage,
Farwel, the Patriot of a madding Age ;
O ROWE ! unhappy deathless Bard, farewel,
Whose Worth applauding Theatres shall tell ;
Oft as thy Heroes on the Stage appear,
Each Eye to Thee shall drop a grateful Tear :
Shouts to thy Name each grateful Voice shall raise,
And clapping Crowds in Thunder speak thy Praise.

Too cruel Death ! that would no longer spare
This great Recorder of the Brave and Fair ;
That in one dreadful Instant snatch'd from hence
The best good Nature, and the finest Sense :

Too

Too cruel Death! that could refuse to save
Him, that has rescu'd Thousands from the Grave;
Him that to latest Worlds conveys the Fame
Of *TAMERLANE* and great *ULTSSES'* Name;
At whose Command departed Saints revive,
And in his moving Scenes for ever live,
Past Times return, and from the moulder'd Tomb
Rise up the mighty Chiefs of *Greece* and *Rome* :
Their ancient Legions rally on the Plain,
And act their former Triumphs o'er again.
Touch'd with his powerful Magick, we deplore
The Beautious *Penitent*, and Guilty *SHORE*.
GRAT, to appease the Wrath of human Laws,
Bleeds, a Fair Martyr, in her *SAVIOUR'S* Cause;
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless Art,
The fatal Blow wounds ev'ry *British* Heart.
We mourn with beating Breasts the greedy Stroke,
And yield reluctant to the *Romish* Yoke :
Of Idols now succeeds a motly Band,
And *Popery* pours in upon the Land ;
Rage, Superstition, Massacre and Blood,
Come arm'd from Hell against the Publick Good :
Zeal sets on Fire the Holy *Smithfield* Pile,
And *Priestcraft* rages thro' the trembling Isle.

Well has our Loyal Poet set to view
This direful Scene, this wonder-working Crew,
A bloody Tribe of persecuting Elves,
That weakly damn all Christians but themselves!

His generous Soul disdain'd that vain Pretence,
 So shocking to the Gospel, and to Sense ;
 And in his Scenes the graceful Marks appear
 Of Christian Freedom, and of Christian Fear.

Firm to that noble Cause which fir'd his Mind,
 He never to a *Popish* Scheme inclin'd ;
 Nor sought the Favours of a *Tyburn* Crowd,
 Whose perjur'd Hearts to foreign Gods have bow'd ;
 He judg'd it always an inglorious thing
 To court their Praises who defaim'd their KING ;
 Enough for him that CONGREVE was his Friend,
 That GARTH and STEELE, and ADDISON commend ;
 That BRUNSWICK with the Bays his Temples bound,
 And PARKER with Immortal Honour's crown'd.

Great LUCAN now, by his unwearied Pains,
 Breaths *Roman* Liberty in *English* Strains ;
 Dying, this wealthy Pledge He left behind,
 The truest Pattern of his Free-born Mind :
 Four times four Ages this heroick Song
 Has lain, unlabour'd from its native Tongue,
 Which now translated with its genuine Fire,
 Shall noble Thoughts of Liberty inspire ;
 Convince the Bigot of the weighty Truth,
 And free from passive Chains the *British* Youth :
 Too long the useful Work has been delay'd,
 But well that seeming Ill is now repaid :
 Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more compleat,
 Not ev'ry Bard the glorious Theme could treat,

Not

Not ev'ry Bard, that in mechanick Verse
Can a dull Love-Tale fluently rehearse,
And can in lifeless, jingling Lines complain
Of the false Nymph, or the forsaken Swain;
Vigour of Style, and Fancy must combine,
With Majesty of Rage, and Power divine,
To make the *English* like the *Roman* shine.
Such must he be, as *LUCAN* was of old,
His Figures strong, and his Expressions bold,
With the same constant Love of Freedom charm'd,
With the same Passion for his Country warm'd,
Whose Veins with one unvary'd Tenour flow,
Zealous and active, like Immortal *ROWE*.

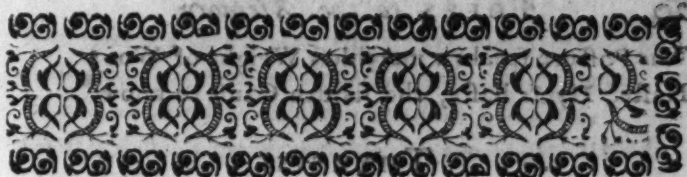
At length, ye Sons of Servitude, awake,
And from your Necks the selfish Burthen shake;
Nor blindly, nor disdainfully refuse
This last great Labour of the Laurell'd Muse;
Pay the just Honours to his sacred Head,
Nor, whom you env'd Living, envy Dead:
Against the Dead all Violences cease,
Great *CHAUCER* now, and *SHAKESPEAR* rest in Peace;
DRYDEN no more the impious World upbraids,
And *MILTON* slumbers in the silent Shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd, in that ancient Dome,
Where soon or late our *British* Laureats come;
Where the sam'd Poets of three Ages lie,
And to their Tombs invite the curious Eye,

Where

Where great *NEWCASTLE*, still to Wit a Friend,
 To *DRYDEN* bids the stately Pile ascend;
 (Immortal, glorious Deed ! which After-times
 Shall celebrate in their exalted Rhimes,)
 Amongst thy Kindred Bards thy Bones shalt trust,
 And mix in Quiet with Poetick Dust;
 There no feign'd Dangers shall alarm thy Breast,
 No Faction murmurs interrupt thy Rest;
 Banish'd shall be all Noise of worldly things,
 Of warring Armies, and contending Kings;
 The groundless Clamours of th' ambitious Gown,
 And *ALBERONI*'s Crimes shall be unknown;
 Pain, Loss and Sorrow, shall be far away,
 Clasp'd in th' Embraces of thy native Clay,
 'Till the last welcome Trump shall bid you Rise,
 And cloath'd with Glory you ascend the opening Skies.





A
PASTORAL
TO THE

Honoured Memory of

Mr. ROWE.

By Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE ! *Thyrists*, see ! beneath yon spreading Thorn,
Whose blushing *Berries* ev'ry Bough adorn,
The good *Menalcas* sits, his Head reclin'd,
His Crook thrown by, nor seems his Flock to mind ;
Down from his Eyes the Briny Torrents rowl,
And mighty Grief seem's lab'ring in his Soul :

The

The Posture speaks a matchless Weight of Woe;
Haste, *Thyrsis* haste, the sudden Cause to know.

THYRSIS.

From whence, *Menalcas*, do these Ills arise,
Which rack thy Breast, and overflow thy Eyes?
Has from thy *Ewe* some tender *Lamb* been wrung?
Or has thy Fav'rite *Heifer* cast her Young?
Brake are thy Folds by some vile Midnight Thief,
Or is *Clarissa* Cause of all this Grief?
Does she in Secret bless some other Swain?
Why, let her go, — her broken Faith disdain.

MENALCAS.

No, *Thyrsis*, no; a Subject greater far,
Than Flocks, or Herds, or fickle Women are,
Claims all these Tears, these fruitless Tears I shed;
Colin! the soft harmonious *Colin's* dead.

DAPHNIS.

Is *Colin* dead! If that sad Tale be true,
Then have we Cause to mourn as much as you.
Colin! the Pride and Darling of the Plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nymph, Carefs'd by ev'ry Swain.
Whene'er he run'd his Pipe beneath the Shade,
The nodding Boughs bear Time while *Colin* play'd.

The

The feather'd Choir about the Shepherd Throng,
And prowling Wolves stood list'ning to his Song:
The browsing Goats from rocky Clifts descend,
Charm'd with his Voice, the Savage Brutes attend.

THYRSIS.

O, Mighty PAN! Who now shall chaunt thy Praise?
And who record thy Fame in tuneful Lays?
Where is that He, of all the Sylvan Swains,
Can equal Colin's soft harmonious Strains?
If the dear Subject of his Song was Love,
Sweet as the Hybla-Drops his Verses prove:
If glorious Liberty the Youth asserts,
How did he warm our Souls, and fire our Hearts?

MENALCAS.

Now ev'ry Maxim which the Shepherd taught
Occurs afresh, and dwells in ev'ry Thought.
Our Flocks, said he, and feather'd Kind produce
Their different Offspring for their Owner's Use:
For us, the Wood, the Pasture, and the Field,
Their several Grains, and various Flowers yield:
Not PAN himself can our known Rights oppose,
Or Crop without our Leave one single Rose:
A mutual Duty still on each depends,
We honour PAN, and PAN our Flock defends.
Thus Colin taught us slavish Yoaks to hate,
And prize the Freedom of our Rural State.

DAPH-

DAPHNIS.

See! where the Nymphs and Swains in Crowds appear,
 Few in their Hands, their Brows sad *Cypress* wear;
 In solemn State see two by two they tread,
 And look with downcast Eyes, and bended Head }
 As if not *Colin*, but Themselves were dead.

THYRSIS.

Hark, how the Winds in hollow Accents groan?
 And humid Pearls distil from ev'ry Stone;
 The cooing *Turtles* their lov'd *Elms* decline,
 And *Goats* forsake their Fav'rite flow'ry *Thyme*:
 The *Lambs* complaining bleat, the *Heifers* low,
 The *Ox* and *Weather* cease their Cudd to chew:
 The vocal Grove laments young *Colin* dead,
 For him the *Lawrel* droops, and hangs its verd ant Head

AMARYLLIS.

Help me, *Menalcas*, help me to complain,
 To tell to Earth, to Air, and Seas my Pain.
Colin! the dear lov'd *Colin*! is no more.
 Come, all ye Nymphs, and *Colin*'s Loss deplore:
 For whom shall we our flow'ry Chaplets weave?
 Or who so well deserves the *Lawrel* Wreath?
 Who now can point thro' all these Groves a Man,
 To celebrate the Birth of mighty *PAN*?

Like

Like *Colin*, who can *Flora's* Sweets display?
Or paint the gawdy Treasures of her *May*?
Or who, like him, can tune the Oaten Reed?
Or tread with such a Grace th' enamel'd Mead?
Mourn, all ye Nymphs, your Tears incessant shed,
Your Tribute's all too poor for him that's Dead.

THYRSIS.

Wou'd but relentless Fate our Wishes Aid,
And give to Substance back his Airy Shade,
As *Pluto* once *Euridice* of Old,
A Tale I well remember *Colin* told,
To purchase that, my Tears like thine shou'd flow,
But this is fruitless Grief, and pageant Woe.
Hark, *Amaryllis* hark! Thy bleating *Lambs*
Amongst the Brakes have lost their Udder'd Dams:
Haste to retrieve them e'er too far they stray.
And fall to hungry *Wolves* an easy Prey.

AMARYLLIS.

Why, let 'em stray, my Crook no more I'll hold,
My Herd's no more——no more my Flocks I'll fold,
No more will I with *Daisy*, *Pink*, and *Rose*,
A Garland for the Queen of *May* compose,
Since *Colin's* gone, by whom 'twas still confest,
That I, of all the Nymphs, deserv'd it best.
The Winds shall uselefs prove to Fleets at Sea,
And Flowers supply no Honey to the *Bee*,
When, *Colin*, I forget to mourn for *Thee*.

M E N A L.

MENALCAS.

If *Amaryllis*, charm'd by *Colin's* Verse,
 Can shed such Floods of Tears upon his Hearse,
 Who then can guess the Pain, the anxious Throws
 Which the dear Partner of his Pleasure knows?
 What Agonies of Woe rend *Daphne's* Breast?
 She whom he lov'd,—and she who lov'd him best!
 Methinks I hear her to her Babe complain,
 The only Relict of her darling Swain:
 The Child she tells his ev'ry Art and Grace,
 And with her Tears bedews the Infant's Face;
 Whilst the poor Babe, unknowing of her Cares,
 Cries in her Face, and smiles at all her Tears.





A N

O D E

Sacred to the Memory of

N. ROWE, Esq;

While o'er thy Hearse, with sad Surprise,
And solemn Grief the *Muses* mourn;
Permit a *Stranger's* flowing Eyes
To shed their Sorrows round thy Urn.

Just in the Bloom of all thy Fame,

Then to assert thy Native Sky;

Absoves Impartial Heaven from Blame,

And seems, as 'twas thy Choice, to Die.

Thus the great JULUS ceas'd to Live,
Thro' vanquish'd Worlds his Eagles bore;
Thus clos'd his Fame, when Fate cou'd give,
And his bright Sword command no more.

With Smiles he views the glittering Blade,
In that great Moment fond to Die;
When ROME beheld her Hero's Shade
But mount the fairer up the Sky.

What pensive Muse, now THOU art fled,
Shall o'er * Pharsalia's Warriors mourn,
Whose Voice lament the Pious Dead,
And kindly weep o'er POMPET's Urn?

Whose soft relenting Verse shall swell
Each Roman Heart with conscious Woe;
Hef Genius fled, ROME's Sorrow tell,
And CÆSAR dying o'er his Foe?

Round his great Rival's awful Head
He views a Glory still survive;
† Sighing that Fame and Virtue dead
He cou'd not own, or scorn'd alive!

* The Excellent Translation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Cæsar is, reported by the Poet to have wept, when Pompey's Head was brought to him in Egypt.

Nor

Nor mingling with the God-like Host,
Who at *Philippi* greatly fell;
Each *Roman* thanks thy pious Ghost,
That sung his Arms, and Fate so well.

The Fields of Death once more to stain,
What future *Hero* will refuse?
Or Dying, dread *One* Moment's Pain,
To Live for ever in thy Muse?

But far, O ! far before the rest,
Great *CATO* does his Arm extend?
And in his Smiles his Love confest,
Adores thy Shade, and calls *THEE* Friend.

Well pleas'd, with every Grace adorn'd,
So like his Own, a-mind to see!
And the great Homage which He scorn'd
To *CÆSAR*'s Sword, He pays to *THEE*.

New Transport does his Breast dilate,
Within his Soul new Passions rise;
To view *Rome*'s Wounds, and *POMPEY*'s Fate,
So kindly wept by *ENGLISH* Eyes.

While taught by *Thee*, *Britannia*'s Isle
His *Hero*'s Fall relenting views;
He seems beneath his Wounds to smile,
And *CÆSAR*'s self at last subdues.

Africk's rich Defarts in thy Strains,
 Ennoble with the *Patriot's* Doom;
 Excel the flow'ry *Latain* Plains,
 And *LYBIA* triumphs over *ROME*.

Wofe grateful Sons to moan the Brave,
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen;
 Hiding each faithful Warrior's Grave
 With friendly Tears, and blooming Green.

In Words like thine, had they a Choice
 Once more above their Fate to try,
Thus, with their last expiring Voice,
 Wou'd each lament his *Rome*, and Die.

Surprize or Joy alike to yield,
 Thy various artful Muse was made;
 To dress the Warrior for the Field,
 Or paint the Lover in his Shade.

Now in the eager Chace of Fame,
 With some brave Chief you upward fly;
 Now sink, and teach some *Virgin* Name
 In softer Numbers how to Die!

Those Forms, which to our wondring Mind
 Thy Fancy paints, new Glories wear:
 While Love and Friendship seem *more* kind,
 And Beauty's self appears *more* Fair.

Such

Such Force, fair Virtue does impart,
By Thee presented to our View;
It moves and melts each stubborn Heart,
Her Brightness cannot quite subdue.

While drest in Angels purest Light,
Her smiling Image does appear
Pleasing, as Beauty to the Sight,
Or Musick to the ravish'd Ear.

Wou'd she once more her Skies forsake,
What other Features cou'd she chuse?
What fairer Form the Goddess take
To bless Mankind, than from thy Muse?

Transported then with fond Surprise,
The lovely Guest we shou'd adore;
And wonder how our partial Eyes
Refus'd to own such Grace before!

'Till viewing those deceiving Charms,
Each Breast subdue, we all agree,
That Power which thus our Soul disarms,
Was not her own, but lent by Thee;

Greatness no more, with all her Train,
The Virtuous Mind shall now begile;
By Thee instructed to disdain,
When Glory calls, the Syren's Smile.

No more * Renown and specious Fame;
 Shall strive Ambition's Rage to hide
 Nor Honour be a treach'rous Name,
 To shade the Tyrant's guilty Pride.

The Brave and Generous Breast to awe,
 The Honest Upright Heart to gain;
 The Coward's Hand his Sword shall draw,
 The Courtier's Smiles be try'd in vain.

Against that Dread thy Scenes unfold,
 To arm our Breasts in vain we try;
 Soon as the Tragick Tale is told,
We Melt, We Languish, and We Dye.

The Soul a while her Ground maintains,
 Each Death resolving to deride;
 But when the Captive tells her Pains,
 That Softness owns, she strove to hide.

To view her Rage direct the Dart,
 Wakes in our Breast a kind Surprise;
 Speaking the Frailty of our Heart,
 By the soft Streams that fill our Eyes,

* See *Mons. Bruyere's Characters or Manners of the Age*,
 publish'd from the French by Mr. Rowe.

Eager our Souls to bring Relief,
Swift from their opening Bosom flow,
To sooth the mourning Parents Grief,
Or guard the Infant from the Blow.

So lively has each Nymph complain'd,
When Fate thy Muse despairing drew;
That tho' we know her Sorrows feign'd,
Yet still we weep, and think 'em true.

A while we argue to persuade
Our melting Eyes to hide their Woe,
Till to their View the lovely Maid
Reveals her Wounds, and bids 'em flow.

Thy artful Voice, with equal Ease,
Each different Passion can employ;
Now give us Pain, but to increase,
And from our Grief improve our Joy.

Who in your soft deceiving Strains
With *those* kind Conquerors agree;
Who threaten first the dreadful Chains,
Then set the trembling Captive free.

What Raptures does thy Verse infuse;
When Beauty does the Theme inspire;
What Heat transports thy soaring Muse,
If Scenes of War thy Bosom Fire!

While for bright Fame, or gay Delight,
 Each Hero you alike prepare,
 Lead the fierce Warrior to the Fight,
 Or the young Lover to the Fair.

Nature astonish'd at thy Art
 Casts on thy Muse a jealous Eye;
 Her Joys unable to impart,
 Or longer please when thou art by.

The Artift thus, his Skill to grace,
 Some beauteous breathing Form design'd,
 Forfakes the Virgin's Cheek, to trace
 Features more bright in his own Mind.

Each glowing Charm the Canvass fires,
 Does with Delight the Nymph surprize,
 Who owes that Beauty she admires,
 More to his Pencil than her Eyes.

What, tho' our Laurels fairer rise,
 And from thy Ashes date their Bloom,
 We pay too dearly for the Prize,
 Thus sadly purchas'd by thy Doom.

Pity, ye Gods, that doubtful Dart
 Which your mysterious Anger threw,
 Shou'd give at once both Joy and Smart,
 Augment our Fame and Sorrow too.

Just

Just so the Skies, severely bright,
 Their vengeful Light'nings oft employ,
 And gild that Oak with fairer Light,
 They mean next Moment to destroy.

How mournful is the only Choice,
 Your Heavens afford our Breast to ease,
 Or to lament thy Dying Voice,
 Or never hope our own shou'd please.

Thus to the Heirs of bright Renown,
 The Purple you a while deny,
 Who, e'er they boast the Regal Crown,
 Must view their King and Parent Dye.

Strange, that the Glories which we claim,
 From thy sad Fate, no Pleasures give,
 The fair Encrease of all our Fame,
 The only Cause for which we grieve.

See † SHAKESPEAR's Awful Reverend Shade
 Rising, his Fav'rite to adore!
 And binds thy Brows with Lawrel, made
 By Fame, to shade his own before.

To thy Indulgence pleas'd to owe
 The Terrors that his Muse imparts,

† Shakespear's Works, revis'd and corrected by Mr. Rowe.

To swell our Eye, the Scenes of Woe,
The moving Dread to shake our Hearts.

The diff'rent Fates of all that reign
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,
What the good Men may hope to gain,
And what the daring Tyrant fear.

Whose || Tragick Voice shall next presume
To fill our Breasts with sad Despair ?
Or trembling for the Lover's Doom,
Or anxious for the Dying Fair ?

To Tears, whose Sighs her Wrongs confess,
Our Eyes with soft Compassion flow ;
Teaching thy Virgin's feign'd Distress,
To give our Bosom real Woe.

In vain we ask our Reason's Aid,
To stop our Tears, or ease our Pain ;
To view thy *Fair Repenting Maid*,
Each Cheek must swell, each Heart complain.

O ! sooth her Anguish ! calm her Grief !
O ! quickly to her Refuge fly !
O ! bring the Fainting Fair Relief,
Or with her give us Leave to Dye !

|| *His excellent Tragedies.*

Such

Such moving Scenes thy Muse unfolds,
 Constrain'd its Anguish to declare ;
 A Savage Heart each Bosom holds,
 That can attend and not despair.

What Wonders does thy Verse contain,
 What Magick thro' thy Numbers flows,
 Pleas'd with our Grief, we then complain,
 Then only, when we want our Woes.

No Eye those Sorrows does refuse,
 Thy penfive Maids expiring give ;
 Scarce more delighted, when thy Muse
 Suspends their Fate, and bids 'em live.

Strange that our Cheeks shou'd grieve the more
 When you the falling Tear restrain ;
 And to forbid us to deplore,
 Shou'd only give us greater Pain.

Thus trembling for her Lover's Fate,
 A while the Virgin's Sorrows flow ;
 Owing, to hear his Sighs abate
 Her Joy, more painful than her Woe.

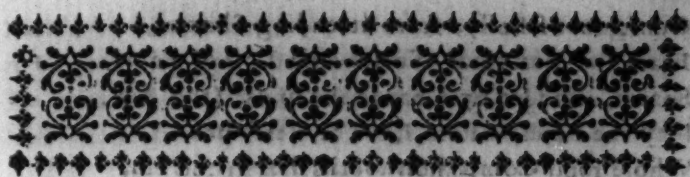
O, may each Muse with Sorrows meet !
 Soft as thy own, thy Worth declare ;
 Since nothing but a Voice so sweet,
 Can ever sing a Fame so Fair.

36 POEMS to *Mr. Rowe's Memory.*

A second Life to thy Great Dead,
Thy kind Inspiring Numbers Gave;
Had we that Power, the Tears We shed
Had fell to wet some other Grave.

Thine, like each Fabled Hero's Age,
Thy self with Virtue didst Inspire;
And acting well on Life's frail Stage,
Dost with the same Applause retire.





P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

An EPISTLE to FLAVIA,

On the Sight of two Pindarick Odes on the
*Spleen and Vanity. Written by a Lady her
Friend.*

F *FLAVIA*, to you with Safety I commend
This Verse, the secret Failing of your Friend
To your good Nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched Maids by Love undone,
From Friends, Acquaintance and the Light would run,
Conscious

Conscious of Polly, fears attending Shame,
 Fears the censorious World, and Loss of Fame,
 Some Confident by Chance she finds, (tho' few
 Pity the Fools, whom Love or Verse undo)
 Whose fond Compassion soothes her in the Sin,
 And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better Ages of old Time,
 Nor Poetry nor Love was thought a Crime;
 From Heav'n they both the Gods best Gifts were sent,
 Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
 Then were bad Poets and loose Loves not known;
 None felt a Warmth which they might blush to own.
 Beneath cool Shades our happy Fathers lay,
 And spent in pure untainted Joys the Day:
 Artless their Loves, artless their Numbers were,
 While Nature simply did in both appear,
 Nor could the Censor or the Critick fear.
 Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven bestow'd,
 Nor were too curious of the given Good.
 At length, like *Indians* fond of fancy'd Toys,
 We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
 In one curs'd Age, to punish Verse and Sin,
 Criticks and Hangmen, both at once, came in.
 Wit and the Laws had both the same ill Fate,
 And partial Tyrants sway'd in either State.
 Ill-natur'd Censure would be sure to damn
 An Alien-wit of independent Fame,
 While Bays grown old, and harden'd in Offence,
 Was suffer'd to write on in Spite of Sense;

Back'd

POEMS on several Occasions.

3

Back'd by his Friends, th' Invader brought along
 A Crew of foreign Words into our Tongue,
 To ruin and enslave the free-born *English* Song;
 Still the prevailing Faction propt his Throne,
 And to four Volumes let his Plays run on;
 Then a lewd Tide of Verse, with vicious Rage,
 Broke in upon the Morals of the Age.
 The Stage (whose Art was once the Mind to move
 To noble Daring, and to vertuous Love)
 Precept, with Pleasure mix'd, no more profess,
 But dealt in double Meaning bawdy Jest:
 The shocking Sounds offend the blushing Fair,
 And drive 'em from the guilty Theatre.
 Ye wretched Bards! from whom these Ills have sprung,
 Whom the avenging Powers have spar'd too long,
 Well may you fear the Blow will surely come,
 Your *Sodom* has no *Ten* to avert its Doom;
 Unless the fair *ARDELIA* will alone
 To Heav'n for all the guilty Tribe atone;
 Nor can *Ten Saints* do more than such a *One*.
 Since she alone of the Poetick Crowd
 To the false Gods of Wit has never bow'd,
 The Empire, which she saves, shall own her Sway,
 And all *Parnassus* her blest'd Laws obey.

Say, from what sacred Fountain, Nymphs divine!
 The Treasures flow, which in thy Verse do shine?
 With what strange Inspiration art thou blest,
 What more than *Delpbick* Andor warms thy Breast?

Our

Our sordid Earth ne'er bred so bright a Flame,
 But from the Skies, thy Kindred Skies it came,
 To Numbers great, like thine, th'Angelick Quire
 In joyous Consort tune the golden Lyre;
 Viewing, with pitying Eyes, our Cares with thee,
 They wisely own, that *All is Vanity*;
 Ev'n all the Joys which mortal Minds can know,
 And find *ARDELIA's* Verse the least vain Thing below.

If *PINDAR's* Name to those bless'd Mansions reach,
 And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
 In Verse like his, the heav'nly Nation raise
 Their tuneful Voices to their Maker's Praise.
 Nor shall celestial Harmony disdain,
 For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
 Whose Fame secure, no Rival e'er can fear,
 But those above, and fair *ARDELIA* here.
 She who undaunted could his Raptures view,
 And with bold Wings his sacred Heights pursue;
 Safe thro' the *Ditbyrambick* Stream she steer'd,
 Nor the rough Deep in all its Dangers fear'd:
 Not so the rest, who with successless Pain
 Th' unnavigable Torrent try'd in vain.

So *CLELIA* leap'd into the rapid Flood,
 While the *Etruscans* struck with Wonder stood:
 Amidst the Waves her rash Persuers dy'd,
 The matchless Dame could only stem the Tide,
 And gain the Glory of the farther Side.

See

See with what Pomp the antick Masque comes in!
 The various Forms of the fantastick Spleen.
 Vain empty Laughter, howling Grief and Tears,
 False Joy, bred by false Hope, and falser Fears;
 Each Vice, each Passion which pale Nature wears,
 In this odd monst'rous Medley mix'd appears.
 Like Bays his Dance, confus'dly round they run,
 Statesman, Coquet, gay Fop, and pensive Nun,
 Spectres and Heroes, Husbands and their Wives,
 With Monkish Drones that dream away their Lives.
 Long have I labour'd with the dire Disease,
 Nor found, but from ARDELIA's Numbers, Ease:
 The dancing Verse runs thro' my sluggish Veins,
 Where dull and cold the frozen Blood remains.
 Pale Cares and anxious Thoughts give Way in haste,
 And to returning Joy resign my Breast;
 Then free from ev'ry Pain I did endure,
 I bless the charming Author of my Cure.
 So when to SAUL the great Musician play'd,
 The sullen Fiend unwillingly obey'd,
 And left the Monarch's Breast, to seek some safer Shade.





HORAT. LIB. II. ODE. IV.

Ad XANTHIAM.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phœcei: prius insolentem

Serva Briseis nunc colorem

Movit Achillem.

II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,

Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessa:

Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho

Virgina raptâ :

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ

Theffalo victore, & ademptus Hector

Tradidit tessis leviora tolli

Pergama Graiis.

IV. Net-

HORACE Book II. Ode IV. Imitated.

The Lord G—, to the Earl of S—.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
 To Br——g——le the Brown;
 But publicly espouse the Dame,
 And say G——D——the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
 With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Although right good Commanders;
 Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
 And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base Greber's * PEGG inflame
 The sober Earl of N——m?
 Of sober Sire descended,
 That careless of his Soul and Fame,
 To Play-houses he nightly came,
 And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Hight,
 Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,

* *Seigniora Francesca Marguarretta de l' Epine, an Italian Songstrefs.*

Since

IV.

Nescias, en te generum beari
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :
Regium certè genus, & penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam : neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro adversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia & vultum, teretesque furas
Integer laudo : fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.



POEMS on *several Occasions.*

9

Since *WILLIAM* went to Heaven;
Loves *MAINTENON*, his Lady bright,
Who was but *SCARRON*'s Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

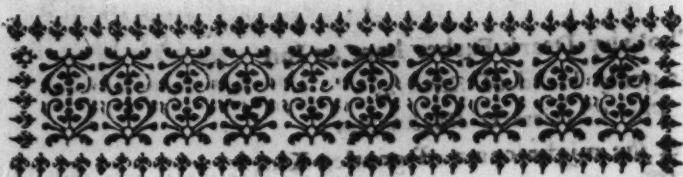
Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected:
And can a Nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born Blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waste, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and forty.



HORAT. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

HO. **D**Onec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam, potior brachia candidæ
 Cervici juvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui Rege beatior;

LY. Donec non aliam magis
 Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.



*The RECONCILEMENT between Jacob
Tonson and Mr. Congreve. In Imi-
tation of HORACE. Book III. Ode IX.*

Tonson] **W**HILE at my House in Fleet-street once
you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?
While I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,
I was the happiest Creature on † God's Earth.

Congreve.] While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your Trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;
Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest Fellow living.

† Tonson (Sen). his Dialect.

Tonson.]

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

H0. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuum mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

L7. Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

H0. Quid, si prisca redit Venus?
Diductosque jugo aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

L7. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, & improbe
Tracundior Adriâ,
Tocum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.



† Toulon (see) in France.

End of

POEMS on several Occasions.

49

Tonson.] I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,

A most sweet-natur'd Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models,
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:
For him, so much I doat on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

Congreve.] TEMPLE and DALAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are tam Mercurio, both quam Marte;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

Tonson.] What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,

And once more warm my † Bunions at your Fire;
If I to Bow-street should invite you Home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREVE, would you come?

Congreve.] Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a Dancing-Bear;
Yet for your Sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

† JACOB's Term for his Corn.

HORACE,



H O R A T. L I B. I I I. O D E X X I.

A D A M P H O R A M.

O Nata mecum Consule Manlio,
 Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,
 Seu rixam, & insanos amores,
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum:
 Quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
 Servas, moveri digna bono die:
 Descende, Corvino jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina.
 Non ille, quamquam Socraticis mader
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:
 Narratur & prisca Catonis
 Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.
 Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
 Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
 Curas, & arcanum jocosè
 Consilium retegis Lyæo

HORACE, *Book III. Ode XXI.*

HAIL, gentle Cask, whose venerable Head
With hoary Down and ancient Dust o'er spread,
Proclaim, that since the Vine first brought Thee forth

Old Age has added to thy Worth

Whether the sprightly Juice thou dost contain,

Thy Vor'ries will to Wit and Love,

Or senseles Noise and Lewdness move,

Or Sleep, the Cure of these and ev'ry other Pain,

Since to some Day propitious and great,

Justly at first thou wast design'd by Fate ;

This Day, the happiest of thy many Years,

With thee I will forget my Cares :

To my *CORVINUS*'s Health thou shalt go round,

(Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,

And longer Age would bring Decay)

'Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be
drown'd.

To thee, my Friend, his Roughness shall submit,

And *SOCRATES* himself a while forget.

Thus when old *CATO* would sometimes unbend

The rugged Stiffness of his Mind

Stern and severe, the Stoick quaff'd his Bowl,

His frozen Verrue felt the Charm,

And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,

And bless'd the sprightly Pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy
Soul.

With kind Constraint ill Nature thou dost bend,

And mould the snarling Cynick to a Friend.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
 Viresque, & addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.
 Te Liber, &, si læta aderit Venus,
 Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
 Vivæque producent lucernæ,
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.



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 With

The Sage reserv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and free.
The Swain, who did some credulous Nymph persuade:
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his Vanity,
And to his Fellow-Fops toasts the abandon'd Maid.
The wretch who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,
And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs,
If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,
From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
His flying Cares give way to Haste,
And to the God resign his Breast,
Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return:
The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,
Amid'st his Wants, a wretched Life maintains;
If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,
And how by impious Arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,
And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more,
Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine,
All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline,
Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy Night,
With all Things that can give Delight;

Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away;
 Ye Tapers still be bright and clear.
 Rival the Moon, and each pale Star,
 Your Beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the
 Day.

HORAT. LIB. IV. ODE I.

Ad VENEREM.

Intermiffa Venus diu,
 Rurfus bella moves: parce, precor, precor.
 Non fum, qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ: define dulcium
 Mater fæva Cupidinum,
 Circa luftra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis: Abi
 Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempeftivius in domo
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Commeflabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque & nobilis, & decens,
 Et pro follicitis non tacitus reis,

Et

HORACE, Book IV. Ode I.

ONce more the Queen of Love invades my Breast,
 Late, with long Ease, and peaceful Pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the Wretch, that still has been thy Slave,
 And let my former Service have
 The Merit to protect me to the Grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under *CYNARA*, good and fair,
 With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
 With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! Why
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful Breasts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
 Go, bid thy Swains their glossy Wings expand,
 And swiftly thro' the yielding Air
 To *STLVIA* thee their Goddess bear,
 Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue.
 Skill'd in a Thousand soft prevailing Arts,
 With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts
 Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins Hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the Bounds of thy Command;
 And if thou shalt his Wishes bless,
 Beyond his Rivals with Success,
 In Gold and Marble shall thy Statues stand.

56 POEMS on several Occasions.

Et centum puer artium,

Latè signa feret militiae tur.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,

Albanos prope, te, lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citreâ,

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura, lyræque, & Berecynthiæ

Delectabere tibiæ

Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec foemina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parùm decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis te ego somnis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Beneath the sacred Shade of *Odel's* Wood,
 Or on the Banks of *Ouse's* gentle Flood,
 With od'rous Beams a Temple he shall raise,
 For ever sacred to thy Praise,
 'Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love it self decays.
 There while rich Incense on thy Altar burns,
 Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
 In melting soft harmonious Strains,
 Mix'd with the softer Flutes, shall tell their Flames by
 Turns.

As Love and Beauty with the Light are born;
 So with the Day thy Honours shall return;
 Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid,
 A Troop of either Sex shall lead,
 And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar tread.
 Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
 The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
 Together rise, together sit;

But, Goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.
 There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love:
 No more false Beauty shall my Passion move;
 Nor shall my fond believing Heart be led,
 By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd,
 To hope for Truth from the protesting Maid.
 With Love the sprightly Joys of Wine are fled;

The Roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my Brow,
 And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours shed.
 But tell me, *CYNTHIA*, say, bewitching Fair,
 What mean these Sighs? Why steals this falling Tear?

And when my struggling Thoughts for Passage strove }
 Why did my Tongue refuse to move ? }
 Tell me, can this be any Thing but Love ? }
 Still with the Night my Dreams my Griefs renew,
 Still she is present to my Eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies,
 O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the scornful Maid pursue.

HORAT. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALbi, nostrorum Sermonum candide iudex,
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana ?
 Scribere quod Cossî Parmensis opuscula vincat ?
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres.
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est ?
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, & fari ut possit quæ sentiat, & utque
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde.

Et

HORACE, *Book I. Epist. IV.*

Inscrib'd to R. THORNHILL, Esq;

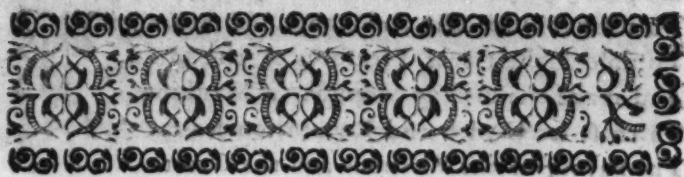
THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart commend
 The Critick's Art, and Candor of a Friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find,
 Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind;
 Whether the Tragick Muse inspires thy Thought,
 To emulate what moving *OTWAT* wrote;
 Or whether to the Covert of some Grove
 Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,
 Where to thy self thou all those Rules dost show,
 That good Men ought to practise, or wise know.
 For sure thy Mass of Man, is no dull Clay,
 But well inform'd with the Celestial Ray.
 The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
 In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind:
 And tho' they did profusely Wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true Use of Wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the Nurse wish for her darling Boy
 A Happiness which thou dost not enjoy,

Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ ?
 Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras,
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
 Me pinguem, & nitidum benè curatâ cute vises,
 Cùm ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.



What can her fond Ambition ask beyond
A Soul by Wisdom's noblest Precepts crown'd?
To this, fair Speech, and happy Utterance join'd,
To unlock the secret Treasures of the Mind,
And make the Blessing common to Mankind.
On these let Health and Reputation wait,
The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great.
A Table chearfully and cleanly spread,
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:
Such an Estate as no Extremes may know,
A free and just disdain for all Things else below.
Amidst uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
Tumulous Strife, and miserable Fears
Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
And let each Day be to thee as thy last.
That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasure rise,
Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
Batt'ning in Ease you'll find sleek, fresh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from EPICURUS Lore,
To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine you'll find
His true disciple, and your faithful Friend.

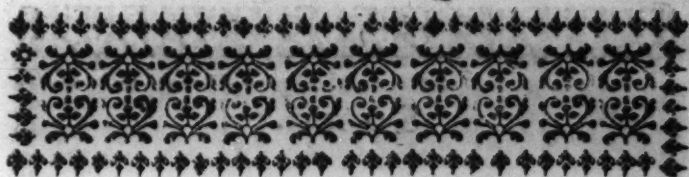




UNIO.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore.
 Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calat.
 Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
 Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.
 Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
 Quæ regit hortorum maxima *FLORA*, vices
 Fælices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utrisque
 Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.
 Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,
 Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.





English'd by the AUTHOR.

WHile rich in brightest Red, the blushing Rose
 Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;
 Her, the rough Thistle, from a neighb'ring Field,
 With fond desires and Lover's Eyes beheld :
 Strait the fierce Plant lays by his pointed Darts,
 And woes the gentle Flow'r with softer Arts.
 Kindly she heard, and did his Flame approve,
 And own'd the Warrior worthy of her Love.
 FLORA, whose happy Laws the Seasons guide,
 Who does in Fields and painted Meads preside,
 And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,
 With Pleasure saw the wishing Pair combine,
 To favour what their Goddess did design,
 And bid 'em in eternal UNION join.
 Henceforth, she said, in each returning Year,
 One Stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear :
 The Thistle's lasting Grace, Thou, O my Rose! shalt be
 The warlike Thistle's Arms, a sure Defence to Thee.



SONG.

While *SAPPHO* with harmonious Airs
 Her dear *PHILENIS* charms,
 With equal Joy the Nymph appears
 Dissolving in his Arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
 What all Mankind can give;
 Alternately the happy Pair
 All grant, and All receive.

Like the Twin-Stars, so fam'd for Friends,
 Who set by Turns, and rise;
 When one to *THETIS* Lap descends,
 His Brother mounts the Skies.

With happier Fate, and kinder Care,
 These Nymphs by Turns do reign,
 While still the falling, does prepare
 The rising, to sustain.

The Joys of either Sex in Love,
 In each of them we read,
 Successive each, to each does prove,
 Fierce Youth and yielding Maid.

EPIGRAM

To the Two NEW Mem-
bers for BRAMBER, 1708.

THO' in the Commons House you did prevail,
Good Sir CLEEVE MOORE, and gentle Master
HALE;

Yet on good Luck be cautious of relying,
Burgess for Bramber is no Place to die in.
Your Predecessors have been oddly fated;
ASGILL and SHIPPEN have been both translated.

On CONTENTMENT.

Done from the Latin of J. Gerhard.

MAny that once by Fortune's Bounty rear'd,
Amidst the Wealthy and the Great appear'd,
Have wisely from those envy'd Heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just Level of Mankind,
Where nor too little, nor too much gives the true
Peace of Mind.



PROLOGUE to the GAMSTER: *A*
Comedy. *As it was acted at the New*
Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage Chain,
With cursed dogged Husbands may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant Town.
When first you took us from our Father's House,
And lovingly our Interest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above three Year;
At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your sprightly Taste;
And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.

Now,

Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
Like bad Wine, Buſineſs, Duels, and a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd *Apollo's* Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curſe,
They were ſo like you, that they far'd the worſe;
For this to Night, we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain;
If all the Midwife ſays, of it, be true,
There are ſome Features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Pariſh take it.





EPILOGUE *spoken by Mrs. BARRY,*
at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.
April the 7th, 1709. at her playing
in LOVE for LOVE with Mrs. BRACE-
GIRDLE, for the Benefit of Mr.
 BETTERTON.

AS some brave Knight, who once with Spear and
 Shield
 Had fought Renown in many a well-fought Field ;
 But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd,
 Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd :
 There, if by Chance disastrous Tales he hears,
 Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
 He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,
 And vows once more to succour the Distress'd.
 Buckl'd in Mail, he sallies on the Plain,
 And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendship true,
 Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
 To aid old THOMAS, and to pleasure you.

Like

Like errant Damsels, boldly we engage,
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.
 Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
 And scorn'd that any She should hold his Back;
 But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
 By * two at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.
 You see what Failing Nature brings Man to;
 And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
 She may not wear so well with some of you.
 Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean past,
 But true as Steel he's Mettle to the last.
 If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
 Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
 What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' present Praise be dumb,
 Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
 As now we talk of *ROSCIUS*, and of *Rome*.
 Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
 Old *SHAKESPEAR*'s Ghost had risen to do him Right.
 With Indignation had you seen him frown
 Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town;
 Griev'd and repining, you had hear'd him say,
 Why are the Muses Labours cast away?
 Why did I write what only he could play?
 But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
 Go on and make the gen'rous Work compleat;

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the
 Waste.

Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,
 Find something for him more than bare Applause,
 In just Remembrance of your Pleasures past,
 Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last.
 In Peace and Ease Life's Remnant let him wear,
 And hang his consecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*



On the last Judgment, and the Happiness of the Saints in Heaven.

Done from the Latin of J. Gerhard.

IN that blest'd Day, from ev'ry Part, the Just,
 Rais'd from the liquid Deep or mould'ring Dust,
 The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
 All of past Ages, present and to come,
 In full Assembly shall at once resort,
 And meet within high Heaven's capacious Court:
 There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
 Our great Fore-fathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old Stocks and Ancestry began,
 And worthily in long Succession ran;
 The reverend Sires with Pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a vertuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.
 There all those tender Ties, which here below,
 Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know,
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
 Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,
 A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
 Its everlasting Being shall commence:
 There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be done,
 No Night shall rise, to shade Heav'n's glorious Sun,
 But one eternal Holy-Day go on.



COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, Grim King of the Ghosts.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream,
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head.
 The Wind that blew over the Plain,
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
 And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly Swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great.
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

How

How foolish I was to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a Clown,
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
 Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
 The Virgins sit weeping around.
 Ah, COLIN, thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;
 Thy false one inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground.

E

The

The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew ;
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in Golden Array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day ;
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.



EPIGRAM on a Lady who shed her
Water at seeing the Tragedy of
CATO.

W Hilst maudlin Whigs deplore their CATO's Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the Tory CELIA fate:
But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,
The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
Like Twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

Imitated in Latin.

P Lorat fata sui dum cætera Turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ficcis Celia fixa sedet:
At quanquam lachrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quæ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abunde,
Numinis ex Urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua;
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Celia parte dolet,
Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.



MECÆNAS.

*VERSES, Occasioned by the Honours
conferred on the Right Honourable
the Earl of HALIFAX, 1714. Being
that Year installed Knight of the most
noble Order of the Garter.*

PHOEBUS and CÆSAR once conspir'd to grace
A noble Knight, of ancient *Tuscan* Race.
The Monarch, greatly conscious of his Worth,
From Books and his Retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the Patriot with the *Civic* Crown,
The Consul's *Fasces*, and *Patrician* Gown:
The World's whole Wealth he gave him, to bestow,
And teach the Streams of Treasure where to flow:
To him he bad the suppliant Nations come,
And on his Counsels fix'd the Fate of *Rome*.

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high Numbers to the vocal String,
With jealous Eyes beheld the bounteous King.

For-

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my Share;
 Our common Fav'rite is our common Care.
 Honours and Wealth thy grateful Hand may give;
 But *PHOEBUS* only bids the Poet live.
 The Service of his faithful Heart is thine;
 There let thy *JULIAN* Star an Emblem shine;
 His Mind, and her Imperial Seat, are mine.
 Then bind his Brow, ye *Thessian* Maids, he said,
 The willing Muses the Command obey'd,
 And wove the Deathless Lawrel for his Head.

*EPIGRAM, on the PRINCE's appear-
 ing at the FIRE in Spring-Garden,
 1716.*

THY GUARDIAN, blest *Britannia*, scorns to Sleep,
 When the sad Subjects of his Father Weep,
 Weak Princes by their Fears increase Distress;
 He faces Danger, and so makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing Towns may smile with Joy,
 He knows to Save, is greater than Destroy.





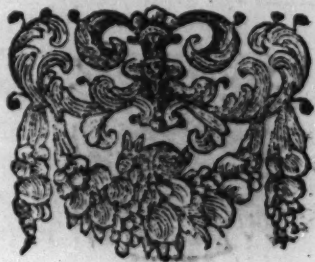
EPILOGUE, to *The Cruel Gift.* *A*
Tragedy. By Mrs. CENT LIVRE.
 Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1717.

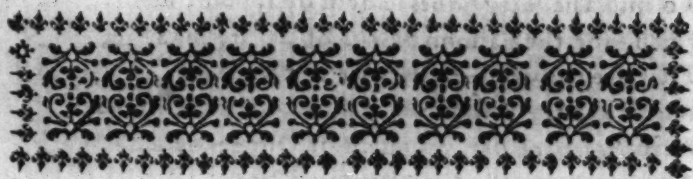
WELL,—'twas a narrow 'Scape my *Lover* made
 That *Cup* and *Message*——I was sore afraid——
 Was that a *Present* for a new made *Widow*,
 All in her dismal *Dumps*, like doleful *DIDO*;
 When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
 There was——oh! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood*,
 If the old Man had shew'd himself a *Father*,
 His *Box* should have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,
 Something to chear me up amidst my *Trance*,
L'Eau de Barbade——or comfortable *Nants!*
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the *Heart*.
 I could have told his *Gravity*, moreover,
 Were I our *Sex's* *Secrets* to discover,
 'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*.
 Let but the *Bridegroom* prudently provide
 All other *Matters* fitting for a *Bride*,

}
 So

So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miss the Heart, does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the Fashion Hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest Bawbles we can trade in.
Where are the rough brave BRITONS to be found,
With Hearts of Oak, so much of Old renown'd?
How many worthy Gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to Mother-Church and State;
When their false Hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim King PEPIN, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting Crew of Soul-Insurers,
That Tyburn-Tribe of speech-making Non-jurors;
Who in new-fangled Terms, old Truths explaining,
Teach honest English-men, damn'd Double Meaning.

Oh! would you lost Integrity restore
And boast that Faith your plain Fore-Fathers bore;
What surer Pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear PLEDGE your MONARCH left behind?
See how his Looks his honest Heart explain,
And speak the Blessings of his future Reign!
In his each feature, Truth, and Candour trace,
And read Plain-Dealing written in his Face.

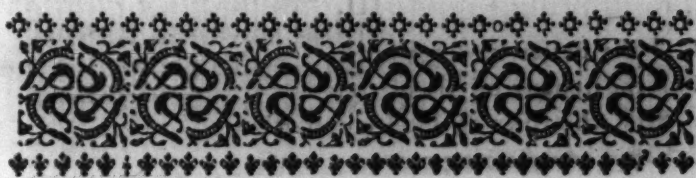




VERSES made to a Simile of
Mr. POPE'S.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the Hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linnen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,
And makes 'em silent all and civil.
Thus Canon clears the cloudy air
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus Bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.





SONG

For the KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 28th of
May, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flowry garlands by,
Ever blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours see we pay.

Lay thy flowry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown,
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didst bestow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plummy helm, become:
Thee the spear and shining shield,
With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

III. Call

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
 For the honour of his birth :
 Still, the voice of loud commotion,
 Bid complaining murmurs cease,
 Lay, the billows of the ocean ;
 And compose the land in peace.
Call the better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
 For this boon this happy day,
 Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place,
 Thou shalt rule with better grace :
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the year for ev'ry age to come.

V.

Fairest Month ! in *Cesar* pride thee,
 Nothing like him canst thou bring,
 Tho' the graces smile beside thee :
 Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

VI.

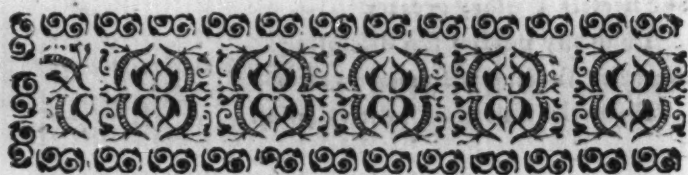
Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,
 Finer than the painted bow ;
Carolina shall repay thee
 All thy sweetness, all thy show.

She herself a glory greater
 Than thy golden sun discloses ;
 And her smiling offspring sweeter
 Than the bloom of all thy roses.

*Upon NICOLINI and VALEN-
 TINI's first coming to the House in
 the Hay-Market.*

A *mp*bion strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call,
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the *Theban* wall.
 In emulation of his praise
 Two *Latian* seniors come.
 A sinking Theatre to raise
 And prop *Van's* tottering Dome,
 But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown,
 Since these poor Gentlemen, alas !
 Bring neither brick nor stone.





PROLOGUE

[To the *Non Juror*.]

Spoken by Mr. WILKS, 1718.

TO Night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's Cost, to laugh
 We mean to fouse old *Satan* and the *Pope*;
 They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
 A Tool of theirs supplies the Comick Stage
 With just Materials for Satyrick Rage:
 Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
 Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
 Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,
 And hate our Monarch and our Church alike;

Our

Our Church,—which aw'd with Reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
While theirs— But Satire silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's inquiring Clerk.
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.
There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
And excommunicates Three-Stories high. }
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free born State?
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:
With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.
Ship off ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty Abdicated Court:
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.





OF THE
Manner of LIVING
WITH
GREAT MEN.

Written after the Method of
Monfieur De la Bruyere.

Distinction of Rank is highly necessary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never called in Question but by *Barbarians* and *Enthusiasts*.

A just Consideration for the several Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have placed them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common Conversation in the bounds of Politeness and Civility, but has even a better

ter Consequence, in disposing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In observing Step by Step the several Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive insensibly at last, to the Contemplation of the supreme Perfection.

It has been said, that inequality of Conditions is a Bar to Friendship; but why are not the Links of a Chain continued as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally.

Most Men are indeed rather inclined to live in the terms of Civility than Friendship; it is sufficient for their Interest to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Ease to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themselves.

There are some People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happiness of their fellow Creatures; but how Rare!

If there cannot be what is called Friendship between a Great and a Private Man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is Beneficence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

Crito must be a miserable Man, who never was known to have a Friend even among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of these three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

Paulinus is Affable, just to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but those that are so to Vertue and to their Country; he has Friends amongst those of his own Rank, and Followers amongst his Inferiors, that take a Pleasure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Understanding, cannot find a sufficient number for his Conversation among those of his own Quality.

Aristus is a great Genius for Politicks ; and he finds among the Ministry, Heads capable of forming the greatest and wisest Designs. 'Tis with them he concert what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taste for Musick, Painting and Sculpture ; he is perfectly a Master of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuses to spend whole Days with *Lycidas*, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Industry have given what they could give.

Lycidas was born with great Advantage for Knowledge ; he has improved those Advantages ; he has a Wit admirably well turned ; a sound and exact Judgment ; he thinks, speaks and writes with the utmost Politeness ; and with all these, he has so much Gentleness in his Nature, and Sweetness in his Manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a Fool. In short, it is necessary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have such a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men, is like going into the other World ; you ought to stay till you are called.

What impatience have some People to press into Conversations, where it is impossible they should be easy.

Bupalus was never cut out for a Courtier ; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords.

Bupalus might have lived well with any sort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleasant Wit ; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Conversation, but then he is variable ; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me.

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Peace, what Ease, what Happiness does a Man forego, who might be used as he pleases amongst his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them as to be of their Opinion, or at least that those who depend upon 'em, should submit blindly to their Notions of right and wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be followed; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*.

Nam te

Scire Deos quoniam proprius Contingit, oportet.

But we have an unlucky Proverb against 'em in *English*.

*The nearer the Church (or Court) the farther from God
(and it may be) the Prince's Service.*

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiours, and if they have something in 'em insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of *Babylas*, his insipid Gaiety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his Peevishness his,

E 3

Intrigues,

If

Intrigues, and his Raillery ; there is one easy Remedy, shun him ; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters runs thro' most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with the Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country, *How often she goes to see 'em, — That they are continually sending for her, — How they breed their Sons — and what they give their Daughters :* But my Lord Bishop's Lady does not live, if she is not once a Week at ——— And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Assizes without her.

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin, &c.

Beneficence seems to be so inseparable from true Greatness that one might, not unaptly, define it, a large Power of doing Good, and if the Will is not inclined to the exercise of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper use.

Why should any one be called a great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others who seldom does good to the Worthy ? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too ; they call him a Great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow ; and Fear makes most People stand at a distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of Great Men, set Fatal and Ruinous Examples to their Inferiours, and one might wish, upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confined to one another.

Cleon is Noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments ; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture ; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives Magnificently ; he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an easy Family behind him.

Dorilas is a private Man, of a free and independant Condition ; he lives like *Cleon*, he Mortgages his Estate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Posterity curse him.

Great Men have many things which attract first our Admiration, and then our Affections, and some People live safely and pleasantly with them ; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the Power of many Passions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatness had a beginning, it has sometimes been founded upon Honesty ; if I am charmed with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those Great Ones, whose Condition I so much admire, than be contented with a second Place, a dependance upon 'em.

There is a Vertuous as well as a Vicious Desire of Greatness.



G

Printed

THE
GOLDEN VERSES
OF
PYTHAGORAS.

Translated from the *Greek*

By Mr. ROWE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's*
Head over-against *Catharine-Street* in
the *Strand*. MDCC XXVI.

GOLDEN VERSES

PITHAGORAS

Translated from the Greek

By Mr. R. O. W. E.

LONDON

Printed by JAMES TONSON, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal, in the Strand.



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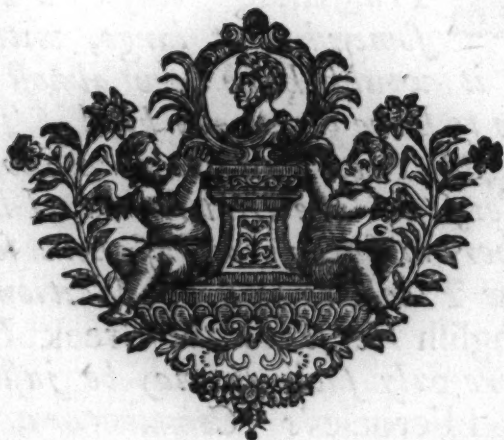


TO THE
READER.

I Hope the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in Translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of Turn in English Poetry to so dry a Subject. The Sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some Places to be some Additions in the English Verses to the Greek Text, they are only such as may be justify'd from Hierocles's Commentary, and deliver'd by him as the larger and explain'd Sense of the Author's short Precept. I have in some few
Places

To the Reader.

*Places ventur'd to differ from the
Learned Mr. Dacier's French Inter-
pretation, as those that shall give
themselves the trouble of a strict
Comparison will find. How far I am
in the right, is left to the Reader to
determine.*



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THE
GOLDEN VERSES
OF
PYTHAGORAS.

First to the Gods thy humble Homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of Laws, obey:
Perform thy Vows, observe thy plighted
Troth,

And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.

The Heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on Earth, and to the Stars preferr'd,
To Light and endless Life, their Virtues sure Reward. }
Due Rights perform and Honours to the Dead,
To ev'ry Wife, to ev'ry Pious Shade.
With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred show:

For

72 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

For what concerns the rest of Human-kind,
 Chuse out the Man to Virtue best inclin'd;
 Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Bosom bind.
 Possess of such a Friend, preserve him still;
 Nor thwart his Counsels with thy stubborn Will;
 Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
 And yield to all his Offices of Love:
 Him from thy Heart, so true, so justly dear,
 Let no rash Word nor light Offences tear.
 Bear all thou canst, still with his Failings strive,
 And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
 For strong Necessity alone explores
 The secret Vigour of our latent Pow'rs,
 Rouses and urges on the lazy Heart,
 Force, to its self unknown before, t'exert.
 By use thy stronger Appetites assuage,
 Thy Gluttony, thy Sloath, thy Lust, thy Rage:
 From each dishonest Act of Shame forbear;
 Of others, and thy self, alike beware.
 Let Rev'rence of thy self thy Thoughts controul,
 And guard the sacred Temple of thy Soul.
 Let Justice o'er thy Word and Deed preside,
 And Reason ev'n thy meanest Actions guide:
 For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom,
 Know that the Day of great Account will come,
 When thy past Life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each Word, each Deed be in the Ballance laid,
 And all the Good and all the Ill most justly be repaid.
 For Wealth, the perishing, uncertain Good,
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,
 That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding Place,
 But wandering loves from Hand to Hand to pass;

Revolve

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 73

Revolve the Getter's Joy and Loser's Pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those Sorrows that attend Mankind,
With Patience bear the Lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;
For know what Man calls Fortune is from God;
In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek Relief,
And let her healing Hand assuage the Grief;
Yet still whate'er the Righteous Doom ordains,
What Cause soever multiplies thy Pains,
Let not those Pains as Ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The Reas'ning Art to various Ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring Guide.
Thy Judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly! from thy Resolution swerve;
The dazzling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
And sweet Persuasion wins the Easie to believe.

When Fools and Liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This above all, this Precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thy self concern;
Let not Example, let no soothing Tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's Song,
To do thy Soul's Immortal Essence wrong.
Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds express;
Chuse for thy self, and always chuse the best.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy Task before begun,
Lest Folly should the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.

74 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

Fools huddle on and always are in haste,
 Act without Thought, and thoughtless Words they waste.
 But thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares
 Strive to prevent at first a Fate like theirs;
 That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
 Nor sharp Repentance make thee Wise too late.

Beware thy meddling Hand in ought to try,
 That does beyond thy reach of Knowledge lye;
 But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought
 To search the profitable Knowledge out.

So Joys on Joys for ever shall encrease,
 Wisdom shall crown thy Labours, and shall bless
 Thy Life with Pleasure, and thy End with Peace.

Nor let the Body want its Part, but share
 A just Proportion of thy tender Care:
 For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
 And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.
 Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholesome Fare
 Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair;
 And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits chear.
 In all Things still which to this Care belong,
 Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.

By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,
 Manly and simply pure, and free from Blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
 The glancing Curse of her malicious Eye.

Seek not in needless Luxury to waste
 Thy Wealth and Substance, with a Spendthrift's Haste;
 Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy Mind,
 Prone to Extreame, an equal Danger find,
 And be to fordid Avarice inclin'd.

Distant

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 75

Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

Be careful still to guard thy Soul from Wrong,
And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprize,
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own Demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to Man, or to my self I owe?
Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last,
From Morning's Dawn 'till Ev'ning's Gloom, has pass'd.
If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy Soul with strong Remorse be torn.
If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
And to thy secret Self with Pleasure say,
Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to-day.

These Thoughts and chiefly these thy Mind should move,
Employ thy Study, and engage thy Love.

These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.
This by his Name I swear, whose sacred Lore
First to Mankind explain'd the Mystick FOUR,
Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Power.

In all thou dost first let thy Prayers ascend,
And to the Gods thy Labours first commend,
From them implore Success, and hope a prosperous End.

76 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

So shall thy abler Mind be taught to soar,
 And Wisdom in her secret Ways explore;
 To range through Heav'n above and Earth below;
 Immortal Gods and mortal Men to know.
 So shalt thou learn what Pow'r does all controul,
 What bounds the Parts, and what unites the Whole:
 And rightly judge, in all this wondrous Frame,
 How universal Nature is the same;
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place
 On Hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man, thou shalt be taught to know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn Cause of Woe.
 Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell
 How near their Good and Happiness they dwell.
 Depriv'd of Sense, they neither hear nor see;
 Fetter'd in Vice, they seek not to be free,
 But stupid, to their own sad Fate agree:
 Like pond'rous Rolling-stones, oppress'd with Ill,
 The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on still,
 Bereft of Choice and Freedom of the Will.
 For native Strife in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious War maintains:
 Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat cease,
 And ev'ry yielding Passion sue for Peace.

Wouldst thou, great *Jove*, thou Father of Mankind,
 Reveal the *Demon* for that Task assign'd,
 The wretched Race an End of Woes would find.

And yet be bold, O Man, Divine thou art,
 And of the Gods Celestial Essence Part.
 Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
 But to thy Race her mystick Rules reveal'd.

These

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 77

These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded Soul to Health thou shalt restore,
And free from ev'ry Pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy Body pure, so free thy Soul;
So rightly judge; thy Reason, so, maintain;
Reason which Heav'n did for thy Guide ordain,
Let that best Reason ever hold the Rein.

Then if this mortal Body thou forsake,
And thy glad Flight to the pure Æther take,
Among the Gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine:
The Tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.



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A
P O E M

Upon the Late
Glorious Successes

O F
Her M A J E S T Y's Arms, &c.

Humbly Inscríb'd to the Right Honourable the
E A R L of G O D O L P H I N,
Lord High-Treasurer of ENGLAND.

By N. R O W E, Esq;

Extremum rediisse pudet.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVI.

P O E M

Glorious Successes

By the Author of the

War of the Roses

and the

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Printed in the



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A
P O E M

On the Late
Glorious Successes, &c.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the
LORD TREASURER.



WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Coun-
sels wait,
And ANNA trusts to thee the *British* State;
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry Foreign
Coast,

Flies with the News of Empires won and lost,
Relates whate'er her busie Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field;
While, with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend,

D 5

Vouch:

82 A P O E M on the glorious Successes

Vouchsafe the Muses humbler Joy to hear;
 For Sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care;
 Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train.
 Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
 Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aint
 To make thy Numbers equal to thy Theme.
 From Heav'n derive thy Verse; to Heav'n belong
 The Counsels of the Wise, and Battels of the Strong.
 To Heav'n, the Royal ANNA owes, alone,
 The Virtues which adorn and guard Her Throne;
 Thence is Her Justice Wretches to redress,
 Thence is Her Mercy and Her Love of Peace;
 Thence is Her Pow'r, Her Scepter uncontrol'd
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold;
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,
 To heal their Breaches, and to sooth their Rage;
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides;
 Thence is She taught Her shining Court to grace,
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,
 To trust at home GODOLPHIN's watchful Care,
 And send Victorious CHURCHILL forth to War.

Arise ye Nations rescu'd by Her Sword,
 Freed from the Bondage of a Foreign Lord,
 Arise, and join the Heroine to Bless,
 Behold She sends to save you from Distress;
 Rich is the Royal Bounty She bestows,
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes;
 And thou, *Iberia*! rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the Gallick Tyrant's Chain

For

For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War,
With Her own glorious Fires their Souls She warms;
And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
Unhappy Land! the Formost once in Fame,
Once lifting to the Stars thy Noble Name,
In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
The Western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.
Where, is thy Pride thy conscious Honour, flown,
Thy ancient Valour, and thy first Renown?
How art thou sunk among the Nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
And dropt the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy

Not thus of Old her Valiant Fathers bore [Brow!
The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,
But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field;
Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood:
Then in Heroick Arms their Knights excell'd,
The Tyrant then and Gyañt then they quell'd.
Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move;
And those, who fought for Freedom, sigh'd for Love.
Like one, those sacred Flames united live,
At once they Languish, and at once Revive;
Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
But bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
Tho' we disdain that Man should Man Subdue,
Yet all the Free-born Race are Slaves alike to you.

Yet once, again that Glory to Restore,
The Britons seek the *Celtiberian* Shore.

With

84 *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

With ecchoing Peals, at *ANNA*'s high Command;
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowzy Land;
 High at their Head, *Iberia*'s promis'd Lord,
 Young *Charles* of *Austria*, waves his shining Sword;
 His youthful Veins with Hopes of Empire glow,
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe:
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;
 Then leaps exulting on the Hostile Strand,
 And thinks the destin'd Scepter in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,
 Proud *Barcelona* owns his juster Claim,
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
 And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath bestows.)
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years,
Philip of *Bourbon*'s haughty Line, appears;
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)
 In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending War;
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,
 And dooms to certain Death the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the Nobler Spoils
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,
 Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
 And fire their Breasts with more than Mortal Rage.
 Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown
 They prove their Might in Arms, and combat for a Crown.

Hard

of her MAJESTY's Arms, &c. 85

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung ;
Till forc'd at length, disdaining much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.
Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
And ev'n the *British* Valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all, In that Extream;
Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,
Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,
Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

But lo! when ev'ry better Hope was past,
When ev'ry Day of Danger seem'd their last,
Far, on the distant Ocean, they survey,
Where a proud Navy plows its watry Way.
Nor long they doubted, but with Joy descry,
Upon the Chief's tall Top-Masts waving high,
The *British* Cross and *Belgick* Lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear
Their Cries of Ecstasy, and rend the Air,
In Peals on Peals the Shouts Triumphal rise,
Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;
While from below, old Ocean groans profound,
The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,
Ring with the deafning Shock, and thunder all around.
Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,
Who by the fierce *Rutlian's* Siege distress'd,
Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd ;
When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,
Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,
And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd ;

Sav'd

86 *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
And fix'd the Fate of his Imperial Rome.

But oh! what Verse, what Numbers shall reveal
Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!
Who shall Retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
And tell the Anguish of his lab'ring Heart!
What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express
The blended Passions striving in his Face!
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse,
With Thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest Curse.

Fatal Ambition! say what wond'rous Charms
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:
When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battel won,
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
When all War gives, when all the Great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer happier Arts of Peace,
Secur'd from Harms, and blest with learned Ease;
In Battels, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the Warrior in the fatal Field;
But chief, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,
And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;
Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels hid!
There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,
But those which from thy Sacred Raptures flow,
Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow. }
Me, Nymph Divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate,
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be Great;

Me;

Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,
Where secret thy Celestial Sisters Sing,
Fast by their Sacred Hill, and sweet *Castalian* Spring.

But Nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,
And raise his Heart with high Triumphant Joy;
From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,
And whiter Days successive seem to run.
From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date
The Rising Glories of his future State,
From hence!—— But oh! too soon the Hero mourns
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns.
In vain, his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms
Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;
Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,
In sullen Sloth supinely Proud they fate;
Or to be Slaves or Free alike prepar'd,
And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard;
Untouch'd with Shame, the Noble Strife beheld,
Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field;
But fought, in the cool Shade, and Rural Seat,
An unmolested Ease, and calm Retreat:
Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull Indifference
Turn'd to their Rest, and left the World to Chance.
So when commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,
Thaumantian Iris left the Realms above,
And swift descending on her painted Bow,
Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below;
Nodding and slow, his drowzy Head he rear'd,
And heavily the sacred Message heard;
Then with a Yawn at once forgot the Pain,
And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again;

But

88 *A POEM on the glorious ! Successes*

But oh, my Muse! th'ungrateful Toil forsake,
 Same Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,
 Nor chuse, in melancholy Strains, to tell
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause besel.
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,
 Where MARLBOROUGH's Heroick Arms invite,
 Where highest Deeds the Poet's Breast inspire
 With Rage divine, and fan the sacred Fire.
 See! where at once *Ramillia's* Noble Field
 Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.
 See! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprize;
 At once the wide-extended Battels move,
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
 The Roar ascends promiscuous; Groans and Cries,
 The Drums, the Cannons' Burst, the Shout, supplies
 One Universal Anarchy of Noise.
 One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and lost in Sound,
 Eccho's to all the frighted Cities round.
 Thick Dust and Smoak in wavy Clouds arise,
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between,
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
 Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter roam;
 Discord with Pleasure o'er the Ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds;
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.

So when two Currents rapid in their Course
Rush to a Point, and meet with equal Force,
The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry;
The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,
By list'ning Shepherds on the distant Shore,
While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,
And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,
Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting *Gaul*.
Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,
And animates the Social Warrior's Arms,
Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
Makes the Young Heroes, and renews the Old.
In Forms Divine around him watchful wait
The Guardian Genii of the *British* State,
Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his Side,
Prudence and Fortitude their *MARLBRO* guard,
And pleasing Liberty his Labours cheer'd;
But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,
And in his decent Hand he shook a warlike Spear.
While Victory Celestial soars above,
Plum'd like the Eagle of Imperial *Jove*,
Hang's o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,
And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,

90 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,
Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy.
Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela's* Plain,
Or such the *Painter did the Hero feign, * *Le Brun*.
Where, rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
With graceful Ardor, and majestick Pride,
With all the Gods of *Greece* and Fortune on his Side.

Nor long *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain
Labours the Fight unequal to maintain:
He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall;
Flies from the Foe too oft in Rattel try'd,
And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side;
Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.
So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
The dreadful Forms of Hostile Gods survey'd,
Hopeless he left the burning Town, and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast Reward, O *Europe*, shalt thou pay;
To him who sav'd thee on this glorious Day!
Bless him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,
And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.
In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed,
Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
To *MARLBOROUGH* and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,
To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise;
To him your skilful Bards their Verse shall bring,
For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing;
The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trembling
String.

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the Ocean's Isles,
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main;
 What Transports in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!
 How didst thou lift thy Tow'ry Front on high!
 Not meanly Conscious of a Mother's Joy,
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*,
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy Choice approve,
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love.
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!
 How with Impatience wait his wisht Return!
 How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay?
 How didst thou chide the Gods who rule thy Sea,
 And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his Way!
 At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,
 Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
 To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
 He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;
 Lowly he kneels before the Royal Seat,
 And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA*'s Feet.
 While form'd alike for Labours or for Ease,
 In Camps to Thunder, or in Courts to please,
Britain's bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their Care;
 In all his Dangers, all his Triumphs, share.
 Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,
 And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious Arms,
 With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,
 Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their Charms.

92 A P O E M on the glorious Successes

Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
 So Rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
 Now shines with Graces never known before;
 Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn,
 And each soft Feature takes a sprightly Turn;
 New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,
 And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;
 The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,
 Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful People round;
 Laborious Hinds inur'd to Rural Toil,
 To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
 In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,
 And bless the Warrior who protects their Peace,
 Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War.
 No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,
 Prevents the Harvest, and deludes their Hope;
 No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze;
 The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe.
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
 The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round.
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and ANNA's gentlest Reign afford,
 All is secur'd by MARLBRO's conqu'ring Sword.

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of her MAJESTY'S Arms, &c. 93

O Sacred, ever Honour'd Name! O thou!
That wert our Greatest *William* once below!
What Place soe'er thy Virtues now possess
Near the bright Source of everlasting Bliss,
Where-e'er exalted to Etherial Height,
Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light;
Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a-while forsake,
And deign the *Britains'* Triumphs to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.
What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,
Europe and Liberty are still thy Care,
Thy Great, thy Gen'rous, Pure, Immortal Mind,
Is ever to the Publick Good enclin'd,
Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.
Behold, where *MARLBOROUGH*, thy last best Gift,
At Parting, to thy Native *Belgia* left,
Succeeds to all thy kind Paternal Cares,
Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars;
Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,
And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land,
Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown,
Fights to secure an Empire not his own,
Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown.
At length thy Pray'r, O Pious Prince! is heard,
Heav'n has, at length, in its own Cause appear'd,
At length *Ramillia's* Field atones for all
The faithless Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;
At length a better Age to Man decreed,
With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed;
Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.

94 A POEM on the glorious Success

One Triumph yet, my Muse; remains behind,
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find;
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,
Louis the Force of Hostile *Britain* feels;
 Swift to her Friends distress'd her Succours fly,
 And distant Wars her Wealthy Sons supply:
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear,
 By tedious languishing Delays is held
 Repining, and impatient, from the Field:
 While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain;
 At once with generous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treasure sends, and bids the Heroe Arm.
 Strait eager to the Field, he speeds away,
 There vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day:
 Cheer'd by the Presence of the Chief they love,
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to Lead;
 Again their Crests the *German* Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad Wings, and Fan the *Latian* Air;
 Greedy for Battel and the Prey they call,
 And point great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.
 The Chief commands, and soon in dread Array
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,
 O'er ev'ry Barrier Fortunate they pass'd,
 Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd.

The

The Foe in vain with *Gallick* Arts attends,
 To mark which way the wary Leader bends ;
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is Wise,
 Lurks were tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprize.
 Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,
 And oft Advances, and as oft Retreats ;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams ;
 While River-Gods in vain Exhaust their Store,
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste, in vain ;
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood,
 Unshaken still pursue their steadfast Course,
 And where they want their Way, they find it or they force.

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy's* Great Prince infest,
 And roll ill-boding in his Careful Breast ;
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
 An Exile, meanly forc'd to beg Support
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,
 His Glory once and Empire's ancient Seat,
 He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,
 And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town Invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate,

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there ;

96 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
Nor all the *Gallick* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay;
Like Truth itself unknowing how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
'Bound by the Law of *Jove's* Eternal Year;
Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,
Round the wide World in twice Twelve Hours is born,
And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.

Strait to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
Their Friendly Succour for the Brave prepare;
And on the Foe united bend the War.
O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
At once they rush and drive the Rapid Fight;
With idle Arms the *Gallick* Legions seem
To stem the Rage of the resistless Stream,
At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield;
Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis War no more;
At once the Vanquish'd own the Victors Pow'r ;
Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight,
'Tis all or Conquest or Inglorious Flight;
Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
With Life and Liberty at once they Chear,
And save 'em in the Moment of Despair.

So timely to the Aid of sinking *Rome*,
With active Haste did Great *Camillus* come:
So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his Way,
So from the proud *Barbarians* snatch'd the Prey,
And sav'd his Country in one Signal Day.

From impious Arms at length, O *Louis*, cease!
And leave at length the lab'ring World in Peace,

Left

Left Heav'n disclose some yet more Fatal Scene,
Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin* ;
Left from thy Hand thou see thy Scepter torn,
And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn ;
Left urg'd at length thy own repining Slave,
Tho' fond of Burthens, and in Bondage brave,
Pursue thy Hoary Head with Curses to the Grave.

FINIS.



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O D E
FOR THE
NEW YEAR
MDCCXVI.

By N. ROWE, Esq;
Servant to His MAJESTY.

*Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis eximet otium:*

*Non ira quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.*

Hor. Lib. 4. Ode 15.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-
Head* over-against *Katharine-Street* in
the *Strand*. MDCCXXVI.

OLD

FOR THE

NEW YEAR

MDCCLXVI

BY M. R. O. W. E. Esq.

STEWART TO HIS MAJESTY

Catholics receive Catholicism, and favour

Catholicism, and the Catholic mission;

And to the Catholic mission,

to which we intend to return.

London: A. & C. 17.

LONDON:

Printed for James Tinsley, at the Theatre

Street, over against the Theatre, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVI



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Look



O D E
FOR THE
NEW YEAR
MDCCLXVI.

I.

HAIL to thee, Glorious rising Year,
With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!
Comely art thou in thy Prime,
Lovely Child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden Footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and Beauty grace thy Train;
Muse, strike the Lyre to some immortal Strain.
But oh! what Skill, what Master Hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton Band!
Loose like my Verse they Dance, and all without Command.

102 ODE for the New Year MDCCXVI.

Images of fairest things,
Croud about the speaking Strings;
Peace, and sweet Prosperity,
Faith and chearful Loyalty,
With smiling Love and deathless Poetic.

I I.

Ye skowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the Purple Day.
Ev'ry Fiend and Fiend-like Form,
Black and Sullen as a Storm,
Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,
Danger with her dreadful Eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.
Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,
To whom thy Treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter Days were kept from times of Old!
See thy GEORGE, for this is he!
On his Right Hand, waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every Good is in his Face,
Every open honest Grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy Race!

III.

See! the Sacred Scyon springs,
See the glad Promise of a Line of Kings!
Royal Youth! what Bard Divine,
Equal to a Praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted Measure
Sing thee, Britain's dearest Treasure?

Who

ODE for the New Year MDCCXVI. 103

Who her Joy in thee shall tell,
Who the sprightly Note shall swell,
His Voice attemp'ring to the tuneful Shell?
Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field
Bold in thy brave Paternal Band beheld,
And saw with hopeless Heart thy fainting Rival yield;
Troubled he, with sore Dismay,
To thy stronger Fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy Noble Scorn,
Wingy-footed was he Born,
Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what distinguish'd Worth,
From thee shall lead the coming Ages forth?
Crested Helms and shining Shields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign Fields;
Hoary Heads with Olive bound,
Kings and Lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding still they Rise anew,
Beyond the Reach of deep Prophetick View.
Young AUGUSTUS! Never cease!
Pledge of our Present and our future Peace,
Still pour the Blessings forth, and give thy great Increase!
All the Stock that Fate ordains
To supply succeeding Reigns,
Whether Glory shall Inspire
Gentler Arts of Martial Fire,
Still the Fair Descent shall be
Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee,
Patrons of righteous Rule, and Foes to Tyranny!

V. Ye

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the Sky,
 On the op'ning Year dispence
 All your kindest Influence;
 Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd
 For our CAROLINA'S Guard;
 Short and easie be the Pains,
 Which for a Nation's Weal the Heroine sustains.
Britannia's Angel, be thou near;
 The growing Race is thy peculiar Care,
 Oh spread thy Sacred Wing above the Royal Fair.
 GEORGE by Thee was wated o'er,
 To the long-expect'ing Shore:
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy Celestial armed Hand,
 While his Sacred Head to shade,
 The blended Cross on high Thy silver Shield display'd.

VI.

But oh! what other Form Divine
 Propitious near the Hero seems to shine!
 Peace of Mind, and Joy Serene,
 In her sacred Eyes are seen,
 Honour binds her Miter'd Brow,
 Faith and Truth beside her go,
 With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
 A thousand Storms around her threat,
 A thousand Billows roar beneath her Feet,
 While fix'd upon a Rock, she keeps her Stable Seat,

ODE for the New Year MDCCXVI. 105

Still in sign of sure Defence,
Trust and mutual Confidence,
On the Monarch, standing by,
Still she bends her gracious Eye,
Nor fears her Foes approach, while Heav'n and He are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!
Begone pale Envy, and thou cold Despair!
Seek ye out a moody Cell,
Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
There repining, raging, still
Th'idle Air with Curses fill;
There blast the pathless Wild, and the bleak Northern Hill;
There your Exile vainly Moan;
There where with Murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the sweeping Winds, the bending Forrests groan,
But thou Hope, with smiling Chear,
Do thou bring the ready Year;
See the Hours! a chosen Band!
See with jocund Looks they stand,
All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command,

VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,
Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love:
Flora sweet her Bounty spreads,
Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;
Pan rewards the Shepherd's Pain;

106 ODE for the New Year MDCCXVI.

All is Plenty, all is Wealth,
And on the balmy Air fits Rosie-colour'd Health.
I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoyce,
Like many Waters swells the pealing Noise,
While to their Monarch, thus, they raise the publick Voice,
Father of thy Country, Hail!
Always, ev'ry where, prevail;
Pious, Valiant, Just and Wise,
Better Suns for thee arise,
Purer Breezes fan the Skies,
Earth in Fruits and Flowers is drest,
Joy abounds in ev'ry Breast,
For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is blest.

F I N I S.





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A N
E P I S T L E
T O
E U D O X U S.

Suppos'd to be written about the Year 1646.



EPISTLE

TO THE
FEDERAL

to be written before the year 1800



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A N
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T O
E U D O X U S.

*Our Author wrote this about ten Years ago *, and inscrib'd it to a Courtier, whom he industriously conceals under a fictitious Name.*

L
 ONG have I ask'd of my unfriendly Fate,
 A private Living with a small Estate,
 Far from the splendid Tumults of the Great.
 But me, alas! th' imagin'd Pleasure flies,
 And some unkind Deity denies
 To my importune Pray'rs the courted Prize.

* This Piece was printed in the Year 1656.

148 *An Epistle to EUDOXUS.*

Since then, *EUDOXUS*, Fortune has declin'd
To grant these Favours to my longing Mind ;
Since then the Muse delights in easy Strain,
To sing the Blessings which she can't obtain ;
What can you hope ? Or what can she bestow
In humble Rhymes, like her Condition, low ?

ME neither Heaps of golden Treasure move,
Nor the sweet Poison of enchanting Love ;
Unwilling and unskilful to sustain
The Cares of State, and Honour's glitt'ring Pain.
None but your self can, like a Pilot, steer
The Nation's Vessel, but with anxious Fear.
A thousand Troubles your Delights destroy,
And rob you of that Rest which Swains enjoy.

THE *Dutch* at last, as runs a feint Report,
Have just concluded with the *Spanish* Court
A Peace so oft refus'd ; and now intrigue
To break with *France* their long-establish'd League.
Austrians have brib'd the *Boian* to her Side,
And in that false ungrateful Duke confide ;
Nor has their antient Faith the *Germans* ty'd.
Displeasing News ! nor has our Fleet been more
Crown'd with Successes, nigh the *Tuscan* Shore :
But by her quick Return, without Renown,
Has freed from a long Siege a paltry Town
This galls your Heart, this does your Pleasures drown.
If a Chance-Ball a hopeful Youth destroy,
His Father's Comfort, and his Mother's Joy,

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The giddy Rout unanimous exclaim
On impious Wars, and stern *Gradivus* blame.
Distracted thro the muttering Streets they run,
And load with many a Curse the guiltless Throne ;
But chiefly him, who sitting at the Helm,
Advise Taxes, and confounds the Realm :
All in this Cry agree, and jointly swear,
They cannot, nay, they will no longer bear
The Charges of a tedious, bloody War. }
Hence Fears and Horrors in the Statesman's Soul,
Hence the *Militia*'s rais'd, and *Guards* patrol;
Left mad Sedition, with her lighted Brand,
Should kindle to a Flame the murmuring Land.
Why should I mention Envy's various Arts,
By what sinister Fraud she strikes at Hearts,
By Stabs or Poisons brings a Monarch's Fate,
And rids him of a Kingdom's ponderous Weight ?
Deluded Man ! who, by a silken Thred,
Sees the drawn Sword impending o'er his Head ;
Who leaps the Precipice he ought to shun,
Industrious to be wretched and undone.

HOW much more sweet, and worth our constant
Pray'r,

A Mind unshaken by the Storms of Care !
Which can a vain and empty World despise,
And with an upward Flight affect the Skies ;
Which the gay Trappings of the Great contemns,
Their sounding Titles, and their shining Gems :

150 *An Epistle to EUDOXUS.*

Discharg'd of all which Happiness debars,
 She plants her Conversation in the Stars ;
 Looks on the Clouds and lower Earth with scorn,
 And seeks that Country where she first was born.
 Soon as the Eastern Sun begins to gleam,
 And sprinkles from above a rosy Beam,
 She leaves her Prison of inferior Clay,
 And springs with Freedom to a better Day ;
 The Father of the Gods and Men adores,
 And purest Off'rings on his Altars pours ;
 Then our Religion's Mysteries recounts,
 Dwells on our *Faith*, which shallow Sense surmounts,
 On fallen Man restor'd to heav'nly Bliss,
 Unfathom'd Love ! deep, wond'rous deep Abyss !

THE N, launching out, the penetrating Soul
 Travels with winged Thought from Pole to Pole ;
 Surveys Earth's Fabrick, exquisitely fair,
 Which roll'd from nothing, and is hing'd on Air :
 How the contending Elements renew
 Perpetual Quarrels, and their Course pursue :
 How Stars, distinguish'd o'er th' Æthereal Space,
 Shed their auspicious Beams on human Race :
 How Times and Seasons by just Turns succeed ;
 How Earth, impregnate with a vernal Breed,
 Shoots Violets and Roses from her Womb,
 Whose od'rous Sweets the fanning Air perfume :
 How *Ceres*, golden by *Apollo's* Rays,
 His Kindness with a yellow Year repays :

How

How plump *Pomona* does in Summer shoot,
And knots her rip'ning Blossoms into Fruit;
How *Bacchus*, from Autumnal Grapes express'd,
Makes with *Nestarean* Juice the Vintage blest'd;
Rich florid Wine, which mingling in the Blood,
The Heart enlarges with a generous Flood;
Cheers our dull Life, and noble Thoughts inspires,
Nor asks the Poet for *Phæbean* Fires;
Whose Brain with this enlivening Liquor glows,
Tho the keen Breath of freezing *Boreas* blows,
And warms the seeded Ground with wintry Snows.

NOR is the Soul unactive or supine,
But sees the radiant Beam of Thought Divine,
As *Moses* did of old in budding Bushes shine.
Each Herb and Tree does heavenly Knowledge give,
And every growing thing's demonstrative:
By turns they perish, and by turns they live.
Such shall they be, till, when Time's Sand is run,
All Worlds shall in their own Materials burn,
And to their empty Origin return.

NOR does the Mind on these alone revolve,
But, wand'ring far, improves her grand Resolve;
She makes her Voyage o'er the liquid World,
Where Winds have bluster'd, and the Billows curl'd;
She views the numerous Nations of the Deep,
Where vast *Leviathans* their Empire keep;

152 *An Epistle to EUDOXUS.*

In Air and Land, with swift admiring Eyes,
 Or painted Birds, or shaggy Monsters spies,
 Or frightful *Behemoth's* prodigious Size ;
 And chiefly *Man*, who o'er Earth, Air, and Main,
 Extends his wide and undisputed Reign.
 What Theme more noble can our Thoughts employ ?
 How can we better Reason's Strength enjoy,
 If by Reflection, her unerring Ray,
 Our guilty selves within our selves display ;
 If her brave Valour, like her Birth, sublime,
 Break thro' the double Ranks of Vice and Crime ?
 For where's our Dignity of Nature shown,
 If we, so fear'd in Sin, so callous grown,
 Tame others Passions, and caress our own ?
 How weak that Monarch, who with sovereign Sway
 Commands, nor follows the directed Way,
 But teaches all his Slaves to disobey ?
 How can Physicians a Contagion heal,
 Who labour with the same infectious Ill ?
 I, whose last Scene of Life has long declin'd,
 Oppress'd in Body, but confirm'd in Mind ;
 From jutting Rocks, and from invidious Sand,
 Reclining on the Beach and welcome Strand,
 Bless my Escape, and re-salute the Land.

THE fatal Prospect I remember yet,
 Nor my past Dangers can so soon forget ;
 Nor those disorder'd Torrents which oppress'd
 My swelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breast ;

When

When with fantastick Pleasure's gay pretence,
My tender Reason was subdu'd by Sense ;
When my warm wanton Youth, which scorn'd a Guide,
Was hurry'd downward by th' impetuous Tide ;
When sanguin in my Hopes, and fondly vain,
I launch'd my slender Vessel on the Main :
Studious of Honour, and, affecting Fame,
An Enemy to Life without a Name,
With hot pursuit I panted to be great,
And manage dark Intrigues of Court and State :
But since ripe Years, and Times more fit for Thought,
Have my wild Senses to cool Judgment brought ;
Since Age has conquer'd my unruly Heat,
I seek a learned Ease, and wise Retreat.

TH R I C E happy they ! who in Retirement find
The sweetest Joys of an ingenuous Mind :
Whose Barks have scap'd the Shipwrecks of a Court,
And ride at Anchor in a quiet Port.

Y E T think me not so stupid to commend
A lazy Leisure to an active Friend :
Nor am I of that Philosophic Herd,
Which a dull Sloth and Solitude prefer'd ;
But fruitful Fields, and steepy Hills allow
To those, who prune the Vine, and guide the Plough.
Some Nature fashion'd of a better Clay,
For high Employments, and superior Sway :
A Genius, form'd to hold a Kingdom's Reins,
Should slight the loitering Life of idle Swains.

Damon may tend his Flocks, his Cattel feed,
 And warble *Amaryllis* on his Reed :
 But his large Soul, which, like the common Air,
 The World demands, and all Mankind should share,
 Th' alluring *Syrens* of soft Ease should scorn,
 Not for himself, but for his Country born.
 O *France* ! what Trophies had you never won !
 What Cities, Kingdoms, never call'd your own !
 What People never had your Laws obey'd,
 Had Heaven, and *Mazarine* deny'd their Aid !
 O *Julius*, Glory of *Aufonia's* State,
 Thou ruling Engine of auspicious Fate !
 Thou with a strong Maturity of Soul
 Dost curb the *Spaniard*, and his Heat controll,
 Powerful alike to conquer, and to free ;
 And *Rome's Cesarean* Genius reigns in Thee.

BUT few are favour'd with the Smiles of *Jove* ;
 Who can the whirling Orb of Empire move ?
 None but an *Atlas* can be found to bear
 The ponderous Heav'ns, and shoulder up the Sphere ;
 None but *Alcides* can oppose his Breast,
 To cope with Tyrants, who the World infest.

MEAN time the Man, to whom the *Muse* is kind,
 And breathes *Ambrosia* on his sacred Mind ;
 Who with chaste Love the peaceful Paths pursues
 Of Vertue, and imbibes *Castalian* Dews,
 Laughs with a scornful Pleasure at the Rage
 And the vain Labours of a frantick Age ;

An Epistle to EUDOXUS.

155

Visits *Aonian* Mountains in his Flight,
And with his Song surmounts their starry Height;
Whose double Tops perpetual Laurels bear,
Which none but Poets, and their Heroes wear;
Which shall their Brows eternally adorn,
And hand their mingled Fame to Worlds unborn.

TO these thy usual sprinkling Dew impart,
And nurse the Darlings grafted in thy Heart :
This, O *Eudoxus*, every *Muse* desires;
This *Phæbus*, Father of the *Muse*, requires;
And this, the *Vertue* which thy Breast inspires.



A

7 This second monument to his life,
 and all the great monuments that Henry High,
 whose death took the world by surprise,
 whose death was not, and not the year;
 which was then known to the world,
 and was then known to the world of William Henry.

To the great and great of the world,
 And to the great and great of the world,
 The O'Connell, even the O'Connell,
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A
Panegyrical Elegy

On the DEATH of
GASSENDUS,
The Celebrated
Astronomer and Philosopher.

INSCRIB'D to the
Reverend Mr. *Flamsteed,*
O F
GREENWICH.



A

Panegyrical Elegy

On the Death of

CASSIUS M. JONES

The Celebrated

Astronomer and Philosopher

Written by the

Reverend Mr. HANCOCK

OF

GREENWICH

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T O
Mr. *FLAMSTEED.*

S I R,

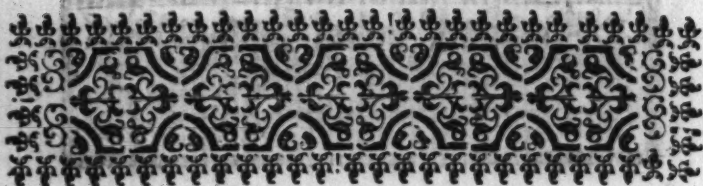


HERE present you with a *POEM* on a Gentleman, whose Name is no Stranger to you. It was written about threescore Years ago, by one of the best French Poets then living. The Character of *GASSENDUS*, as here describ'd, is so exactly your own, that I thought my self oblig'd in Justice to inscribe the following Lines to your NAME, which will be as much admir'd by the discerning Part of the next Age, as it is envy'd by the Malicious of this. I am, S I R,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

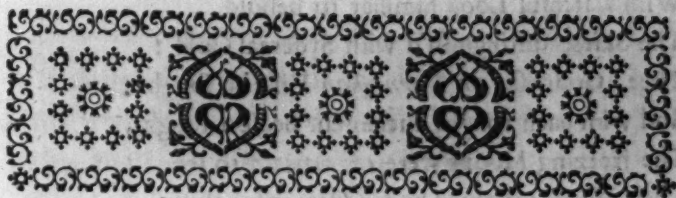
SAMUEL COBB.



MORERY's Account of GASSENDUS.

 **ASSENDUS** (PETER) of Digne in Provence, D. D. one of the greatest Ornaments of France, was born Anno 1592. and died 1655. leaving behind him three Volumes of Epicurus's Philosophy; six others, containing his own Philosophy, his Astronomical Works, with the Lives of Epicurus, Copernicus, Tycho-Brahe, Regiomontanus, Peireskius, with Epistles, &c. All the learned Men of his Time had a great Esteem for him, and sought his Acquaintance; especially Sammarthanus, Vossius, Hobbes, Magnanus, Mersennus, and the Cardinal of Lyons, who procur'd him the Chair of Royal Professor of Mathematicks, Anno 1645.

On



On the DEATH of
G A S S E N D U S.



YE Nymphs, residing by *Aonian Springs*,
 To mournful Notes now tune your gladson
 Strings :

And thou, *Urania*, Fairest of the Nine,
 Partner of Grief, in the sad Consort join :

Heav'ns vaulted Roof with endless Clamour rend,

And all thy *Helicon* in Tears expend ;

Knock on thy Breast, and the big Loss deplore,

Thy Lover's dead ; *Gassendus* is no more.

Thee, Thee alone, *Gassendus* once carest'd

With faithful Love, and clasp'd thee to his Breast ;

For thee he open'd his desiring Arms,

Rewarded amply with thy dearest Charms.

Oh!

162 *On the Death of GASSENDUS.*

Oh ! how he courted his alluring Muse,
 When watry Clouds distill'd nocturnal Dews !
 With watchful Look familiar to behold
 The Skies, distinguish'd with Sydereall Gold :
 Thee, Goddess, on *Parnassian* Hills he sought :
 And with each rough, inclement Season fought.
 The freezing Moons were oft amaz'd to see
 Their Winter slighted by his Flames for thee :
 And when the Summer Sun began to beat,
 Thy cooling Breath temper'd his glowing Heat :
 And when worn Nature longer Help deny'd,
 In thy Embraces the lov'd Martyr dy'd.
 For, while he searches the hid Cause of Things,
 From whence the constant Revolution springs,
 Which turns the World ; while, penetrating far,
 His curious Mind examines every Star ;
 While he rolls o'er the Volumes of the Skies,
 Consum'd in the divine Excess he dies ;
 His Soul, disdain'g this ignoble Earth,
 In yon bright Heav'n renews her second Birth.
 While thee, fair Muse, he courts with am'rous Fires,
 Thy dear *Gassendus* in the Flame expires.
 But why, *Castalian* Nymph, should I accuse,
 Or thee with plain'g Elegies abuse ?
 Since the creating Breath demands his own,
 We must surrender, and resign the Loan :
 He snatch'd *Gassendus* from our longing Eyes,
 Who now with nigher View surveys the Skies :
 He sees from what eternal Fountain flow
The Things and Causes which he sought below ;

The

On the Death of G A S S E N D U S. 163

The lucid Orbs beholds with wond'ring Thought,
Fill'd with the Knowledge of that Art he taught.

W H O more deserving of that blissful Place,
To feast with Saints, and the Seraphick Race ?
If poor, imperfect *Man* can lay pretence
To Merit, or by Piety, or Sense ;
None more intitled, by a Knowledge join'd
With an unblemish'd Singleness of Mind.
When e'er to Heaven he made his chaste Address,
'Twas all a decent, manly Holiness ;
Sober, well-temper'd, humble, and sincere,
Nor stain'd by selfish Pride, nor aw'd by Fear.

T H O to the utmost Earth his Fame was known,
Where Seas have murmur'd, or where Stars have shone ;
Tho thro the *Zones* his Name diffusive run,
Both with the rising and declining *Sun* ;
Yet, with a Blush he heard the praising Croud,
When every Tongue, except his own, was loud,
A learned Leisure with his Muse he join'd,
And true Religion center'd in his Mind.
A little, but a competent Estate
Was all he wish'd, but with that all was great.

I know, (for Envy's never heard to spare
The Good, the Wise, the Vertuous, and the Fair)

How

164 *On the Death of GASSENDUS.*

How a vile * Wretch against the Torrent strove,
Croak'd, like a Raven, at the Bird of *Jove*.
But none are Losers by that Poet's Spleen,
Harmless his Malice, and his Numbers mean :
Let him write on, and with his filthy Stile
Debauch the Paper, and whole Reams defile :
'Tis gilding Dirt to answer such a Tool ;
No *Socrates* would e'er indict a Fool.
Gassendus pardon'd the reviling Slave,
Who could not rask more fast than he forgave.
The Goodness of his Nature would commend
True Merit in a Foe, as well as Friend ;
But chiefly car'd to do the Learned Right,
His darling Labour, and his best Delight.
Peireskius, Glory of *Narbonian Var*,
And *Tycho*, *Denmark's* most illustrious Star;
Purbach, and fam'd *Copernicus*, who found
The Motion of the Earth's revolving Round ;
And thou, who from a † Royal Mount they call,
All glorious Souls, *Urania's* Lovers All,
Be witness, how your Excellencies shone
More lively in his Writings than your own.
Bless'd Souls ! tho' Victims to impartial Death,
In his immortal Leaves again you breathe.

* A French Poet, whom *Quillet* calls by the Name of *Bavius*, had abus'd *Gassendus*.

† *Regiomontanus*.

On the Death of GASSENDUS. 165

While we, who once the living Hero knew,
Repay to him what he has paid to you ;
Each pious Muse shall to his *Manes* sing,
And from his Tomb shall flow'ry Harvests spring.

BUT O *Monmour* ! Thou, whose endearing Love
Cherish'd the Soul, which rules a Star above,
Picture of all his Vertues ! for we see
A new *Gassendus* flourishing in thee.
Since at thy Roof he took his latest Rest,
Which long had welcom'd the Celestial Guest ;
Impart those Volumes to thy Charge consign'd,
Nor lock those precious Treasures of his Mind :
The Wife for such unvalu'd Jewels wait,
Which only can repair a Loss so great :
So will the World be thankful, and expire
To the indebted at its Funeral Fire :
So with *Gassendus* shall thy deathless Name
Be Partner of an everlasting Fame :
So shall Posterity applaud thy Care,
And pay joint Offerings to the sacred Pair.

AND thou, O *Chapelain*, the surviving part
Of thy *Gassendus*, and his other Heart !
Thou whom *Apollo* and the Nine inspire,
Immortal Glory of the tuneful Quire !
Pay the last Debt of Friendship to his Herse,
In flowing Tears, and never-dying Verse.
From me, too late an Object of his Love,
Some Angel snatch'd him to the Sphers above :

Yet

166 *On the Death of GASSENDUS.*

Yet on his Ashes I these Tears bestow,
And in officious Strains express my Woe.

BENEATH a Marble-Stone, which seems to weep,
The mortal Relicks of *Gassendus* sleep :
His Soul, which once from Earth did Heav'n descry,
Now Earth despises from her Parent Sky.

Believe me, *Flamsteed*, 'tis the Heart that speaks,
And willingly in thankful Numbers breaks ;
Gassendus now the verdant Bays declines,
And all his Laurels to thy Brows resigns.
In *France* our *Edwards* play'd the Hero's part,
But thine are Triumphs of a nobler Art.
My honest Muse no selfish Ends betrays,
She scorns to Flatter, but is proud to Praise :
And were her Strength proportion'd to her Will,
No Worlds should be a Stranger to thy Skill ;
The spangled Globe should thy Deserts proclaim,
And Stars unknown should rise to sing thy Name.

F I N I S.



C

P

By

Printed
E.
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B.

CALLIPÆDIA:

O R,

The A R T of Getting Beautiful
CHILDREN.

A

P O E M,

I N

FOUR BOOKS.

Written in Latin

By CLAUDIUS QUILLET.

Made English

By N. ROWE, Esq; &c.

Pulchra faciat te prole Parentem.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. BELL, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH,
E. CURLL, J. PEMBERTON, C. RIVINGTON, J.
HOOKE, R. CRUTTENDEN, T. COX, F. CLAY, J.
BATTLE, and E. SYMON. M. DCC. XX.

CALLIPEDIA:

OR

THE ART of Getting Beautiful
CHILDREN.

A

P O E M

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

Written in Latin

By CLAUDIUS QUILLET.

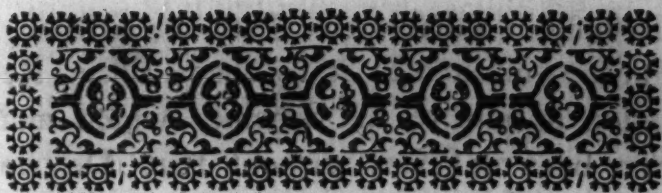
Made English

By M. ROWE, Esq; &c.

Published by J. D. B. & Co. in the Strand.

L O N D O N

Printed for A. Bell, J. Dares, A. Butterworth,
R. Currier, J. Farrington, C. Kingston,
H. K. Crutcher, T. G. F. Clark,
B. L. and A. S. M. at No. 22.



P R E F A C E.

I HOPE we need not make any Apology for endeavouring to do Justice to so Useful and Beautiful a Poem, as the CALLIPÆDIA. The Subject is certainly very noble, and of great Importance to Mankind; and the Poet has handled it in a way not at all offensive to Decency and good Manners. He seems to have taken in all that was necessary to make his Work complete, and industriously declin'd running out too far upon so nice a Subject. His Precepts are plain and short, as they ought to be; but his Illustrations are always full of Reason and Philosophy, and turn'd with the

A 2

peculiar

peculiar Happiness of sound Judgment and fine Poetry. If he ever leans towards Indecency in a descriptive Part, he first begs Pardon, or excuses it by the necessary Relation it bore to his Scheme, which must have been deficient without that Description. However, in the *English* the Terms of Art have so shadow'd these Parts, that they will be intelligible only to Physical Readers, who meet with the same in every Book of Anatomy they read. As to his Philosophy, he has given us the best of the Age he flourish'd in, tho' later Improvements discover his Mistakes in some Instances: This we did not think fit to alter, intending only to show (as well as we could) his Beauties, not to correct his Faults.

THE Present pretends not to the name of a literal or close Translation, but gives the Author's meaning with a freedom of Verse, that was necessary to make it agreeable to the *English* Reader. The many Patterns of this way of Translating, are sufficient to recommend it; and the Success of them has justified their Judgment who departed from

P R E F A C E.

from the old scrupulous Conformity to their Author. And indeed it is a wonder that this Method was not sooner follow'd, since it has the Authority of *Quintilian*, who lays down the following words as a general Rule for Translation: *Neque Paraphrasin esse interpretationem tantum volo, sed circa eosdem sensus certamen atque æmulationem.* And it is Mr. *COWLEY*'s Opinion, *That Translators should add by their own Wit and Invention, not deserting the Subject*: he thus proceeds, *The not observing of this, is the Cause that all Translations that I ever yet saw, are so much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the same Root of exact Imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble.* However we could not at the same time take the Liberty of altering any of the Characters, either of Panegyrick or Satire, that *Quillet* has made upon particular Persons and Nations. The Reader is only desir'd to observe on this Point, that the Verses between the black Lines in the first and fourth Book, which reflect on Cardinal *Mazarine*, were left out of the *Paris* Edi-

tion: And that the Character he gives of our own Nation was in the time of the Civil War; which makes that severe Censure agree very well with those Days of Villany and Confusion.

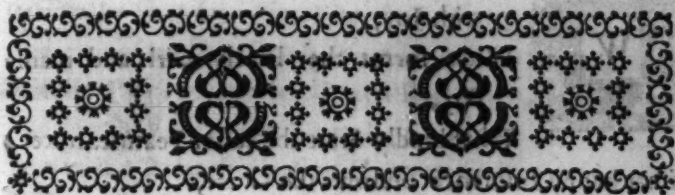


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CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. An Invocation of the most Beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the Cause of Beauty, according as it is esteem'd in different Countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his Purpose. He sets down the Conditions of chusing a fit Pair to procreate a handsome Off-spring, and ends with the approaching Nuptials. He likewise by way of Digression inveighs against the Covetousness of the Age, which blindly seeks after a large Portion rather than an agreeable Temper and Constitution. An Apostrophe to the present King of France, wherein he proposes what kind of Lady he would wish him to chuse for his Royal Consort, who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.



HAT crowns the fruitful Marriage Bed
with Joy,

What forms the lovely Girl and manly
Boy,

What kindly Stars the juster Features trace,

What happy Influence bestows the Grace,
And breathes the Bloom Divine upon the beauteous Face;

What secret Springs the forming Fancy move,

What Force the Mind exerts in genial Love,

How the fair Soul is in the Body seen,

And outward Beauty speaks the Worth within,

In flowing Verse attempts the willing Muse,

And tunelessly the pleasing Theme pursues.

Hear, Oh! ye fairest of the Nymphs divine,

Ye Graces hear, and to the Task incline:

And thou great Mother of Almighty Love,

If once in *Phrygian* *Ida's* sacred Grove

Thy Form victorious did the Prize obtain,

By the just Judgment of the righteous Swain,

Hear and inspire thy soft *Idalian* Strain.

So shall Delight my happy Labours bless,

And pleasing Thoughts in pleasing Numbers dress:

So shall my grateful Verse thy Laws impart,

And teach Mankind with Joy the Genial Art.

WHENE'ER in times to come it shall betide,

That the kind Bridegroom would instruct his Bride,

My Verse shall by the skilful Youth be read

To the dear Partner of his Nuptial Bed;

The

The Muse instructive shall their Off-spring grace,
 And form the future Honours of their Race:
 Beauty the long successive Line shall crown,
 And no deform'd unsightly Birth be known:
 In ev'ry Face the *Cyprian* Queen shall reign,
 And mutually adorn the Nymph and Swain.
 You who a Parent's pleasing Hopes conceive,
 Who lovely Patterns of your selves would leave;
 You to whose Care the Rites of Love belong,
 Attend and listen to my useful Song.
 If soft the Verse, if sweet the Numbers flow,
 A Myrtle Wreath my just Reward bestow,
 And bind with grateful Hands your Poet's learned Brow.

BUT first, my Muse, describe the doubtful Fair,
 Beauty's Celestial Essence first declare;
 The sacred Substance of the Goddess tell,
 And in what Forms she most delights to dwell;
 What Honours on the noblest Fronts are spread,
 What Roses paint the Cheeks with brightest red;
 What Colours best become the flowing Hair,
 What Locks most graceful wanton in the Air;
 What Lips the sweetest breathe the fragrant Bliss,
 And swell the softest to the melting Kiss;
 What Hands are fashion'd in the finest Mold,
 What circling Arms do best the Lover hold,
 And press him with the closest, kindest Fold.

BUT Oh! confus'd and dark the Question lies,
 Perplex'd the Cause, and Doubts on Doubts arise.

Each as he loves, his diff'ring Praise bestows,
 This Youth to snowy *Amaryllis* bows,
 While that to brown *Lycoris* pays his Vows :
Daphnis in *Flavia's* yellow Ringlets bound,
 Admires the Nymphs with golden Tresses crown'd ;
 While *Thyrsis* doating on the Jetty Black,
 Starts at the burning Gold, and flies with Horror back.
 Some Eyes all Hearts with lively Grey subdue,
 Some with the Languish of the lovely Blue ;
 Some the fond Rage with sparkling Black inspire,
 Quick shoot the Flames, and kindle up the Fire.
 Some Swains the slender-waisted Virgin prize,
 And loath the bulky Fat's unwieldy Size :
 While some the thin, the shadowy Form detest,
 And chuse to press the plump luxuriant Breast ;
 On full Delights their Wishes to employ,
 Grasp the substantial Fair, and sate themselves with Joy.
 Such are the various Springs our Passions move,
 And such the many Heresies of Love.
 Thus is the Mind by blind Desire betray'd,
 Thus by fantastick Fancy are we sway'd,
 We like, we love, then deify the Maid.

NOR only Man to various Thoughts inclin'd,
 Finds differing Beauties in the softer Kind,
 But ev'n his own majestick Form surveys,
 As partial Nations differ in their Praise.
 Mark how the swarthy *Æthiop*, fond of Night,
 Disdains the Cheeks with blended Roses bright,
 And paints the Fiends and *Strygian* Furies white.

How did the servile flattering East commend
 The Nose high rising with an arch'd Bend ;
 When first that semblant Form was fam'd to grace
 The mighty *Median* Monarch's warlike Face,
Cyrus, whose Hand did *Asia's* Scepter sway,
 And taught the wealthy *Craesus* to obéy ;
 Wide o'er the *Lydian* Realm he stretch'd his Reign,
 And bound the Royal Miser in his Chain.
 Here might my Verse the fairest *Gaul* recount,
 Here paint his flowing Curls and spacious Front.
 Or here the tawny *Spaniard* might I trace,
 His Looks obscure describe, his gloomy Grace,
 And rusty Blood diffus'd upon his dusky Face.
 Full of himself the Pigmy Form appears,
 Swells to the Clouds, and menaces the Stars ;
 Ev'n he, tho by unhappy Lot he lies
 Beneath unkindly Suns, and western Skies,
 Disdains the *German*, manly made and strong,
 And calls the Fashion of his Arms too long ;
 Prunes his hard Visage up, and with a Smile
 Scorns the soft Bloom of *Britain's* happy Isle.

BUT say, my Muse, whence things that seem so clear,
 So doubtful to discording Man appear ;
 From happier Times of old deduce thy Verse,
 And how it first besel, in Order just rehearse.

WHEN first this Infant World its Form put on,
 When Time and beauteous Order first begun,
 And rich with native Grace the new Creation shone ;

No

No wicked Iron Age as yet control'd
 The Lustre of the pure primæval Gold;
 Around Heaven's azure Arch serenely bright,
 Unfollied shone the sparkling Gems of Light;
 No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapors rise,
 Nor with their dull Pollution stain the Skies :
 Thro Heaven's wide Plains the glorious God of Day,
 Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his way ;
 While in her turn the Silver Queen of Night,
 Successive roll'd her limpid Orb of Light,
 The Mother Earth, adorn'd by what she bred,
 With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and Flowers was
 spread,
 And every living Thing on her green Bosom fed,
 The well digested Mass, untainted yet,
 Did no rank Steams nor pois'nous Damps emit ;
 But healthy Spirits breathing from the Ground,
 Diffus'd their wholesom Frangancies around.
 'Twas then, in those good Times for ever blest,
 That happy Man his Innocence possess'd :
 When yet he had not learn'd, in Reason's spight,
 Perverse to turn, and wander from the Right,
 Forsaking Heaven's reveal'd, and Nature's inborn Light,
 Then Holy Arts and Priestcraft were not known,
 Religion then was simple, plain and one :
 Lust had not kindled then her guilty Flame,
 Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
 Nor vex'd the World with Honour's angry Name.
 Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
 But equal, proper Beauties grac'd the whole.

Then

Then *Temperance*, just Goddess, did prevail,
 And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,
 Dispos'd the several Parts with prudent Care,
 And form'd with nicest Symmetry the Fair.
 Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
 Then universal Empress, well she join'd
 The faultless Body and the blameless Mind.

SOON as great *Jove*, from high *Olympus'* Brow,
 Beheld the sacred Harmony below,
 Add we one Master-piece of Art he said,
 Earth, Heaven, and all ye Gods afford your Aid,
 Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely Maid.
 He spoke, and strait obedient to his Word,
 Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd;
 The Chrystal Orbs of *Aether* first prepare
 The Limbs and Substance for the future Fair,
 While the Sun curl'd his Beams and hung 'em for her
 Hair.

Her Front like Marble smooth, like Lilies white,
 Fair *Cynthia* luster'd o'er with Silver Light;
 Upon her Cheeks *Aurora* Roses spread,
 And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brightest Red;
Venus the sweetly charming Smile impress'd,
 And her soft Lips with balmy Pleasures bless'd;
 While Love, the God himself, o'er all the Mass,
 Dancing delightful shew'd his heavenly Face,
 Led on the laughing Joys, and every Sister Grace.
 Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous Whole,
 Creating *Jove* infus'd the living Soul;

And

And since from every God the Graces came,
 He bad *Pandora* be the Fair One's Name.
 Then bending kindly down his gracious Look,
 Thus to the new-made Nymph th' Almighty Father spoke.

DAUGHTER of Gods descend, thou Work Divine,
 Vouchsafe on Earth, Celestial Fair, to shine,
 Diffuse the Blessings of thy radiant Face,
 And cheer the Labours of the mortal Race :
 For thus the Gods, thus *Jove's* high Will ordains,
 While Man his native Innocence retains ;
 Be thou his Bliss, his great Reward be thou,
 Thy full Perfection, Heaven's fair Pattern show,
 And teach him by thy self thy native Skies to know. }
 But Oh ! if Pity touch thy tender Breast,
 If for Mankind thy Care wou'd be express'd,
 Keep close this fatal Casket I bestow,
 Nor seek the Secrets lodg'd within to know.
 If thy frail Hand too curious, should incline
 To pry, and disobey the Will divine,
 Strait forth ten thousand winged Plagues shall fly,
 And scatter swift Contagion thro the Sky.
 Thee too, thou fairest, shall the Ruin seize,
 Pain shalt thou feel, and languish with Disease ;
 Deformity thy lovely Looks shall blast,
 And foul Pollution lay thy Beauties waste.

HE said : And downward swift she bent her Flight,
 To spread around on Earth the Beams of Beauty's Light.

Nor

Nor did she there with *Epimetheus* dwell,
 Shut up and cloister'd in a lonely Cell,
 As old *Greek* Tales of dreaming *Hesiod* tell,
 But bounteous of Delight and unconfin'd,
 She made the Blessing common to Mankind,
 Design'd a publick Good still passing on,
 On undistinguish'd Crouds alike she shone.

THE stupid Herd with pleasing Dread amaz'd,
 Dumb with Attention, stood, and gladsome gaz'd;
 Some ravish'd with her Mien so graceful were,
 Some with the Ringlets of her Amber Hair,
 Some with her Iv'ry Front, and Face so heavenly Fair.
 From her each Part Ambrosial Odours flow'd,
 And breath'd a balmy Blessing on the Croud;
 While her bright Eyes (which scarce the Muse had told,
 Unless by sacred Inspiration bold)
 With Light effulgent, darted forth a Ray,
 That cheer'd Mankind, and made the World look gay.
 So when *Aurora* in the rosy East,
 Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours dress'd,
 O'er Nature's Face a various Smile she spreads,
 And paints a-new the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
 Ten thousand colour'd Eyes her Beams unfold,
 The limp Stream in silver Waves is roll'd,
 And all the Green-Wood Shade is burnish'd o'er with
 Gold.

SUCH Beauty was in our first Fathers time,
 While yet the youthful World was in its Prime;

The

The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
 And full Perfection made the Form complete ;
 While Man yet free from Avarice or Pride,
 The ways of Wickedness had never try'd,
 Nor warping from the Right, perversly turn'd aside.

BUT when pernicious Change invading spread,
 And Error blind mistaken Reason led,
 The swift Contagion reach'd the lovely Maid.
Pandora tainted by an impious Age,
 Pursu'd each fond Desire, and each fantastick Rage :
 Curious to know, the Box disturb'd her Rest,
Jove's hard Commands sat heavy on her Breast,
 And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confess :
 Resolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,
 She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid :
 When, steaming, strait a deadly Vapour rose,
 Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did disclose,
 Diseases, Miseries, and mortal Woes.
 First the fell Poison seiz'd the curious Maid,
 First on her Youth, her blooming Roses prey'd ;
 Her Eyes no more their starry Fires could boast,
 But dim and dull in cloudy Mists were lost ;
 No Part was left untainted in the whole,
 But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and foul.
 Nor stop'd the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
 But growing still, around diffusive stray'd ;
 Error, Disease, and Death, like Victors dread,
 Wide-wasting, o'er the World their Legions spread,
 And vanquish'd Minds and Bodies captive led.

Hid

Hid in deep Shades benighted Reason lay,
 Shut from the Beams of Truth's *Ethereal Day*.
 From that laid *Era* Ignorance begun,
 Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages run,
 And Beauty's sacred Form remains unknown;
 Oh then, to guide the wand'ring Muse aright,
 To pierce the Shades of this substantial Night;
Phœbus be kind, to thee for Aid we bow,
 Thou Joy of Gods above, and Men below!
 Patron of Verse, and Ruler of the Day;
 Do thou shoot swift before thy Golden Ray,
 At once inspire her Flight, and point her out the way.

THO all around the wide Contagion spread,
 Like Streams far stretching from some fatal Head;
 Yet was it various in its baleful Course,
 And now renew'd, and now repress't its Force;
 Where round the Poles the frozen Circles turn,
 Or where near neighb'ring Suns too fiercely burn,
 There Nature's Shame, misshapen Forms abound,
 And Monsters people the devoted Ground.
 Far in the North, where Winter's hoary Bed
 Is with eternal Snows and Ice dispread;
 Or where the fam'd *Magellan's* Southern Tide
 Does barbarous *Patagonian* Shores divide;
 Nations deform'd, fierce salvage Tribes are seen,
 Of Bulk unwieldy and gigantick Mien;
 Each a huge heavy lazy Mass of Might,
 Unfit for Use, and loathsome to the Sight:
 While in the Regions of the burning Zone,
 No Visage but the sooty Black is known;

Short

Short woolly Locks their horrid Fronts embrace,
 Thick Lips grin fearful with a Fiend-like Grace,
 And Night, the Beldam, broods on each Barbarian Face. }

NOR here unfitly to my Verse belong,
 Arts which were once the Princely Arab's Song:
 Long since the Bard in native Numbers taught,
 How the mid Globe, with temp'rate Regions fraught,
 Feels not the dire Extremes of Cold and Hot ;
 Where in the midst the just *Æquator* lies,
 Sweet is the Air, and undisturb'd the Skies ;
 There, Heav'n's bright Scale well-blended Seasons weighs,
 Nature the Poles at equal Distance lays,
 And righteously divides the Nights and Days :
 There nor the Sun's bright Flames malignant burn,
 Nor chilly Moons with nipping Frosts return ;
 Thence, with luxurious Births each pregnant Year,
 Twin Seasons does, and double Plenties bear :
 Thrice yellow *Ceres* crowns the Summer Fields,
 And twice his rich Increase ripe Autumn yields.
 Twice gentle Winter comes with sober Grace,
 And twice the blooming Spring renews her blissful Face.
 Here, if aright the Poet's Song divin'd,
 The justest Forms of Beauty might we find :
 From Constitutions rightly temper'd, here
 Fair Harmony and Order should appear, }
 And all Mankind be lovely like the Year. }
 But the known Clime must o'er the Verse prevail,
 And Truth refute the false *Arabian Tale* :
 Since black Deformity usurps alone
 The sultry Regions of the *Torrid Zone*,

The

The fiery God too near 'em runs his Race,
And leaves his sooty Marks on ev'ry hideous Face.

THE N, Oh my Muse, forsake the scorching Line,
And to the cooler Pole thy Flight incline;
Seek in the midway Space some balmy Air,
A Land delightful, and a People fair;
Where Beauty long her Residence has plac'd,
And reign'd in Sovereign State for Ages past.
Nor cease thy curious Search, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm *Italy*, or swarthy *Spain*:
Still spread thy Wing, and reach that happy Coast,
Where *Europe* does her Fav'rite Country boast,
Where sweetest Airs, and kindest Heav'n's she yields,
Where *Gallia* spreads her fair *Elysian* Fields.
But thee, *Turonia*, chief I would select,
Thy pleasing Soil with various Prospect deck'd,
Where winding Vales run rich with frequent Rills,
And verdant Plains are crown'd with rising Hills;
Where gentle *Liger* slowly seeks the Sea,
Scatt'ring full Plenty in his peaceful way,
Where near proud *Angier's* Walls his Waves are roll'd,
And thro their Chrystal clear display the sandy Gold.
Here lovely Maids of Form Divine abound,
With ev'ry Grace and just Perfection crown'd;
Here still the Marks of Heav'n's first Work they wear,
And, like the first *Pandora*, still are faultless fair.

MARK how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too meanly low;
No meager bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape disgrace,
But ev'ry Part alike becomes its place.

Behold

Behold how lovely smooth the Forehead shines,
 How milky white the soft Descent inclines,
 How fitly to the sparkling Eyes it joins! }
 While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,
 Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight.
 See on the blooming Cheeks, so freshly spread,
 So duly mixt, the native White and Red ;
 Mark what full Roses on the Lips appear,
 What Sweets they breathe, what balmy Dew they wear ?
 But lost and endless were my Pain, to trace
 The vast Infinity of Beauty's Grace ;
 Why shou'd the Muse in lavish Numbers speak
 The golden Tresses, or the Iv'ry Neck ?
 Why shou'd the bashful Nymph attempt to tell,
 What soft round Globes on rising Bosoms swell ?
 What secret Charms — Since Modesty denies,
 And bars the bold Access of wanton Eyes ;
 Blushing, with decent Grace her Veil she draws,
 And shields the Fair from Shame by Custom's rev'rend
 Laws.

N O R do we less our manly Beauty boast,
 Prov'd often to the Love-sick Virgin's Cost :
 In either Sex, her Skill, Dame Nature shows,
 And equally her fairest Gifts bestows.
 Mark when the Downy Plumes at first begin
 To promise early Manhood on his Chin ;
 How goodly grac'd the rising Youth is seen,
 His Form how noble, and how great his Mien ;
 From vital Juices well and kindly mix'd,
 The Constitution just and firmly fix'd ;

No meagre Pale, upon his Visage spread,
 Taints with unwholesome Hew the native Red;
 But healthy Sanguine, of the Tyrian Dye,
 Laughs in his Looks, while from his Front on high,
 In large descending Locks his Auburn Tresses fly.
 Nor boast his other Parts less Grace Divine,
 Sweet Loveliness with comely Strength combine,
 Each Limb on well-compacted Muscles turns,
 And just Proportion the fair Whole adorns.

Such equal Tempers happy *Gallia* knows,
 Such are the Forms our kinder Heav'n bestows.
 Far from the Clime where sultry Suns arise,
 Far from the wintry North's inclement Skies,
 In the Mid-Space the Queen of Nations lies;
 With softest Airs, with sweetest is she blest,
 And gentle Heats brood on her balmy Breast.

IF then the *Genial* Arts thou seek to know,
 Attend to what the skilful Muse can show,
 Sweet are her sacred Rules, and tunefully they flow.
 ' Not every Man or Woman was design'd
 ' To propagate and multiply their Kind;
 ' Forbid we rightly the Deform'd and Foul,
 ' To clothe with ill-shap'd Limbs the heav'nly Soul.
 Has not the Poet's Song divinely told
 Of Births detested in the days of old?
 How dreadful *Phlegeton* did Night invade,
 Compress the Beldam in her own dire Shade?
 Hence sprung the Sisters (horrible to Sight!)
 Whose hellish Heads with hissing Snakes affright.

Who

Who shudders not at *Pluto's* odious Bed?
 What Virgin would a One-ey'd *Cyclops* wed?
 Were I to judge, no *Vulcan* e'er should prove
 A horrid Husband to the Queen of Love,
 Some fitter Task his barren Age should find,
 In hamm'ring Bolts for *Jove* to plague Mankind.
 Doom'd to old *Ætna's* Forge he should remain,
 And drudge out dull immortal Years in vain.

BUT he who judges right of what is fair,
 With healthy Sons will healthy Daughters pair :
 As unperforming uselefs *Drones*, will drive
 The *Weak* and *Sickly* from the *Marriage-Hive*;
 Whether a Man, by frequent Visits, feel
 The gnawing Torments of the *Gouty* ill ;
 Or sudden *Epilepsies* seize his Mind,
 Or *bilious Cholick* rack his *Breast* with Wind ;
 Or on his wasted *Lungs* an *Ulcer* prey,
 Or a *Consumption* lingringly betray
 His pining Life, and murder by Delay.

FOR, Man's new curious System to compose,
 An equal Portion every Limb bestows,
 From every Nerve collected Nature flows :
 Whence by Traduction from the Father run
 Ill Habitues, intail'd upon the Son ;
 The latent Poison in the Bowels grows,
 And propagates a Family of Woes.
 How oft do Men their ill-star'd Birth bewail,
 Condemn'd to a diseaseful Body's Jail!

How

How oft with vain Complaints they load the Skies,
 And guiltless Gods accuse with fruitless Cries
 When the true Cause of their repeated Blame,
 From a distemper'd feeble Marriage came.
 Let then a healthy Bridegroom and a Bride
 Be in connubial Leagues of Love ally'd;
 If they desire that future Times should know
 To what a lovely Origin they owe
 A Race of Men, for all that's generous, born,
 Or to defend their Country, or adorn
 The prudent Farmers, who of Heaven implore
 A plenteous Harvest, and increasing Store;
 The finest of their Wheat for Seed retain,
 Nor sow their Acres with corrupted Grain.
 Hence loaded Fields their annual Wealth unfold,
 And smiling *Ceres* waves in sheafy Gold.
 Thus lab'ring Hinds, for a rich Crop of Corn,
 Improve their Ground, while you neglect with Scorn
 The grateful Soil, from whence Mankind is born:
 Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
 From a hale Body, pure and generous Juice;
 Which in clear Channels may unblended run,
 From the bright *Father* to the brighter *Son*.
 Is then the Price of Man no better known,
 Or God, who form'd thy Image from his own?
 Cannot that Soul which does with Art survey
 The Stars, and travels o'er the Milky Way,
 Erect thy Spirits, and refine thy Clay?
 Does Sloth supine in such strong Fetters bind
 Your abject Sense, and make you less inclin'd
 To found a beauteous Temple for th'Æthereal Mind?

Ye

Ye Gods, who to a human Birth repair,
 And watch the Cradle with a Guardian's Care,
 From *Nuptial Banes* exclude a weakly Pair;
 Lest Execrations from their Childrens Throat,
 Their wretched Parents to the Fiends devote.
 And thou, Great Father of all human Race,
 Whose Hand preserves this Globe in strict Embrace,
 No longer let the wicked Custom reign,
 Nor the just Beauty of thy Labour stain.
 Let a new Genius from the Skies descend
 With better Nature, and Mankind befriend:
 Who may this Theme with well-wrote Rules adorn,
 And give Instruction to an Age unborn.

NOR is't enough that Marriages agree
 In mutual Vigour, and from Sicknefs free;
 If you desire an Offspring, you must learn
 Another Lesson of the first Concern.
 The nuptial Knot shou'd be with Equals ty'd,
 No sanguine Bridegroom to a sapless Bride;
 Nor should a bloomy Nymph entomb her Charms
 In an old Husband's monumental Arms.
 Hymen will such an ill-yok'd Couple blame,
 And Juno kindle an unhappy Flame;
 Alecto, frowning on the luckless Pair,
 Shakes her sulphureous Torch, and snaky Hair.
 See how young *Chloe*, keen with strong Desires,
 From her old wither'd Spouse with Scorn retires,
 His frigid Kisses shuns, and languid Fires;
 With frequent Tears bedews her Face, and quits
 Her idle Drudge, and the detested Sheets.

Thee,

Thee, happy *Atys*, *Rhea* from above
 Pursu'd with chaste Desires, and honest Love.
 Had th' antiquated Goddess thee carefs'd,
 And with cold Kisses in her Bosom press'd,
 Thy wasting Youth had found its certain Doom,
 Unsinew'd of its Strength and springing Bloom.
 For the dull Dryness of Old Age desires
 More Aliment to feed its dying Fires,
 And lusty Nature's whole vivifick Stock requires.
 So ever-burning Sands in *Libyan* Plains,
 Suck in with greedy Thirst the falling Rains;
 And still unsated with the watry Store,
 Their Drought increasing, make Demands for more.

Y E T more from Discord of unequal Seed,
 When Youth and Age are coupled for the Breed,
 Diseases in a sickly Train proceed.
 And if at last a weakly Offspring's born,
 How oft his wretched Being will he mourn?
 How oft a Life in Misery extend,
 Unuseful to his Country, or his Friend?

N O R can we here forget the modish Crime,
 Which slights the Rules of our instructing Rhyme:
 How ill-advising Thirst of Gold supplies
 The want of Passion, and perverts our Eyes;
 Which to a Face Superior and Divine
 Prefers the Monarch's Image on the Coin:
 How, fashionably vain, large Portions prove
 Rebellious Subjects to commanding Love:

For if the Chests of a rich Father hold
 The sacred Load of Writings, or of Gold ;
 If he can jointure a consenting Mate
 With the gay Ruin of a vast Estate ;
 Blind with the shining Hopes, each Nymph will run
 With proffer'd Beauty to the charming Son,
 While the fond Parents with her wealthily undone :
 Tho the pale Wretch with sure Contagion kills,
 Infected with an Hospital of Ills,
 And every vile Disease which crouds the Weekly Bills :
 Tho pining in the last Decline of Life,
 A fruitless Burden to his longing Wife.
 How hard her Fate, who in her youthful Pride,
 Finds a dry Monster snoring by her Side,
 A married Virgin she, and widow'd Bride !
 Of her lost Bloom how oft will she complain,
 And wet the joyless Sheets with nightly Rain !
 How will she childless mourn ! or what is worse,
 Loath her detested Race, a heavier Curse !
 Besides, if prompted by her strong Desires,
 She seeks new Springs to cool her wanton Fires ;
 If wand'ring in the search of Bliss she flies,
 To seek what her enervate Drudge denies ;
 (For who wou'd wish a loathsome Joy to prove,
 Or languish in the Arms of sickly Love ?)
 What rank Adulteries thy House will stain,
 And croud it with a long promiscuous Train,
 Which thou, good-natur'd Cuckold, must maintain !
 'Tis true, the Boy, not thine, will bear thy Name,
 Tho twenty Fathers have a better Claim.

Here

Here shall his Features, and his Mien express
 A Baronet, and there his Groom confess:
 Here a young Colonel's warlike Look, or there
 A sneaking Citizen's submissive Air.
 Then shall the hoarded Sums, and glittering Heap,
 Which thou hast labour'd anxiously to keep;
 Then shall the Acres of thy rented Ground,
 The Flocks and Herds with which thy Fields abound,
 All which to thee by long Descent have run,
 Be spent in Riot by a spurious Son.

NOR does a private Family alone
 Beneath the Mischief of this Poison groan;
 In Palaces the growing Evil spreads,
 And impudently climbs Imperial Beds:
 When Kings, enfeebled by luxurious Ease,
 Or latent Seeds of some uncur'd Disease,
 By the warm Sides of youthful Consorts freeze;
 No longer now at the soft Anvil sweat,
 Too impotent to govern or beget.
 Hence Infants sometimes may a Kingdom guide,
 Tho' Royal only by the Mother's side:
 Hence the deluded Sire's oblig'd to own
 The doubted Offspring of a Blood unknown,
 And willingly adopts the Bastard to his Throne.

NOR is our Sex less faulty than the Fair;
 Alike we fall within the Golden Snare:
 For if a Matron's Fortune can supply
 The want of each endearing Quality;

Tho fitter for a Tomb than Bridal Bed,
 Tho Time sits hoary on her shaking Head;
 Tho from her Eyes the brackish Humour breaks,
 And trickles down the Furrows of her Cheeks;
 Tho here and there a straggling Tooth is set,
 A thin Plantation, and deform'd with Jett;
 Tho husky Coughs make an ungrateful Din,
 And Phthysicks rattle from her Lungs within:
 Yet if this complicated Ill desire
 With *Hymen's* Torch to light her dying Fire;
 If for connubial Joys enrag'd she thirst,
 To sate her greedy and impetuous Lust;
 Some younger Brother will perhaps incline
 To pay his Homage at her Golden Shrine:
 Who with dissembled Love will fondly run
 To kiss the wither'd wealthy Skeleton;
 Will fold the Beldam in his Arms to rest,
 And with dissembled Joy pant on her Leathern Breast.
 But ah! this Husband of a large Estate
 Soon flags, and turns by quick Degrees to hate;
 Quits the dull Carcase of the nauseous Dame;
 Slights her dry Embers for a brisker Flame,
 And seeks with eager Heat a nobler Game:
 Some tender yielding Maid he longs to prove,
 Or some co-eval Wife's unlawful Love;
 While, single, his neglected Consort lies,
 And wastes the joyless Night in empty Sighs.
 Hence Tears, preluding to destructive Jars;
 And sad Complaints to unassisting Stars!
 Hence deep Resentments rack her jealous Head,
 For her wrong'd Honour, and deserted Bed!

Hence

Hence Study of Revenge her Love repels,
 And all the Woman rises and rebels !
 In wicked Arts and deadly Drugs she deals,
 And with dissembled Duty Rage conceals :
 While careless he, and indolent of Thought,
 Drinks sure Destruction in some fatal Draught.

DID not the Tenets of Religion bind
 To sacred Counsels my obedient Mind,
 Love should be Liking ; nor the nuptial League
 Be ty'd by Compact, or design'd Intrigue
 Of selfish Parents, who in Wedlock join
 Their Sons, to raise their Wealth, and not their Line
 For should wise Nature, for the *Cyprian* Joys,
 Direct a Couple in their mutual Choice,
 They would by Reason, not by Custom led,
 Ne'er tie a living Body to a Dead.
 Be banish'd then, unfit for amorous Sport,
 The fribling Dotard from the *Paphian* Court :
 Let Youth their Strength on Youth alone employ,
 And burn with equal Love and healthy Joy,
 To propagate Mankind, and people Earth
 With a sound Offspring, and a generous Birth.

NOR, while I dictate these important Truths,
 Grateful to Maidens and unmarried Youths,
 Would I to an Extreme as bad incline,
 And beardless Boys with unfledg'd Virgins join,
 New to a Blush, and fond without Design.
 For prudent Nature, who has then began
 To knit the Joints, and to confirm the Man,

Has not as yet her genial Power distill'd,
Nor with prolific Juice the Vessels fill'd.
If then a Damsel, who designs to wed,
Would reap the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed ;
Let her (for *Themis* these strict Rules ordains,
To curb too forward Nymphs, and eager Swains)
Expect with Patience, till the rolling Sun
Has twice six times his Annual Journey run ;
Till her maturing Years begin to bloom,
And promise early Offspring to the Womb.
For when the swelling Mass is firmly knit,
And the ripe Virgin glows with perfect Heat ;
Then rosy Streams from secret Springs abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful Womb around ;
By Nature's prudent Care provided well,
To feed the sleeping Infant in his Cell :
Then her soft Breasts the Lover's Heart inspire
With tempting Heavings, and provoke Desire.
So should the Youth attend, till Time begin
With mossy Down to clothe and fledge the Chin ;
Till the firm Channels swell with vigorous Blood,
And roll, impetuous, a prolific Flood.
Then, if kind *Juno* his Endeavours bless,
He safely may the wedded Fair caress,
And venture on Love's soft and close Recess.
If Youths and Virgins would these Rules obey,
And wisely follow where I chalk the Way,
What beauteous Blossoms would their Labours bring?
What Fruits would in the Bridal Chamber spring?

Would

Book I. CALLIPÆDIA.

Would they with equal Constitutions join,
Man would be all Harmonious, all Divine,
 And *Angels* heav'nly Looks would in *God's* Image shine.

M E A N time, while lab'ring in this pleasing Art,
 The sacred Laws of Nature I impart ;
 While to the married Pair the willing Muse
 Gives sound Instructions of important Use :
 Lo ! A young *Hero* of Imperial Race,
 With early Manhood and superior Grace,
 Mounts the Paternal Throne of *France*, and brings
 New Glory to the Blood from whence he springs,
 The worthy Successor of *Antient Kings*.
 L E W I S ! Heav'n's darling Offspring, from above
 Sent to Command with Equity and Love ;
 By wholesom Laws the factious World to bind,
 And be a present Succour to Mankind.
 What Royal Mien ! What mingled Graces rise
 In every Part, and lighten from his Eyes !
 What Majesty of Soul, aspiring to the Skies !
 A thousand Goddesses admire his Charms,
 His Princely Air a thousand Nymphs alarms,
 A thousand Sighs they send, to languish in his Arms.
 Him the bright Nymph of *Austria's* Blood adores,
 Who burns where *Tagus* gilds *Iberian* Shores :
 The gentle Winds tell every secret Groan,
 And waft her Wishes to the *Gallic* Throne.
 If, Mighty Prince, Thou to the Match incline,
Spain, and her *Indian* Treasures shall be thine.
 For Thee the tender *Lusitanian* Dame
 Consumes, and rivals the *Hesperian* Flame.

For Thee she pines ; for Thee the Beauties glow,
 Which drink the *German Rhine* and *Latian Po.*
 All stung alike, and emulous to tread
 The Bridal Room, and mount thy lofty Bed.

But Thou ! the Hope of the *Burbonian* Line,
 A foreign *Hymen's* sacred Torch decline.
 Of those refulgent Stars which croud our Sky,
 And sparkle in the *Celtic Galaxy*,
 A hundred Beauties in thy Court are seen,
 Deserving the high Title of thy *Queen* ;
 On whose fair Birth a Planet, like thy own,
 With friendly Influence, propitious shone ;
 Whence kindly Seeds arise, and Kisses not unknown.
 Nor be to fond Desires so blindly lost,
 To chuse a Nymph, whom turbid *Tyber's* Coast,
 Or whom *Ansonia's* petty Princes boast.
 Nor, mindless of the Blood which swells each Vein,
 Admit, as Consort of thy glorious Reign,
 Such humble Births, a mean degenerate Strain.

Consult thy Royalty with nicest Care,
 And fix with Judgment on the chosen Fair,
 Worthy to languish by a Monarch's Side ;
 Nor sue by Proxy to an absent Bride.
 Survey in Person the delicious Prize,
 And drink in Love, at thy own piercing Eyes :
 Demand her Person on a double Score,
 Much for her Beauty, for her Vertue more.

Mad

Mad Custom ! Where a Queen is led to climb
 (Unseen before) the Royal Bed sublime :
 Where Kings are guided by another's Voice,
 And follow blindfold the deputed Choice.
 Be this thy first and latest Wish, to prove,
 In silken Chains of Matrimonial Love,
 Some charming Heroine of high Descent,
 The Partner of thy Breast and Government :
 From whose Celestial Loins may spring an Heir,
Great, like his Father ; like his Mother, Fair :
 Whose native Charms with an engaging Art,
 Win the glad Soul, and steal upon the Heart.
 The conscious People willingly obey
 When e'er designing Destiny makes way
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway ;
 When they behold a Royal Infant born,
 Whose starry Temples shall the Crown adorn.
 Where is the mighty Gain, that from a Stem
 Of Kings, a *Juno* share thy Diadem ?
 If you attempt th' Embraces of a Queen
 In Body foul, with swarthy Cheeks obscene ;
 How will the damp thy Flames, thy Pleasures cloy ?
 What Love can she inspire ? What real Joy ?
 What just Materials bring for thy succeeding Boy ?
 Unfit for Scepters, his unprincely Face,
 Abhorring from the Brightness of thy Race,
 Thy Subjects shall pervert, thy Throne disgrace.

NOR is the Secret to the Muse unknown,
 How Courts, to frequent Wantonnesses prone,
 By loose Desires, and high Examples led,
 Stain the chaste Honours of the Royal Bed.
 How a young *Monarch*, to his *Queen* unjust,
 Oft licenses the fashionable Lust.
 So in *Olympus* once, Adult'rous *Jove*
 Left his loath'd *Juno* for a human Love :
 In Earth and Heaven his spurious Offspring sow'd,
 Profusely scatter'd his immortal Blood,
 And stock'd the Sky with a promiscuous Brood. }
Great Sire, abandon this opprobrious Life,
 Contented with a lov'd, and loving Wife.
 Let the pure Issue of unspotted Flames
 Thy Scepter wield, and shun lascivious Dames.

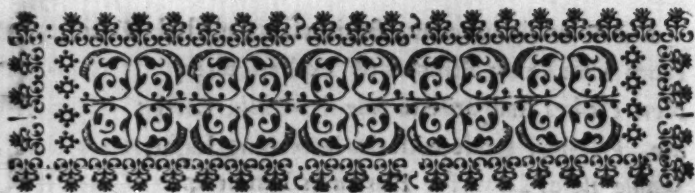
BUT if, my private Muse, without Offence,
 May freely utter her impartial Sense ;
 There might be found a more adapted Mate
 Of higher Vertues, tho of humbler State :
 Who with requiting Fires thy Fires would meet,
 Of Temper equal, and of Form complete ;
 Whose Looks might soften and unbend thy Care,
 And ease the Burden of the Gold you wear.
 Others, who court Alliance to thy Throne,
 Seek but to strengthen, and secure their own ;
 So the weak Branches of the tender *Vine*
 In circling Folds the married *Elm* intwine.
 But *Kings*, who to themselves their Grandeur owe,
 Self-ballanc'd, on unmov'd Foundations grow :

Safe in their People's Strength, from Princes near
They seek no Succours, and no Forces fear.

BUT while we wait, from what Celestial Worth,
From what Great Princess of exalted Birth,
New *Cæsars* shall arise to rule the *Gallic* Earth:
Me, *Phæbus*, guide with thy informing Light,
While useful Laws for Husbands I indite;
Smile on my pleasing Toil, and aid my daring Flight.



CAL-



CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

A Relation of the Diversions on the Day of Marriage. The Laws which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. Some Astrològical Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the Stars is, towards the Procreation of Fair Children. Some Precepts adjoin'd, which tend to the Begetting of a Male Offspring, concluding with the Conception.



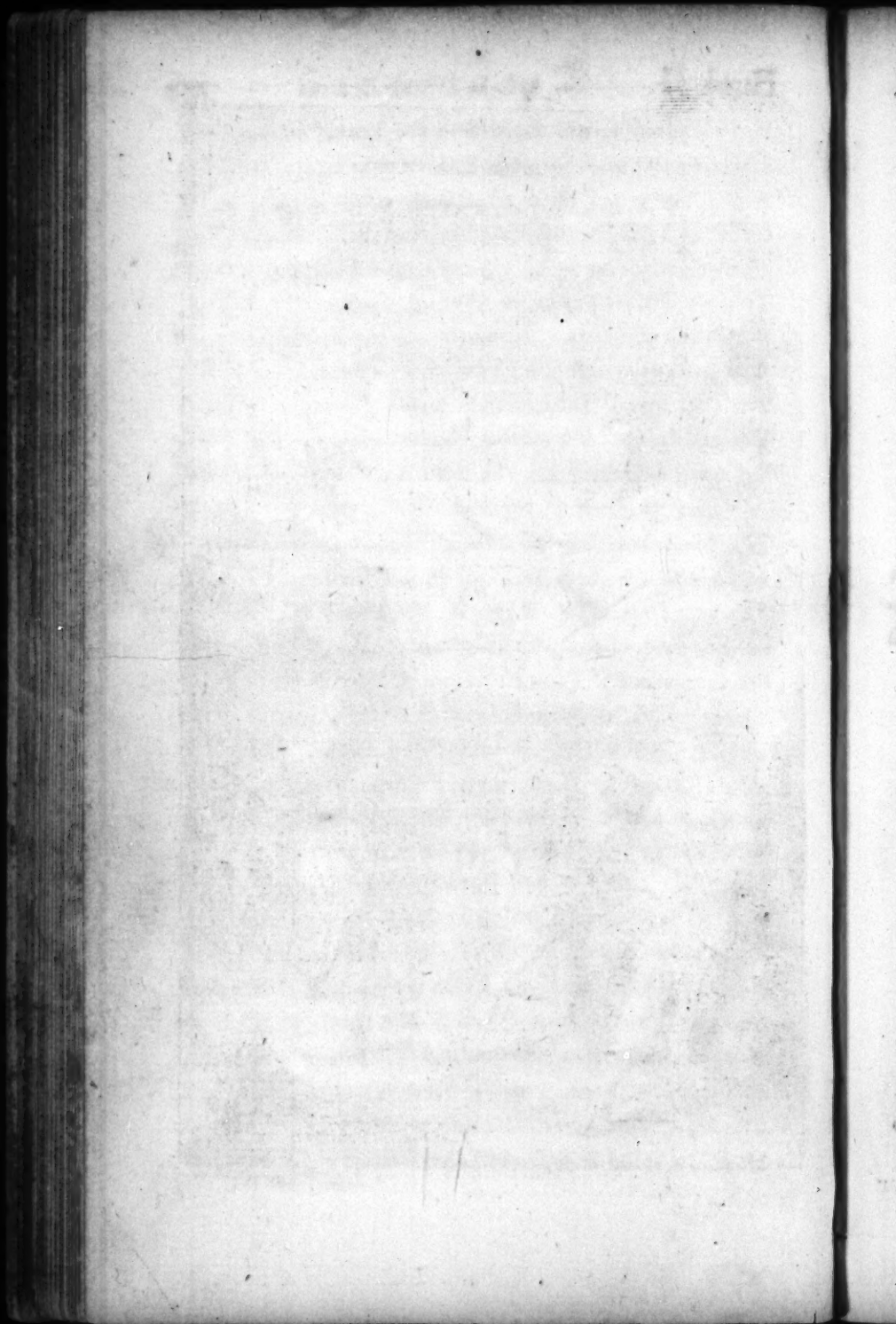
UT now the Ceremonial Part is done,
 And the Fair Couple are for ever One ;
 Their eager Wishes meet, and burn to prove
 The future Joys of unexperienc'd Love.
 All Offices now past, which *Forms* require,
 With chearful Hearts the feasted Friends retire.

Bacchus.

Book II.



For Copper-plate &c.



Bacchus himself, well fated with the Store,
 Scarce carries his enormous Paunch before;
 Scornful he views th' inverted Cups around,
 And draws the fuming Vapours from the Ground;
 The weary'd Youths more slowly now advance,
 To join the Virgins in the winding Dance;
 While the soft Musick measures out the Bound,
 And works the trembling Feet to ev'ry Sound.
 Then the great Master, to the speaking Strings,
 The Sweets of Matrimonial Pleasure sings,
 Kisses, and Smiles; and the preluding Toys;
 And last, the Product of substantial Joys,
 The beauteous Female Births, and lovely graceful Boys,
 Again he turns the Song, and *Pallas* blames,
 And rash *Diana*, foolish Maiden Names.
 But he, thee, *Venus*, sings in kinder Airs,
 Propitious Goddess to our mortal Pray'rs;
 Source of all Joy, and Easer of all Grief,
 Thou giv'st the Thunderer himself Relief.
 Thee, beauteous *Paris*, he in Raptures prais'd,
 And high above the Stars thy Merit rais'd;
 Who to fair *Venus*' more prevailing Eyes
 Impartially adjudg'd the golden Prize;
 Tho *Pallas* frown'd, and *Juno* in a Storm
 Roughen'd her Features to a scornful Form.
 Nor fear'd he *Phæbus*' Anger to provoke,
 And give his Passion a severer Stroke;
 Who on a Boy his barren Love employ'd,
 And the dear Object, which he lov'd, destroy'd.
 The Majesty of Heav'n himself, great *Jove*,
 He ridicul'd for his unlucky Love.

All Flames he blam'd, that far from Nature rove,
 In idle Essays of unfruitful Love ;
 But prais'd the Kisses, which alternate please,
 And both the Giver and Receiver ease.
 The Matrons smil'd, and antient Sires severe
 Skrew'd a divided Laugh, and flouting Leer.

BUT see ! the failing Day to Night resigns,
 And *Venus*' Star to *Venus*' Rites inclines :
 Away then Modesty, nor dare appear
 With thy false Scruples, and fantastick Fear ;
 But come, thou *Hymen*, with thy sacred Light,
 The little Train of smiling *Loves* excite :
 Thee too, *Saturnia*, now the Pair require,
 In Circles wave thy Torch, at their Desire,
 Emblem of constant Love and still succeeding Fire.
 Ye Mothers also, who these Joys have known,
 Assist me, and unloose the Virgin Zone ;
 With me, to cheer the fearful Maiden strive,
 And tell her, she may see the Morn alive :
 For now the Spouse, impatient for Delight,
 Warms with the Thought, and struggles for the Fight.
 ' Let us engage, he cries, nor longer stay,
 ' And waste the Time of Love in dull delay ;
 ' No more, my Friends, th' expected Lifts deny,
 ' Nor enviously resist a Bliss so nigh :
 ' Why should we not the happy Combat prove,
 ' Free, as we are, and give a Loose to Love ?

HOLD, furious Youth — Better thy Heat assuage,
 And moderate a while thy eager Rage ;

For

For if the Genial Sport you now complete,
 Full of the Fumes of undigested Meat;
 A thin diluted Substance shalt thou place,
 Too weak a Basis for a Manly Grace
 To rise in Figure just, and dignify thy Race.
 Advis'd, defer the Work, till Time produce
 A more mature, and well-concocted Juice.
 Hard is the Rule, and Lovers oft complain;
 Tho hard, yet proper for a vigorous Strain.

FOR this, the Wise, by Nature's Course, are taught,
 That when the Work is in the Morning wrought,
 The Rudiments of Man more aptly take
 A just Proportion, and a finish'd Make.
 This Reason proves; for when by Sleep oppress'd,
 At Night the weary'd Limbs relax with Rest;
 The Warmth more slowly thro the Skin perspires,
 And to the Seats of inward Life retires;
 There with a piercing and more subtile Heat,
 It forcibly ferments the passive Meat;
 Which by the Fibres of the Stomach wore,
 And for Digestion half prepar'd before,
 Lessen'd and chang'd, a milky Colour takes,
 And a quick Passage to the Liver makes;
 There chang'd again, a ruddy Tincture gains,
 And flowing onward, flushes in the Veins.

FROM hence the Parts impregnated below,
 With new redundant Tides of Juices flow;
 For as the Streams are in the Vessels roll'd,
 Thro interwoven Net-work, Fold on Fold,

Mix'd

Mix'd and remix'd with Spirits as they pass,
 Enrich'd they rise into a vital Mass:
 The Forms thus fix'd, the Principles refin'd
 Frame a fit Lodging for the heav'nly Mind.

THIS Caution then observe, and now forbear
 With ill-tim'd Kisses to provoke the Fair;
 Left Nature, hurry'd by too fierce a Toil,
 Her lovely secret Operation spoil;
 And the best blisful Work imperfect done,
 Be curs'd hereafter by thy future Son.

WHO has not heard, how the great Thund'ring God
 One heav'nly Holiday had got his Load,
 And warm with Nectar, reeling to his Rest,
 Unseasonably his Consort *Juno* press'd?
 From that Embrace the Monster *Vulcan* sprung,
 Whom his own Father from *Olympus* flung;
 So dead his Features, and so foul his Face,
 The Gods deny'd him at their Feasts a Place;
 So soon rejected where he once apply'd,
 That homely *Pallas* scorn'd to be his Bride;
 And, taunting, bid him with Dame *Venus* treat,
 Who might his ill-shap'd Mass in Wedlock meet,
 Not from her Choice, but more abundant Heat:
 She too abhors him, and promiscuous lies
 With Gods and Men of ev'ry Sort and Size,
 And plants, for all the sacred Marriage Vows,
 Many fair Antlers on his ugly Brows.

NOR

NOR is this Rule enough, to check thy Haste,
 And not the Genial Heat untimely waste,
 Before the Food is from the Stomach thrown :
 A Second hear, and hearing make thy own.
 ' Skillful observe the Skies, what Planet shines,
 ' When to the close Embrace thy Soul inclines,
 ' When Nature stretching from the barren Kiss,
 ' Flies to the sweet Extremity of Bliss.
 The Reason this ; the Care is not so great,
 Nor carries with it half so much of Fate,
 Under what Star, or what prevailing Ray,
 The crying Infant breaks th' implicit way,
 And springing from the Prison struggles into Day :
 As at *Conception* chief what Stars preside,
 The just Concretion of the Seed to guide ;
 For then the *Fluid* in the Womb enclos'd,
 To a due Cement by the Heat dispos'd,
 Feels the sure Influence which the Stars create,
 More forcibly affect its forming State :
 Then, at that Instant, as the Planets sway,
 The tender, *ductile Matter* must obey.

BUT Oh ! What mortal Science can unfold
 The fatal Mysteries above enroll'd ?
 Thou Goddess, thou of high Celestial Birth,
 Scornful of lower Air and sordid Earth,
 To whom the willing Gates of Heav'n disclose
 Each Starry Orb that in her Bosom glows ;
 Do thou, *Urania*, aid me, and inspire
 Thy Heav'nly Poet with a Heav'nly Fire :

Hard

Hard is the Task the beauteous Theme to raise,
 But well-sung Beauty will reward with Praise :
 If thou thy Influence shed, and guide my Tongue,
 Sweet shall the tuneful Numbers flow along,
 And own Thee Patroness of my harmonious Song.

THIS arched *Concave* of the World behold,
 Studded with Stars, and skirted round with Gold ;
 Think not those shining Luminaries blaze,
 That idle Man may on the Prospect gaze :
 For, highest *Jove*, whose forming Hand they boast,
 Sow'd not the Heav'ns with that unnumber'd Host,
 That we might upward cast our wondring Eyes,
 And praise the curious Picture of the Skies ;
 From deeper Reasons of the *Maker's* Thought,
 Was that fine System of Creation wrought.

OBSERV'ST thou not the Fluxes here below,
 As diff'rent Stars their diff'rent Faces shew ;
 How Heats they cause, or Show'rs and Tempests range,
 And ev'ry Element alternate change ?
 Who doubts the *Hyades* moist Season's Form ?
 Or that *Orion* enters in a Storm ?
 See ! How the *Dog-Star's* Fire the Meadows burns,
 Drinks Rivers up, and drains their thirsty Urns.
 Nor need I direful Unions now relate,
 Authors of Ill, and Arbiters of Fate ;
Saturn, tremendous with his Scythe from far,
Jove stain'd with Blood, and *Mars* denouncing War ;
 Should they, alas ! in one sad Juncture shine,
 Their Rage augmented in fierce *Leo's* Sign ;

How

How many Nations would to Sorrows turn,
 And see their Country waste, their Cities burn!
 How would triumphant *Discord* on the Plain,
 Free as the Wind the Steeds of War unrein,
 And with Varieties of Death her Purple Garment stain!
 Then ancient Thrones and Empires would decay,
 And own a New Usurping Tyrant's Sway :
 Such fatal Stars did once before inspire
 The Rival Chiefs, to set the World on Fire :
 Here *Pompey*, there Victorious *Cæsar* stood,
 And dire *Pharsalia* blush'd in Roman Blood.
 And (if a Poet's Song may Credit gain)
 The same destructive Stars at present reign,
 That shake the *Gaul* and *Spaniard* with Alarms,
 And drive contending Monarchies to Arms ;
 For *Saturn*, *Jove*, and *Mars*, with mingled Rays,
 In *Chiron's* ruddy Arms, malignant blaze.

BESIDE, beneath these Stars that Plague arose,
 Which fiercely in the Seats of Pleasure glows ;
 That the sweet Purpose of our Kind destroys,
 And or forbids, or poisons all our Joys.
 For so the Tales of late Tradition run,
 That when the fatal Malady begun
 To spread, and shew the lurking Cause within
 By putrid Stains, and a discolour'd Skin :
 Then *Mars* shone adverse, and in *Cancer* set,
 With livid *Saturn* inauspicious met ;
 Their Influence join'd more pestilential grew,
 And with their Rays th' envenom'd Vapour flew.

But

But why the Gods presume I to display,
 And, Mortal, tread their everlasting Way?
 Why search I Causes of portentous Weight,
 Or doubtfully pursue retiring Fate?
 Better absolve my Promise, and unfold
 What proper Stars work up the beauteous Mould,
 And tell, what *Phæbus* to his Poet told.

MANKIND, (as *Fame* reports) of old oppress'd,
 To Heav'n their supplicating Sighs address'd;
 Much did the sad degen'rate Race complain,
 How wide *Deformity* had spread her Reign;
 How more than half their Kind were loathsom born,
 Scandals of Nature, and their Parents Scorn.
 Unknown the Cause; whether the Air supply'd
 With tainted Particles the Vital Tide;
 Or the containing Womb the Venom bred,
 And its own Shame the vicious *Stamen* fed.
 'Tis certain, Beauty then but thinly grew,
 Few were the charming Wives, the comely *Husbands*
 few.

WHEN *Jove* thus saw the Realm of Beauty waste,
 And his own Image in Mankind debas'd,
 A Synod of those Gods he calls, whose Care
 Presides peculiar o'er the wedded Pair.
 First *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage Flame,
 Bore on the Wings of painted Peacocks, came;
 The Queen of Love her bridl'd *Turtles* drew
 Thro the wide *Azure*, billing as they flew.

Next

Next did the *Planter* of the *Vine* appear,

And *Ceres*, Mother of the *Golden Ear* :

(For who, unaided by their kindly Heat,
Can love with Rapture, or with Force repeat ?)

Apollo, for eternal Bloom ador'd,

Last took his Place, and crown'd the sacred Board.

Then from the Throne on high, the Council sat,

The King supreme began the great Debate :

Briefly his Words our human Sorrows trace,

And Earth dishonour'd by a fightless Race.

THEN *Phæbus* rising, leave of Speech obtain'd,

Thus to his Fellow-Gods the Cause explain'd :

Mankind this Evil on themselves have brought,

From ill-tim'd Pleasure, and from want of Thought ;

The Course of Heav'n unknown the World annoys

With shapeless Females, and uncomely Boys :

Since then whatever Stars or Planets shine,

Each in their various Spheres depend on mine ;

Let me their Vertues and their Force explore,

And tell you sacred Truths unheard before.

Where the stop'd *Zodiac* o'er the Globe extends,

And backward from the Pole its Circle bends ;

Ye view the figur'd Stars that there appear,

Their number *Twelve*, the Name of *Signs* they bear,

Thro these my Course revolves, and finishes the Year.

From these Deformity or Beauty trace,

Hence spring the well turn'd Limbs, the bloomy Grace,

Hence the dark Figure, and forbidding Face.

FIRST,

FIRST, If the *Ram*, *Europa's* Bearer, rise,
 And with his fiery *Fleece* infest the Skies,
 When bound in strict embrace the Couple meet,
 When the warm *Fluid* glows with fruitful Heat ;
 The Wife that reckons from that luckless Date,
 Shall view an Off-spring she her self will hate.
 That Product shall disgrace his Parent's Bed,
 With lank *Crane-Neck*, and spiral Length of Head ;
 His Legs un-pair'd, of disproportion'd Size,
 A stupid leaden Look, and downcast Eyes ;
 Thick Scales shall plait his Skin, and arm his Hand,
 Or horrent with a furrow'd Roughness stand
 O'er his broad Shoulders, and Athletic make ;
 Bright silver Locks in wanton Curls shall shake ;
 That ill-match'd Beauty, hideous to the Sight,
 Will more deform the Monster-finish'd Wight.
 But chief, if *Mars* shall then infect the Earth,
 Or *Saturn*, envious, glance upon his Birth ;
 For they are Foes to Beauty, and disarm
 Each graceful Member of each killing Charm,
 Nor leave one single Feature of Esteem,
 That can from Scorn the wretched Mass redeem.

NOR more the *Bull* adorns, or fiercer Eye
 That darts his Beams obliquely from the Sky :
 Ye too, ye *Pleiades*, destructive shine,
 And marr the Beauties of a lovely Line ;

Your

Your selves, tho brightest in th' *Ætherial Plains*;
 Tho ev'ry Face fair *Pleione* retains,
 And in each *Daughter-Star* the lovely *Mother* reigns;
 Yet Ah! no Joy arises from your Sway,
 If *Cynthia* blend not her o'er-ruling Ray:
 She forms the waxen Arms, the Limbs refines,
 By her the Skin a polish'd Surface shines,
 And *Beauty* follows as she draws the Lines.

WHY should I with the *Bull* my Numbers stain,
 Or paint the Birth beneath his brutal Reign?
 Flatted his Nose, his Nostrils gaping wide
 Shall stretch protuberant from Side to Side;
 Thick Rolls of Fat around his Neck shall lie,
 And a foul Fierceness threaten in his Eye;
 Red Locks shall glitter on his fiery Head,
 And disagreeing Black his Eye-brows spread;
 From his unwieldy Trunk, in broken Note,
 His Voice shall jar, and rattle in his Throat.

NOT so the *Twins*, for they, by Force innate,
 Soft Sweetness, and harmonious Forms create,
 Themselves all Harmony, a friendly Pair,
 Who both their Mother's Charms and Sister's share,
 Gentle as *Leda*, and as *Helen* fair.
 These *Jove* prefer'd amid the *Starry Space*,
 And bid them still appear in kind Embrace,
 Fraternal Smiles, and lovely Looks assume,
 To bless the growing Product of the Womb:
 Hence they not only outward Charms supply,
 Smiles in the Cheek, and Lustre in the Eye,

Or

Or on the Skin a shining *White* display,
 And smooth the Surface with an even Ray ;
 But to the Soul their sacred Influence dart,
 Manners refin'd, and pleasing Wit impart,
 And to the Force of Nature add the Charms of Art ;
 Persuasive Speech, and melting Tongues afford,
 While Eloquence informs, and breathes in ev'ry Word :
 For *Mercury* himself their *Aspect* guides,
 And with superiour Energy presides ;
 From hence are all the Graces of the Mind
 To the just Beauties of the Body join'd.

Ah ! How unlike do *Cancer's* Beams succeed !
 How shoot they adverse, and corrupt the Breed !
 The foul *Aselli* in his Sphere he draws,
 And fierce unclenches his extended Claws ;
 By him the Limbs mishap'd, the Strain is crost,
 The Eyes are almost in their Socket lost ;
 The Teeth discolour'd with a loathsom Jett,
 Or widely gaping, or uneven set ;
 Tumours appear, the Back-Bone bow'd within
 Upheaves the Chest to meet the hanging Chin ;
 The huddl'd Piece to Pigmy-size is ty'd,
 And the lank Arms hang dangling by the Side.

SEE, next, the great *Alcides'* Trophy rise,
 The fiery *Lion* raging in the Skies ;
 His Pow'r in yellow Locks is seen exprest
 In flashing Eyes, and ample Width of Chest,
 In large and brawny Limbs, in Feature bold,
 And Stature of a tall Gigantick Mould.

From

From him can ought or kind or lovesom flow,
The Terror of *Athenian* Swains below ?
Till *Hercules* advanc'd and sav'd the Land,
A Conquest worthy of the Hero's Hand.
So fierce his Rage, that * *My* serener Reign
Can scarce the Fury of his Beams restrain ;
And when abated by these milder Heats,
The *Lion* still obtains, and sullenly retreats.

THEN *Virgo*, fairest Star, exerts her Light,
And kind *Astrea*, Patroness of *Right*,
Her Refuge Heav'n, when scar'd by brutal Rage,
She fled the bloody World, and Iron Age ;
Fast by her Side observe the *Spike* dispence
Her friendly Beams, and shine in Innocence ;
Not *Jove* himself a purer Flame bestows,
Or on the Womb with kinder Lustre glows ;
Then shall kind *Virgo* bless thy promis'd Breed,
And cherish safe the-Vegetative Seed ;
Harmonious Shapes, and Airs serenely mild,
And Looks of Love shall beautify the Child.

FROM rising *Libra* equal Beauty glides,
Since *Venus* there eternally resides ;
There is her *Throne*, the *Graces* there appear,
Join with their *Queen*, and wanton in the Sphere :
The Goddess hence the new-born Infant arms,
And Male and Female glitter in her Charms.

* *Apollo* speaks.

C

Yet

Yet *Saturn* often with a spiteful Gleam
 Rebates the Brightness of her purer Beam;
 His Rays o'er other Parts the Reign assume,
 And deep encloud them with a dusky Gloom:
 But *Venus* still more prevalently bright,
 Breaks thro' the fullen Horror of his Light,
 Preserves the Face, and silvers it with *White*.

}
}

BUT who can *Scorpio's* foul Impression view,
 The fordid Features, and the sickly Hue?
 He fatally unfurls his pois'nous Folds,
 And half the Firmament encompass'd holds,
 Red Hair and little Eyes attend his Fates,
 The Legs he lengthens, and the Feet dilates;
 Such odious Forms the Monster's Birth betray,
 Sprung from rude Principles of slimy Clay.

THE *Centaur* scatters not so much Disgrace,
 Nor will so sure the forming Limbs debase;
Chiron, who once the great *Achilles*'s way'd,
 The Tutor nodded, and the Youth obey'd;
 But now that Heav'n he graces, which before
 He taught unknowing Mortals to adore.
 For if above the parting Waves he show
 His Head, or Shoulders, or his *Cretan* Bow,
 The happy Star agreeing Traces leaves,
 And blesses ev'ry Womb which then conceives.
 But if he drag the *Horse's* Tail behind,
 The brutal Part prevails, and proves unkind.

TOO

TOO well the shaggy *Goat's* dull Flame is known,
Whom grisly *Saturn's* dire Dominions own :
The Child shall prove, beneath their Aspects got,
From Head to Foot one universal Blot.

FRUITFUL the Drops from *Hyla's* Pitcher flow,
And cheer the corresponding Womb below ;
The smiling Boy in his Effects are shown,
In lovely Charms, and Beauties like his own.

THE briny *Fishes* last complete the Round,
Thin Humours there, and watry Parts abound ;
Small Heads and puny Arms on them depend,
And Shapes which in distorted Postures bend :
Their Size to dwarfish Littleness confin'd,
Seems an imperfect Model of Mankind.

WHY should I show the moving Planets Foes,
Or Star to Star, and Sign to Sign oppose ?
In *Quadrate* how destructive they combine,
Friendly in *Sextile*, and Harmonious *Trine* ;
Happy, if *Venus*, or thou, Father *Jove*,
Temper their Influence, and in Concert move ;
Then quick the Principles of Being shoot,
And bloom, and ripen into lovely Fruit.

THE Seasons too observ'd of sov'reign Use,
Much to a beauteous Progeny conduce ;
Of all, the *Spring-Embraces* best succeed,
Productive of the strongest, sanguine Breed.

Then *Nature* kindly animates the Earth,
 And quickens with an universal Birth;
 The Air impregnated with fruitful Rays,
 Reviving Force and genial Warmth conveys.
 But *Summer*-Heats the flowing *Bile* inflame,
 And prey too fiercely on the vital Frame;
 The Strength still wasting as the Spirits fly,
 Defrauded Nature wants a due Supply.
 Nor less will *Autumn*'s sickly Turns impair,
 Nor the rough raging of a *Wintry* Air.

THUS *Man* misled by Ignorance or Lust,
 Is to his Kind, and to himself unjust;
 Of Choice regardless, he disdains to know
 What *Stars* above, what Seasons here below,
 In Love's soft Battels most successful are,
 And surest mark the future Off-spring fair.

A P O L L O's Speech the heav'nly Congress moves,
 And *Jove* with a superior Nod approves;
 The *Muse* by his Command the Rules receives,
 And deep engraves them in eternal Leaves.
 In *Pindus* long the Treasure lay unknown,
 Till she, who makes my sacred Song her own,
 These Laws before from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
Urania, to her favourite Bard reveal'd:
 Then you who would a *Father*'s Honour claim,
 And hear with Joy the soft endearing Name;
 Who would bright Patterns of your Kind convey,
 In them reviving, as your selves decay;

Ob.

Book II. CALLIPEDIA.

Observe exact the Season and the Hour,
In which each rising *Sign* exerts its Pow'r;
Attend if *Saturn*, or the *God of War*,
Or *Jupiter* o'er-rule th' inferior Star;
Whether the *Sun* on *Venus* darts his Fires,
Or with the *Moon* or *Mercury* conspires.

START not, ye Fair, nor from my Verse retreat;
Thinking the Study of the Science great;
For all these mighty Volumes of the Sky,
Explain'd in short and easy Tables lie;
Fear not to read these Precepts, which so well
Each annual common Kalendar can tell.
This general Rule apply to ev'ry Case,
In twice twelve Hours, the whole *Ethereal Space*
Turns round from *East* to *West*, and finishes its Race.
Such Choice there is, when you incline to kiss,
That you can never want a *Sign* for Bliss:
Nor is it only proper to impart
How far the heav'nly System suits our Art,
And how the nicest Time of Joy to chuse;
Still hear, ye Husbands, my instructive Muse.
" Press not your Wives, tho' height'ned Lust incite
" The Soul to try the pleasurable Fight,
" While the *Blood* monthly rushing from the Veins,
" The flowing Womb with foul Pollution stains.
For then the Seed unfructifying lies,
Or downward with the bleaded Torrent flies,
And in the common Mass of Nature dies:
Vain are thy Hopes, thy Punishment is just,
And Childless thou shalt mourn thy forward Lust.

So the Grain scatter'd by the careless Clown,
 While frequent Show'rs the moisten'd Furrows drown,
 Will no Increase, no Golden Harvest yield,
 To load the Barn, and beautify the Field.
 But if by Chance the Seeds concurring fix,
 And with th' impurer Dross of Nature mix,
 What a detested, miscreated *Thing*,
 From such ill-suited Principles must spring ?
 Foul *Leprous* Spots shall with his Birth begin,
 Spread o'er his Body, and enrust his Skin ;
 For the same Poison which that Stream contains,
 'Transfer'd affects the forming Infant's Veins,
 Inbred it fixes deep, and radically reigns.
 For Nature's common Bosom nothing breeds,
 That this malignant Female Filth exceeds :
 Let this infect the tender nursing Vine,
 Its Beauty withers, and its Arms recline ;
 On Corn, or blooming Buds the Venom cast,
 They fade, as at the Lightning's fatal Blast ;
 Lick'd by the *Dog* it proves his certain bane,
 And heats to giddy Whirls his madding Brain.
 Ye Husbands then such foul Embraces fly,
 And tho' provok'd, the nauseous Bliss deny ;
 Let Nature for a clean Receiver stay,
 The Fruit will well reward thy wise delay.
 " Ye too, fond Wives, who in excess of Joy
 " Snatch at the Bliss, and Heat and Strength employ,
 " Be modest ; nor to show the *Woman's* force,
 " Disgrace the Sex, and spoil the genial Course.
 The rude Concussion of such frequent Strokes
 Too much the desultory Womb provokes ;

And

And thus the vital Tide is backward cast
 Through the same Channels which before it pass'd.
 But if the Womb the fruitful Seed retains,
 Compute the worthless Product of thy Pains;
 The shatter'd *Fluid* tofs'd from side to side,
 Will strain the *Fœtus*, and the Parts divide;
 The Threds spun out to an unfinew'd length,
 Nor active Spring shall boast, nor manly Strength.

FORGIVE me, Nymphs, if by my Subject led
 Thro ev'ry winding Turn, and mazy Thred,
 I follow *Nature* to her Fountain-Head.
 As I describe, let the pursuing Eye
 The Form and Fashion of the *Womb* descry.

BENEATH those Parts, where stretching to its
 bound,
 The low *Abdomen* girds the Belly round,
 The Shop of Nature lies; a vacant Space
 Of small Circumference divides the Place,
 Pear-like the Shape; within a *Membrane* spreads
 Her various Texture of meandrous Threds;
 These draw the Vessels to a purfy state,
 And or contract their Substance, or dilate.
 Here Veins, Nerves, Arteries in Pairs declare,
 How nobler Parts deserve a double Care;
 They from the Mass the Blood and Spirits drain,
 That irrigate profuse the thirsty Plain;
 The Bottom of the *Womb* 'tis call'd; the Sides are cleft,
 By Cells distinguish'd into Right and Left.

'Tis thought that *Females* in the Left prevail,
 And that the Right contains the sprightly *Male*.
 A Passage here in Form oblong extends,
 Where fast compress'd the stiffen'd *Nerve* ascends,
 And the warm *Fluid* with concurring *Fluids* blends.
 The *Sages* this the Womb's Neck justly name ;
 Within the hollow of its inward Frame,
 Join'd to the Parts, a small Protub'rance grows,
 Whose rising Lips the deep Recesses close.
 For while the *Tiller* all his Strength collects,
 While Hope anticipates the fair Effects,
 The lubricated Parts their Station leave,
 And closely to the working Engine cleave ;
 Each Vessel stretches, and distending wide,
 The greedy Womb attracts the glowing Tide,
 And either Sex commix'd, the Streams united glide.
 But now the Womb relax'd, with pleasing pain
 Gently subsides into it self again ;
 The Seed moves with it, and thus clos'd within,
 The tender Drops of Entity begin.
 What Joy the Fibres of the Stomach feel,
 Long pinch'd with Hunger, at a grateful Meal,
 Such tickling Pleasure thro the Womb is sent,
 When the first Particles of Life ferment.
 This easy Picture of the Parts explains
 How frequent Motion no effect obtains ;
 The Seed and Pleasure lost in eager strife ;
 A useful Lesson to the forward Wife.

MOST

MOST Parents Wishes in one Channel run,
Most think they are not bless'd without a Son ;
Let such attentive my Prescriptions read,
That teach to propagate the manly Breed.
Nor do I partial to their Vows incline,
Since *Males* support the Titles of the Line,
And in their Ancestors transmissive Glory shine,
Tho some to Satire form'd, and born to vex,
Dare impiously profane the softer Sex,
As Nature careless from her Purpose stray'd,
And puny Girls by Accident were made ;
By this Mistake her Operation lame,
Unwillingly she huddled up the Frame,
And thence the lovely charming monstrous Creature
came.

But better Judges scorn this idle Dream,
And still shall Beauty hold its due esteem,
Man still shall praise, and *Woman* be the Theme.
But yet we must our destin'd Task pursue,
And tell what Precepts for a *Male* are due ;
That a long Race of future Sons may claim
The mighty, venerable, *Regal* Name,
And Honours which on Princely Lines attend,
From Son to Son successively descend.

THE *Sages* grant, what they on Reason found,
That Heat and Vigour in the *Male* abound ;
This Truth by plain Experiment is seen,
In *Man's* excellling Strength, and postly Mien,

In well-knit Limbs, and cloſer Parts confeſs'd,
 And turgent Spirits heaving in the Breſt :
 This too from their ſuperior Soul is prov'd,
 Unſhock'd by Danger, and by Fear unmov'd,
 From Parts to Buſ'neſs turn'd, from Wit refin'd,
 And the long Studies of th' unwearied Mind.
 A proper Diet then become thy Care,
 A hotter *Regimen* thy Veins repair,
 To fill the Blood with a ſublimar Fire,
 If to a *Male* thy eager Hopes aſpire :
 For all muſt own the generative Flood
 Is form'd, and temper'd from the Maſs of Blood.
 Theſe Parts anew the flowing Spirits range,
 And to a frothy *White* their Subſtance change.
 This may direct thee in the Choice of Meat,
 In ſuch as moſt partake of Juice and Heat :
 Thus as theſe Springs the lower Veſſels drain,
 The working Seed may to a *Male* attain.
 Yet more, if much thy longing Wiſh incline
 To prop with gen'rous *Males* the certain Line,
 'Tis fit thou ſhould'ſt thy craving *Genius* treat
 With Food of more ſpirituouſ Parts replete ;
 The Womb theſe finer Vapours will require,
 And ſtill receiving more, will more deſire.

WHAT Foods more aptly to the Work belong,
 Should be the Subject of my preſent Song ;
 But Nature in her Courſe, profuſely kind,
 Courts ev'ry Taſte, and leaves lame Art behind ;
 With open Hand her various Bleſſings ſows,
 And, unrepenting, all her Good beſtows.

Suffice

Suffice it only, in a grateful Verse,
 Thy joyous Gift, kind *Bacchus*, to rehearse :
 The *Vine* affords the gen'rous sparkling Juice,
 Which will to *Male-Productions* most conduce ;
 That chief which reddens on *Burgundia's* Plain,
 Where scarce the Skins the swelling Flood contain ;
 And the sweet *Nectar* which *Campania* fills,
 Or that which gladdens our *Aisian* Hills.

H E A R then, ye Wives, who to a *Male* incline,
 Nor blush to heighten your Repast with Wine ;
 And let the Spouse agreeing in the End,
 Drink moderate, and social Glasses blend :
 For Nature, when she moulded *Woman's* Frame,
 Gave Moisture to her Womb, her Temper, Flame ;
 And these exalted by the *Vinous* Heat,
 A proper Mixture for a *Male* complete.
 Nor yet too frequent to the Liquor press ;
 The Juice is noxious taken to excess :
 It floats in heavy and unactive Streams,
 And damps the native Heat with sickly Steams.
 Nature oppres'd, in her Foundation fails,
 Too gross from thence to form the vig'rous *Males*.
 Remember how once *Bacchus* fluster'd came,
 And hot with Wine compress'd the *Cyprian* Dame :
 Folding the Goddess in his drunken Arms,
 Glowing he kiss'd, and rioted in Charms :
 The crude warm Seed thus immaturely wrought,
 A foul, obscene, disfigur'd Daughter brought ;
 The *Gout* her Name, of pale and squallid Face ;
 Limping she walk'd, and hobbled in her Pace.

Let

L et Prudence then thy flowing Cup restrain,
And golden *Moderation* hold the Rein.

NOR must thou only Father *Bacchus* spare ;
Th' *Idalian* Mother asks an equal Care :
Forbear on either bad extreme to touch,
Kiss not too often, nor yet Drink too much,
If e'er thy eager Wishes hope to hear
The name of *Son* sound grateful in thy Ear :
For frequent Joys too much the Spirits tire,
And spoil that Fuel which should feed the Fire :
Hence thin and watry Particles they breed,
And *Female* Births betray the weaker Seed.
When *Venus* then at Intervals pursu'd,
Has giv'n kind Nature time to work her Food ;
When the distended Vessels proudly show
How full within the vital Humours glow ;
Then let the Pair my just Directions use,
And a *Male-Star* for their Embraces chuse ;
They warmest influence the Nuptial Bed ;
Such force the *Twins*, the *Ram*, and *Lion* shed ;
The same in *Chiron's* lovely *Star* prevails,
In *Hyla's* Urn, and in *Astrea's* Scales.

YET more the *Bards* by their *Urania* taught,
Have to their useful Art the *Planets* brought :
They tell that *Saturn*, *Mars*, and warmer *Jove*,
For a *Male-Offspring* most propitious prove ;
And thou too, *Phæbus*, whose reviving Ray
Cheers all Mankind, and gilds the joyous Day.

Then

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Then heed the time when *Jove* or *Phœbus* shine
In a *Male-Star*, and influence thy Line :
Then Nature's Dictates usefully pursue,
Then the soft Work, the pleasing Toil, renew.

AGAIN, the Morning for a *Male* is best;
The Seed maturing in the Time of Rest,
A firm and well-cemented *Basis* lays,
From whence the lusty nervous Boy to raise.

NOR must thou only this thy Care believe,
That the close Womb the fruitful Seed receive ;
But when the Streams of either Parent mix'd,
Are in their proper Recaptacle fix'd ;
Let the *Wife*, mindful of the kind Design,
Turn to the *Right*, and there at Ease recline ;
For in that Cell, the Seeds of Life begun,
Will surest work the *Fluid* to a Son.
Who knows not that the *Right* the *Left* excels,
That there superior Heat and Vigour dwells ;
From thence new Life distends each sinking Vein,
And re-inspires the languid Pulse again ?
Hence they who *Nature* with Attention read,
Think from the *Right* the vig'rous *Males* proceed.

SOME too who would advance the Rules of Love,
Defective Nature thus by Art improve ;
They the *left Testicle* with force restrain,
That Nature may a fuller Stream maintain,

And

And thro *the Right* the whole collected Tide,
 Rushing with more prolifick Virtue, glide.
 So when the *Swains* a lusty Race intend,
 That scorn beneath the weightry *Yoke* to bend ;
 Soon as the youngest of the *Herd* they find,
 They fast the *Left*, and weakest Vessels bind ;
 And thus secur'd, he multiplies his Kind.
 Such Care to propagate the *Male* obtains,
 And thro each Species undistinguish'd reigns.

WHY should I more ? or why offend the Sight
 With nauseous Images of foul Delight ?
 Why paint inverted Acts of justful Strife,
 The passive Husband, and the active Wife ?
 Why tell from whence mishapen Births arise,
 Of Form distorted, and enormous Size ?
 Monsters, *Hermaphrodites*, a direful Scene,
 Too foul to mention, and for Verse too mean.
 The Muse appears——and with a modest Grace,
 A decent Blush diffus'd upon her Face,
 In gentle Murmurs she her Poet chides,
 And far from this ungrateful Subject guides.
 Stop thy rash Pen, and let thy Art appear
 Grateful and modest to the tender Ear,
 And such as Maiden Innocence may hear.
 Far from the Secrets of the *Paphian* Quire
 Let th' unmarried *Bard* and *Virgin* Muse retire.

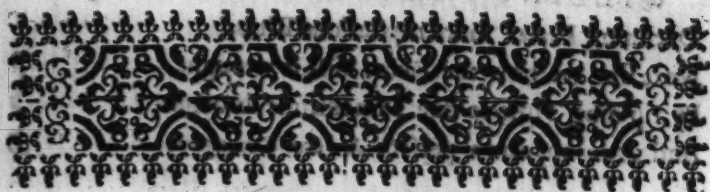
WILLING I follow where the Muse invites,
Declining *Venus*' more mysterious Rites.
Next sing we how the *Fœtus* first is wrought,
By rip'ning Time to due Dimensions brought,
And *Man* appears a perfect *Master-Draught*.

}

CALLIPEDIA



CAL-



CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Tokens of Conception. Precepts to the Bride when breeding. The Power of Imagination. The Episode of Chiron the Centaur. His Formation and Birth is describ'd. The Causes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the Epicurean Philosophy. Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the Embryo is distorted. Description of the Grove of Elms on the Banks of the Sein. The Danger of too much riding in a Coach, Dancing, &c. The peculiar Effect which the Small-Pox has in spoiling a comely Face.

NOW the sure Tokens of Conception heed;
 A thrilling Joy attends th' ejected Seed;
 Th' impetuous Sally of a pleasing Pain
 Invades the Nerves, and stretches ev'ry Vein.
 The Months retain'd, the Womb begins to close,
 And from the swelling Breasts a milky Fountain flows.

Then,



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Then, marry'd Nymphs, imploy your nicest Care,
If, like your selves, you wish an Offspring fair;
Neglect does oft the hopeful Bud destroy,
And blasts the Promise of a comely Boy.

BUT since kind Nature has to me display'd
Those sweet Recesses where Mankind is made;
Ye pregnant Matrons, who design to shun
Those Rocks on which some careless Wives have run,
Mark me your Pilot: If you ask a Race
Of a hale Body and a beauteous Face,
(The Product of a pure prolifick Juice)
Observe the Lessons of th' instructive Muse.

BUT you chaste Sisters of th' *Aonian* Throng,
Who with new Graces have adorn'd my Song;
Forgive your Poet, nor his Numbers blame,
If they too often sound the *Cyprian* Name.
Venus no more with a lascivious Smile
Shall taint my Verse, and blot my chaster Stile;
At *Paphos* let the Harlot Goddess stay,
While modest Wives abhor her wanton way,
Nor soil the Beauties of their first Essay.
For if the Womb then glow with lustful Fire,
And, ev'n tho pregnant, rage with fresh Desire;
Some shapeless Creature will perhaps proceed
From the ill-tim'd Embrace, and mar the Breed:
Or a too violent Motion may bring forth
A half-begotten, or abortive Birth:
As in the youthful Spring we often see
The flowry Blossoms on some blooming Tree;

Which.

Which promises delicious Fruit, and keeps
 The sanguine Cherry for the Lady's Lips :
 But if some Wind, or ruder Clown shall shake
 The hopeful Boughs, or tender Branches break,
 The Longings of the teeming Wife are crost,
 And all the early Hopes of Summer lost.
 Ye Husbands then, if Prudence guides, forbear
 Your dang'rous Kisses to the breeding Fair.
 Enough is paid to Love's indearing Charms,
 And fatal now becomes the Circle of your Arms.
 Lascivious Goats and Wolves, by Nature wise,
 When big with Young, the vigorous Leap despise.

HERE should I sing what necessary Food
 Suits with the pregnant Dame, and forms a gen'rous
 Brood ;
 But I omit : Let *Sammarthanus* tell,
 Who on that Subject has prescrib'd so well.

SOON as the *Fœtus* to the Womb is join'd,
 And founds a Temple for th' immortal Mind,
 • Beware, ye Matrons, how with Vapours press'd,
 • You form fantastick Visions in your Breast.
 • Guard well your Eyes from Monsters, and beware
 • No *Æsop* or *Thersites* enter there,
 • But all diverting Sights, but pleasing all and fair.
 For when the Work of Generation grows,
 And from the Brain a subtile Spirit flows,
 Which mingling in the Womb with genial Heat,
 Does there the fructifying Humour meet,

With

With arbitrary Power it stamps it there,
And binds th' obedient Mass the Form impos'd to wear.
But then this Power is often apt to err,
And oft imprints a harsh rude Character.
So have I seen the Baker's Hand bestow
All sorts of Figures on the kneaded Dough ;
In Beasts, in Birds, in Men the Paste is dress'd,
And in ten thousand Shapes adorns the various Feast.
Thus Fancy does the pliant *Fætus* wind,
Thus makes Impressions on the feeble Mind.

N O R are these Notions fanciful and vain,
No wild *Chimeras* of some modern Brain ;
But the just Lessons of an antient Age,
By *Plutarch* taught of old, and many a learned Sage :
Who knows not, *Chiron*, how th' afflicted Earth
Curs'd thy half-monstrous and half-human Birth ?

W H E N *Phillyra* had fir'd old *Saturn's* Blood,
And his chill Veins swell'd with a warmer Flood ;
A second Youth return'd, th' impatient Sire
Goaded with Lust, and raving with Desire,
For the bright Virgin spreads each subtle Snare,
Tries every Art to win the tender Fair :
Her, with the blue-ey'd *Nereids* in her Train,
By chance disporting on her native Plain,
The heav'nly *Letcher* seiz'd ; and bore away
To lonesom shady Groves the beauteous Prey :
What Sighs ! what Groans she sent ! what Tears she shed
For her Fame lost, and spotless Honour fled !

With

With piercing Shrieks she mov'd the neighb'ring Shore,
 And echoing Rocks around were heard to roar :
 While with unequal strength the Nymph withstood
 The rank Embraces of the shaggy God.
 But the * *Great Mother* with Resentment saw
 The faithless Breach of Matrimonial Law ;
 And from above descended to destroy
 Th' adult'rous Kisses, and dishonest Joy :
 The *Goatish God* his jealous Wife to 'scape,
 Drop'd his own Form, and in a Horse's shape,
 With fearful Voice thro the thick Forest neigh'd ;
 While to sad Plaints, beneath some Poplar Shade,
 Resign'd the hapless and deserted Maid :
 There injur'd she laments her cruel Doom,
 And the lost Honours of her Virgin-Bloom,

M E A N time what beauteous Progeny could rise
 From so deform'd a Cause and foul Disguise ?
 Fancy improves the Objects of the Sight,
 And takes more strong Impressions from a Fright,
 Now were her thrice three tedious Months expir'd,
 And Nature to discharge the full-grown Babe desir'd :
 When an unheard of Prodigy besel ;
 (How my Heart shudders, and recoils to tell !)
 Lo ! from her Womb a horrid Form appears,
 With human Face erect, and shaggy Hairs,
 With horny Hoofs and Saddle-back the *Half-Beast* In-
 fant scares.

* *Cybele.*

Who

Who can express what Terror and Surprise
 Seiz'd on the Mother-Nymph, and swell'd her Eyes;
 When the new Monster, ignominious Brood!
 Call'd to her flushing Face the *conscious* Blood?
 Say, ye mild *Nereids*, who from *Ocean* came,
 How much you suffer'd for your Sister's Shame;
 How, when wrong'd *Phillyra* began to pine,
 Your gushing Tears increas'd your native Brine;
 How sighing Winds, and wailing Waters moan'd,
 And pitying Caves, reverberating, groan'd.

AND was I born for this, she cry'd, to see
 A Progeny so vile arise from me?
 Ill the Great Father of the Gods repays
 My loss of Honour with a Birth so base.
 Be witness for me, all ye Powers Divine!
 If I have sinn'd, it is no Fault of mine.
 O chaste *Lucina*, wou'd thy angry Dart
 In my first painful *Throws* had pierc'd my Heart!
 Or wou'd some inauspicious Star had shed
 Malignant Beams on my devoted Head!
 Better I ne'er had seen th' unwelcome Light
 Of hated Day, than this more hated Sight.
 Wou'd I——but here a Tide of Anguish sprung
 Loose on her fault'ring Lips, and choak'd her Tongue.
 More had she said; but sunk upon the place,
 While a cold Sweat stuck on her clammy Face,
 Her rosy Colour fled, and ev'ry blooming Grace.
 Her frighted Sisters to her Aid repair,
 Their Love expressing by their timely Care,
 And rich *Electral Spirits* instantly prepare:

These

These Father *Ocean* from his Bosom throws,
 To rouse the drooping Soul, when sunk with Woes ;
 Which, mix'd with Cordial Juice, remove the Smart
 Of anxious Minds, and cheer the drooping Heart.
 To Life return'd, the Nymph again complains,
 To Grief recover'd, and restor'd to Pains.

OFT was she heard to curse the joyless Light,
 And with her Shame hid in eternal Night :
 Till stealing thro her Limbs, a gentle Sleep
 Does in soft Chains her wearied Body keep ;
 With various Figures of a pleasing Kind,
 Her Brain refreshes, and regales her Mind.

BUT, as in sweet Repose she slumb'ring lay,
 Fatigu'd with the sad Business of the Day ;
 An airy Nymph appear'd, whose splendid Show
 Out-shone the Colours of Heaven's gaudy Bow ;
Pantasia hight, who, with lascivious Pride,
 By twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
 Sometimes her *Pygmy Littleness* delights,
 And sometimes her *Gygantick Stature* frights ;
 Now like the Day she shines with silver Rays,
 Now a black Night deforms her sooty Face :
 Round her all Nature's various *Species* stand,
 And follow her *unlimited* Command :
 A Sea rolls on with harmless Fury here,
 Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear :
 Here in a Moment are vast Armies made,
 And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd.

At

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At last from different Forms *Phantasia* took
A chearful Air, and with a jocund Look,
In words like these the sleeping Fair bespoke :

ENOUGH of Tears, O *Phillyra* ! forbear
To vex thy lovely Cheeks and golden Hair ;
Dry up those Eyes, from which alone proceed
Thy numerous Woes, and this *unnatural* Breed.
Oft have they figur'd *Saturn* to your Brain,
With hideous Neighings, and a spreading Main ;
And oft have I (who all Complexions shew,
And paint all *Species* to th' internal View)
His hairy Limbs thee meditating seen,
And dwelling on his Form with pensive Mien ;
When, rustling thro the Wood, with winged Hoof
He flew amain, to shun his injur'd Wife's reproof.
And thee, deflower'd, to thy Woes resign'd,
Revolving his foul Image in thy Mind ;
Whence to a human Head a Horse's Back was join'd.
But if, when pregnant, thou hadst thought aright,
Nor forc'd me to depaint this odious Sight ;
A pure, unblended Offspring had been thine,
With heav'nly Beauty grac'd, and Shape Divine.
Yet, *hapless Nymph*, to mitigate thy Smart,
And ease with Comfort thy afflicted Heart ;
Not wholly lost to Hope, enjoy thy Woe ;
Oft from black Clouds the Beams of *Phæbus* flow,
And oft reviving Joys from past Misfortunes grow.
Hear then, what I, prescious of coming Fate,
Nor always feigning idle Dreams, relate :

Thy

Thy present Sorrows, this *prodigious Boy*
 Shall largely recompense with future Joy ;
 When, in the full Maturity of Age,
 His prudent Hand shall write Life's manly Page ;
 Then shall his vast surprizing *Genius* shine,
 All Eyes amazing, as his Birth does thine :
 He shall the Level of Mankind disdain,
 And speak and think above a human Strain :
 His searching Mind shall Nature's Wealth explore,
 Her inmost Rooms, and undiscover'd Store ;
 Of *Earth* and *Ocean* shall the Secrets know,
 Of Plants and Herbs, and for what Use they grow,
 Of Metals, Gems, and all the *living World* below.
 Nor thus contented with a narrow Flight,
 From the scorn'd Globe shall soar, and lessening to the
 Sight,
 Shall Heaven's bright Volumes read, and scan each starry
 Light.
 Nor shall his hairy Hyde, and Shape so foul,
 Disgrace his lofty and sagacious Soul,
Thetis, the Seed of *Nereus*, shall prepare
 Her own *Achilles* for thy Offspring's Care :
 His Skill the youthful Hero shall inspire
 To rule the fiery Steed, and touch the tuneful Lyre.
 His *martial Pupil* shall his Youth employ
 In Arms, and, when betray'd to War, destroy
Dardanian Towers, and *Priam's* lofty *Troy*.
 Then, when thy *Chiron's mortal half* shall die,
 His Soul shall mount aloft, and sparkle in the * Sky.

* *Chiron after his Death was made a Constellation, call'd Sagittary.*

She

She said, and strait dissolv'd to empty Air,
 Her *Phantoms* with her fled, and left the waking Fair;
 She now reliev'd from her tormenting Pains,
 Feels a new Life rekindle in her Veins:
 Her lazy Blood flows with a brisker Stream,
 Her Strength recover'd by the pleasing Dream,
 Whose healthy Joys her better Mind restore;
 Her Heart, which ruffling Storms had vex'd before,
 Is all a gentle Calm, tumultuous now no more.
 Wak'd from deep thinking, she begins to find
 Light to her Eyes, and Comfort to her Mind.
 But since an Object, which disturb'd her Sight,
 Produc'd this length of Woes, and sad affright;
 Her Eyes no more survey the monstrous Whale,
 With spouting Jaws, and huge extended Tail:
 The slimy † *Phoca*, basking on the Shore,
 Or sailing on the Deep, delights no more:
 The wanton *Dolphins* now her Senses shock,
 And various *Proteus* with his scaly Flock;
 Or bloated *Tritons*, who, with rattling sound
 Of Coral, shake the wat'ry World around.
 Taught by Experience of her past Disgrace,
 She shuns the Converse of the finny Race:
 None but bright Objects, her peculiar Care,
 Young blooming *Nereids*, her Companions are,
 Sea-born like *Venus*, and like *Venus* fair.

† The *Phoca* is an amphibious Animal, and breeds on Land.

IF then, ye Matrons, who conceive, design
 A future Offspring which may grace your Line ;
 Let not your Fancy at all Objects fly,
 But keep strict Reins upon your roving Eye :
 Shun ev'ry Thing which shocks your Sense, and view
 Ingenuous Looks alone of shining Hue.
 If for a Boy with comely Face you long,
 See the *Bright God* who from *Latona* sprung,
Apollo, ever Fair, and ever Young :
 Or view *Alexis*, whom the *Mantuan* Swain
 Pursu'd with fruitless Love and mournful Strain.
 But if a Progeny of Female Race,
 With unresisted Charms and lovely Grace,
 Delight you more ; the *Paphian Goddess* view,
 Such as the Pencil of fam'd *Tirian* drew :
 Or *Danae's* alluring Looks behold,
 While *Genial Jove* descends in liquid Gold.

OR if a Beauty of the modern Age
 Shall your Attention and Delight engage,
 To my fair *Phyllis* let your Eyes incline ;
 For fair she was, or such she seem'd to mine ;
 When her unhappy Love my Heart possess'd,
 And scorch'd with furious Flames my burning Breast.
 O, with what Bloom, what Flower of Youth she shone !
 How her Cheeks blush'd a Colour, all her own,
 A genuine Red, like Roses newly blown !
 What Nymph with *Phyllis* could pretend to vie
 A whiter Forehead, or a livelier Eye ?

Who

Whose Frame was like the World, an eloquent Soul
Spoke in each Part, and sparkl'd thro' the Whole;
Each Limb did wanton *Loves* and *Graces* bear;
There lodg'd their Arms, their Bows and Arrows there.
But Oh! on what imperceptible Strings
Depends th' inconstant Fate of human things!
That Face in which the Gods might take delight,
Is now grown hideous, and forbids the Sight.
With cruel Scythe, inexorable Time
Mows down her Youthly Bloom, and Beauty's Prime.
Now wrinkly Age begins to draw his Plough
On that once smooth, once snowy spacious Brow:
Now, where her Teeth took up their Ivory Seat,
Is all an empty Space, or Scene of Jett:
Her Head, which once with golden Tresses shone,
Is silver'd o'er with Hairs but thinly sown:
And now the Flame, which on my Marrow prey'd,
Begins to languish, and the Heat's decay'd.
Phyllis no more can now her Charms employ,
But damps Desire, and frights the *Cyprian* Boy.
Deform'd, she cures the Wound her Beauty gave;
And she, whose Eyes could kill me, now can save.
Since then the Honours of her Face are lost,
Shun her, ye Pregnant, as a living Ghost:
Lest with her sight your Fancy be defil'd,
And fix her horrid Image on the coming Child.

AND now let *Chariclea's* Birth be sung,
Who from an *Ethiopian* Mother sprung:

Her sooty Sire was stounded at the sight,
 With all his swarthy Lords, in deep affright,
 To see the new-born Babe deform'd with milky White.
 For as *Perfina* cherish'd in her Womb
 The growing *Fætus*, in the royal Room
 The Picture of † *Andromeda* was seen,
 Painted with snowy Brow, and comely Mien :
 Which while the Mother with a greedy view
 Intent devour'd, white *Images* she drew ;
 From whence a Birth of unknown Whiteness came,
 A Co'our devious from the Royal Stem.

BUT who can any Cure or Comfort bring,
 Where Jealousy has stuck her pois'nous sting ?
 Th' afflicted Monarch thinks his Bed defil'd,
 And wreaks his Malice on the harmless Child :
 Th' unknowing tender Babe is now resign'd
 To raging Billows and each boist'rous Wind ;
 From Dangers to repeated Dangers toss'd,
 To all, but Providence's Favour, lost :

† Here seems to be a Mistake of the Author, who makes *Andromeda* of a White Complexion, whereas she was the Daughter of *Cepheas* King of *Æthiopia*; and if she was a Beauty, she must be a Black one, according to *Ovid* :

Candida si non sum, placuit *Cepheia* *Perseo*
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.

Ep. *Sappho* to *Phaon*.

What

What shapes of Death she saw! what Hazards bore!
 Pursu'd where'er she flies, to Sea and Shore,
 By angry Tempests, by a Father more :
 Till learn'd *Sisimethres*, in Nature skill'd,
 A sage *Gymnosophist*, the Cause reveal'd,
 From whence that strange degenerate Colour rose,
 Which soil'd with White th' unhappy Daughter's Brows ;
 How some fair Object of a sim'lar kind
 Work'd on her pregnant Mother's longing Mind.
 The King was pleas'd with his convincing Sense,
 Which vindicated injur'd Innocence.
 But tho, O *Meroe's* Priest, you reason right,
 That such an Object, working on the sight,
 Stamp'd this Complexion on the Virgin's Face,
 New, and abhorrent from her Father's Race ;
 Yet since you leave us in the dark, to know
 How *Images*, which on our Vision flow,
 Are with such force indu'd, and Power so strange,
 Sufficient to produce this wondrous Change ;
 This my inquiring Muse presumes to tell,
 And solve mysterious Nature's Miracle.

NOR am I chain'd to *Aristotle's* Rules,
 So often prated in the wrangling Schools :
 To me his vain Opinions dark appear,
 And want a stronger Light to make them clear.
 Me, *Epicurus*, in thy Walks admit,
 To raise my Fancy, and improve my Wit :
 The purest Knowledge in thy Garden Springs,
 In that, the hidden Principles of Things.

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Phaon.

What

Thence will I take my Flight and numerous Strain,
 And fear no Error in a Path so plain.
 Our own *Gassendus* shall direct my view,
 For the terraqueous Globe is his *Purlieu*.
 He chafes Nature wherefoe'er she flies,
 O'er Earth and Seas, in Air or starry Skies.
 In vain her Swiftness would assist the Dame,
 Hot in pursuit of Wisdom, and of Fame,
 His penetrating Mind o'ertrikes the noble Game.

FIRST, look around: Whatever meets your Eye,
 In the wide Universe of Earth and Sky,
 Scatters small Atoms in the ambient Air,
 Scal'd from each Body, and whirl'd here and there
 In a continual Fluor; these we call
 The Elements of Things which form'd this All.
 These, with swift violent Motion, wander o'er
 Each Sense, and penetrate the smallest Pore.
 But think not here, by these continual Flows,
 That a corporeal Object lesser grows;
 For that deficiency and quick decrease
 Of subtile Bodies, is supply'd with ease;
 A new accession does the want repay,
 With Atoms subtile and as fine as they:
 These *Images* are so concise and fine,
 That were it possible for you to join,
 And heap together, all which in the Air
 Have fluctuated for a hundred Year,
 They scarce would by the naked Eye be read,
 Or spin a little Spider's smallest Thred;

Nor

Nor do they less out-strip in rapid flight,
The darting Sun-Beams, and the nimble Light,
And the swift Planets of th' Æthereal World ;
With such a strong Velocity they're hurl'd.

THOSE which from fair and comely Objects fly,
By their own Smoothness please th' affected Eye :
Thro the Sight's Pores round little Globules steal,
And the charm'd Senses a strange Pleasure feel ;
With secret Joy the Soul it self is seiz'd,
And with th' agreeable *Idolum* pleas'd ;
Which wand'ring from the Eyes by ways unknown,
O'er the soft Bowels and warm Heart is thrown,
And mingling in the Womb the fair *Idea's* sown,
By which kind Nature models her Design,
With forming Hand she works each beauteous Line,
And all delightfom Things in the Composure join.
But if th' *Idola* from soul Figures rise,
Their Roughness shocks the Soul, and wounds the Eyes ;
And, as with Spears which grow from bladed Corn,
Invade the Mind, and make the Senses mourn ;
Whence strange Dislike surprizes every Part,
And fills with Horror the recoiling Heart ;
Which, thus contract, does th' ill-form'd Image throw
Into the Womb, and there th' unpleasing Figure sow ;
By which Direction Nature shapes her Aim,
Distorts the Limbs, or does the Piece defame
With Features most deform'd, the weeping Mother's
Shame.

And, as we often by Experience find,
If a vile Body clothe as vile a Mind,
The World, which by the Looks does Actions scan,
Will in the Child condemn the future Man.

NOR wonder that the *Fœtus* should become
So pliant to Impressions in the Womb ;
And yet the Mother should untouch'd escape,
Retain her Beauty still, and comely Shape :
For as young Fruits, which on the Tree depend,
Maturing, may the loaded Branches bend ;
Yet are no equal Combat to repel
The shocks of roaring Winds and rattling Hail,
Nor can the Buffets of a Storm defy,
Like the tough Trunk, which dares the angry Sky ;
So the soft *Fœtus* can so quickly feel,
Obnoxious to receive the slightest Ill.

'TIS certain then, this *Image* does remain,
For nine Months space, deep rooted in the Brain ;
And this alone does frequently controul
The beauteous Labour of the forming Soul.
True ; Nature, entring on her just Design
To build a human Frame, a Work divine,
After long Study, does at last begin
To weave the Bowels of the Mass within ;
And then to knit the various Limbs proceeds,
And first with Blood the recent Vessels feeds :
Her next peculiar Care is to supply
With Flesh, the well-join'd Arm and sinewy Thigh :

— Last,

Last, with th' extended Skin's becoming Grace,
She spreads the Forehead, and adorns the Face.

Now well secure your Thoughts; nor look too near,
Or steddily, on what may cost you dear;
For you may dissonant Impressions take,
From Nature's Law, and mar the beauteous Make.

NOR is 't enough to sooth your longing Sight
With only what affects you with Delight;
Or from uncouth, unsightly Things to run;
You must immoderate, frequent Dancings shun,
And take peculiar Caution how you move
Too violent, when you first Conception prove,
Or when the *Embryo*, lab'ring to break forth,
Shall give sure promise of th' approaching Birth;
For at both times, the *Fœtus* in suspense,
Cleaves to the Womb by slender *Ligaments*.
And if a Matron, who would fain excel
For a light nimble Heel, and Dancing well,
Shall at such time delight to throw around
Her spreading Arms, and skim along the Ground;
She's justly punish'd, if from thence proceed,
Or an untimely, or mishapen Breed.
As a young teeming Nymph, who, by a Strain
In dancing, struggled with a racking Pain,
Sent for the † *Coan Sage*, (than whom was found
None more in the * *Chironian Art* renown'd)

† *Hippocrates, a famous Physician, born in the Island Cos.*

* *Chiron: first found out the Art of Physick.*

Here

D 5

Who

Who told her, whence she was so sadly cross'd,
 And the first promise of an Offspring lost;
 How too much Motion, and too violent Speed,
 Had kill'd the Product of th' enliv'ning Seed;
 When the Formation was but just begun,
 And the thin Thred of Life but newly spun.
 So if a Matron, eight Months gone with Child,
 Dance, like a *Bacchanalian*, loose and wild,
 She surely brings the Birth before the Time,
 And dearly suffers for her foolish Crime.
 What Man can then endure th' undecent sight,
 Who, at a Ball, on some rejoycing Night,
 A pregnant Lady in the Dance beholds,
 And mutual Arms lock'd in alternate Folds?
 Yet tho my Muse the breeding Fair would fright
 From those Diversions which her Sex delight,
 She should not therefore to inaction lean,
 But follow Reason, and her *Golden Mean*:
 For both Extremities alike displease,
 Immoderate Motion, or immoderate Ease.
 Sloth with gross Humours loads the racy Blood,
 And choaks the Passage of the vital Flood;
 That sprightly Vertue and ingenit Heat,
 Which should the *Fœtus* in just Form complete,
 Oppress'd by inactivity retire,
 Unable to exert their generous Fire.

BUT well us'd Exercise will chear the Mind,
 And free the Spirits, which have slept confin'd
 Beneath a sluggish Heap of misty Fumes,
 Till the Soul wakes, and all her native Warmth resumes:

Hence

Hence the young *Pris'ner in the Womb* transpires
 With greater Freedom, and sound Health acquires,
 Well-limb'd and hale, when stranger to the Day,
 On the World's Stage he makes Life's first Essay.

BUT what Diversion, by the Rules of Art,
 What gentle Labour will the Muse impart,
 The Joints to supple, and enlarge the Heart?
 Whether to slacken and unbend her Care,
 The pregnant Matron to the Fields repair,
 In Coach, or open Chaise, imbibe the Morning Air.

WHERE chiefly the tall *Elms* in shady Rows,
 Nor to bleak *Winds* nor burning *Suns* expose:
 Where silver *Sequana's* indulgent Tide
 Does *Paris* with his glassy Streams divide,
 Inriching, as he flows, each thirsty Meadow's side.

O! with what secret Joy the Heartstrings dance,
 To see the blooming Youth, and Flow'r of *France*,
 In sparkling Numbers o'er the Park advance:
 To taste new Pleasures, and new Pleasures bring,
 When on the Plain the winged Coursers spring,
 And flying Chariots kindle in the Ring.

HERE a young Lord of wond'rous Hopes behold,
 Drawn in a splendid Coach adorn'd with Gold:
 His Garb all killing, and each Gem a Dart
 Which finds a Passage to the Lady's Heart:

Down

Down on his Ivory Neck the flowing Hair,
And silver Plumes, which nod and sport in Air,
Command the Passion, and engage the Fair.

THERE shines a Nymph, of more than human Race,
With genuine Beauty and unborrow'd Grace,
And flashes, as she flies, in each Admirer's Face :
Her Eyes all flaming, and her rising Breast
Courting the Hand, and suing to be press'd :
Her the pleas'd Lover prostrately adores,
And to the Goddess his best Wishes pours;
She with a Smile his Compliment returns,
And cools the sev'rish Flame with which he burns.

BECOMING pleasurable Sights, like these,
Will sooth the Senses, and the Pregnant please.
But when, bent homeward, ev'ry Coach retires,
And the Diversion with the Day expires,
Then each *Automedon*, with furious Speed,
Drives on the kindling Wheels, and whips the foaming
Steed,
Loosens his Reins, and fearing to be late,
Contentends to be the foremost at the Gate ;
He pushes forward, eager to displace
His Fellow-Driver in the rapid Race :
Hence the soft Nymph a secret Horror feels,
From an ungrateful Din of crashing Wheels :
Hence an unlucky Fall unveils to sight
What her chaste Garments would conceal from light :
Misfortune's Crime ! The frightened Virgin shrieks,
Mourns her bruis'd Forehead, or her bleeding Cheeks,

Or swelling Eyes, which oft, alas ! disgrace
The budding Honours of her injur'd Face.
Therefore, O Pregnant, with a cautious Care,
Those dangerous Strifes and Rivalries beware :
With Pride let others in the Front appear,
Take thou the safe Dishonour of the Rear.

FOR grant your Coach unhurt, your self secure,
Yet where's the harm in being *slow and sure* ?
Perhaps the fear of falling will bring forth
A worse Misfortune, an Abortive Birth :
For when the Blood shall with a sudden start
Run to the Caverns of the Womb and Heart,
A chilling Fear will all your Hopes defeat,
Whose Icy Flood destroys the forming Heat.

I F then you would not willingly despair
Of a fine Offspring or a beauteous Heir ;
The Ring, where rattling Chariots run, forbear :
In flow'ry Meads and silent Fields be seen,
Haunt the neat Garden, or the pleasing Green,
And taste salubrious Air, and Zephyr's Breath serene,
But whither shall the Pregnant Lady run,
The biting Cold and nipping Frost to shun ?
When Northern Winds the Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Unclothe the Meadows, and disrobe the Trees :
Shall she at home, like a *Recluse*, confin'd,
Mock the vain Malice of the pinching Wind ;
And, wedded to a close warm Room, despise
The dreadful Season, and inclement Skies ?

I grant it proper, in a cover'd Place,
 Secure from Cold, to pass the wintry Days,
 And breed a jolly, strong, and healthy Race.
 But in the keenest Winters we behold
 Some sprinklings of the *Sun's* refreshing Gold,
 When, the *Winds* silent, from the Sky he gleams,
 And sparingly bestows his smiling Beams:
 Then may the Pregnant to her Neighbours roam;
 And chearfully resign her closer Home;
 Return a Visit, and, o'er harmless *Tea*,
 Or sprightly *Wine*, be jocular and free;
 Beguile the Minutes, till approaching Night,
 In merry Tales, and innocent Delight.

AND, which the Muse should have prescrib'd before,
 First, the *Great Father* of all Things adore;
 Thro him thy Womb conceiv'd, his heav'nly Pow'r
 Preserves the *Fœtus* till the promis'd Hour;
 Frequent his Church, thy best Devotions pay,
 And holy Off'rings on his Altars lay,
 Imploring that the future *Maid* or *Boy*
 May all their Hours religiously employ,
 Do Actions worthy of an honest Fame,
 Till the Soul quit the Body's weaken'd Frame,
 Returning to the Sky from whence it came.
 From the first Moment you Conception find,
 Observe these Rules, and board them in your Mind;
 Till, gathering Strength, and ripening into Birth,
 The young Increaser of the peopled Earth
 Starts from the *Barriers* of the Womb, to run
 The Race of Life, when his first Thred is spun.

AND

AND when, by racking Pangs the Mother torn,
 The full-grown Infant labours to be born,
 And struggling into Air, explores his way
 For more extended Room and larger Day;
 Then chiefly, then your nicest Care employ,
 Nor spoil the Figure of the coming Boy,
 Nor with distorted Limbs the beauteous Work destroy.
 His little Joints are pliant to command,
 Tender, and waxen to the moulding Hand:
 Then the least want of Caution, or of Skill,
 May swell the Shoulders with a rising Hill,
 With crooked Knees or ill-turn'd Shape, debase
 Th' imperfect Praise of a well-featur'd Face.
 If row'd the opening Womb the Infant bend
 His forward Feet, or either Hand extend,
 Or Back obverted to the Face expose,
 And double the tormented Mother's Throws,
 Let the wise Midwife's gentle Hand restrain
 The dangerous Error, and relieve her Pain;
 The tortur'd Matron of her Load discharge,
 And from his Prison the new Babe enlarge:
 Compose his Frame, and so your Art apply,
 That his Head first salute the upper Sky.
 In every Birth the Head first visits Day;
 'Tis Nature's Rule, which all born Things obey.

AND now the Mother, when her Grievs are done,
 Sees her fair Self in a delicious Son;
 The lawful Issue of the Nuptial Bed
 Must now be cherish'd, and in Cradle laid;

Here

Here let the careful Nurse with easy Hand,
 Bind round his Waist the purple Swadling-Band,
 Left she deform the soft and lovely Boy,
 And dash th' expecting Parents future Joy :
 For at his Entrance in Life's early Scene,
 Too tight a Swathing will distort his Mien,
 And the base World with a malicious Sneer,
 Will the foul Burden on his Shoulders jeer.

BESIDES, if for your Offspring you desire
 To keep his native Elegance entire,
 You must with speedy Remedies displace
 Those Foes which oft invade the Childish Race ;
 Chiefly the *Measles* and *Small Pox* beware,
 Those *Goths* and *Vandals* to the tender Fair,
 Which plant thick Ulcers, and young Beauty blight
 With pimpled Sores, ungrateful to the Sight,
 Strait for Relief to some *Mackaon* fly,
 Lest a foul Scar affect the sparkling Eye,
 Or Nose, or rosy Cheek, or dimpled Chin,
 Or roughen the smooth Surface of the Skin.
 How did *Aminia*, in her flow'ry Spring,
 Shine in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring !
 Who could alas ! her numerous Graces tell,
 E'er to this Plague a Sacrifice she fell ?
 What *Lillies* from her Forehead did it tear,
 And kill'd the little Loves which sported there !
 Not *Cytherea* could of late compare
 With *Galatea's* Smiles and winning Air ;
 What Hecatombs of Lovers would she slay,
 Till she became this Tyrant's mournful Prey

Wha

Who with devoted sacrilegious Arms,
 Robb'd her bright Temple of a thousand Charms ;
 Her dented Cheeks, where Roses grew before,
 And dropping Eyes, distribute Death no more.
Daphnis was once the Beauty of the Plain,
 Till this Contagion seiz'd the lovely Swain :
 How was he courted ! How the Idol grown
 Of the fair Sex, and Darling of his own !
Daphnis the Breast of each Beholder fir'd,
Daphnis alone the longing Nymphs desir'd ;
 But now they pity whom they once admir'd.
 But this is foreign to the Poet's Art,
 This pious Care is the Physician's Part :
 Who can endure my Rashness, or excuse
 The bold Presumption of my daring Muse !
 Unequal to the Province, she resigns
 The Charge to *Sammarthanus*' learned Lines :
 Nor will she tread where he has gone before,
 But stand aloof, and silently adore.
 If then, ye Matrons, you affect to know
 From whence these Spots, the worst of Judgments, flow :
 If from a beauteous Face you would remove
 Those Stains, which damp the Sparks of kindling Love ;
 Read what the Rules of *Sammarthanus* tell,
 And hourly on his useful Pages dwell :
 Not indigent of Fame, with happy Flight,
 His Wings have reach'd *Parnassus*' double Height ;
 All *Helicon* flows in his Strains divine,
 Rolls with luxuriant Streams in every Line,
 While whole *Apollo's* Beams in his bright Numbers
 shine.

AND

AND now 'tis time to bait, and kindly chuse
 Some small Refreshment for the breathing Muse ;
 She, who encourag'd by *Phæbean* Heat,
 Soar'd with no vulgar Wing to th' Gods upper Seat,
 Who, with disdainful Smile, but now survey'd
 The subject Clouds, and Earth's inferior Shade,
 Now courts soft Quiet, and the pleasing Glade :
 But if by Chance the *Goddeſs* shall return,
 And my warm Breast with a new *Phæbus* burn,
 I may hereafter feel my self inclin'd
 To sing the Nuptials of the beauteous Mind,
 And an unblemish'd Soul to a fair Body join'd :
 For who can bear the foul, forbidding Sight
 Of well-born Beauty, warping from the Right,
 Prowling with greedy and dishonest Eyes,
 For Scenes of Lust, Debauchery, and Vice ?
 Should Souls, descending from a Heav'nly Race,
 With low Desires their lofty Birth disgrace ?
 But the wild Madness of this *Iron Age*
 Is undeserving of th' instructive Page :
 The World has banish'd, as an idle Name, 1
 The love of *Vertue*, and the fear of *Shame*.
 'Tis hard among a thousand now to find
 One with plain naked Honesty of Mind ;
 Since *France* with endless Wars familiar grown,
 Adopted foreign Manners for her own.
 Ye *Guardian Gods*, distributors of Fate,
 Ye watchful *Angels* of th' *Hæctorean* State !

Book III. CALLIPÆDIA.

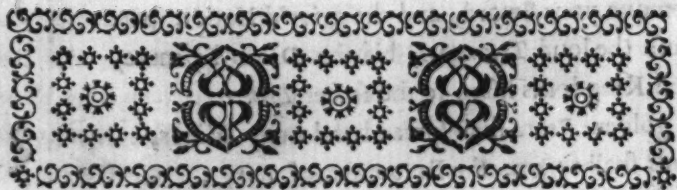
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If e'er the *Gallic* Glory was your Care,
 Hold your commission'd Anger, and forbear,
 Remove your Sword, and the griev'd Nation spare :
 Hush the loud *Trumpets*, bid the *Drum* be mute,
 And Kingdoms listen to the softer *Lute* :
 So golden *Peace* shall spread her downy Wings,
Arts shall return, the Favourites of *Kings*,
 And *Laurels* flourish to reward what the bold *Poet* sings.

CALLIPÆDIA



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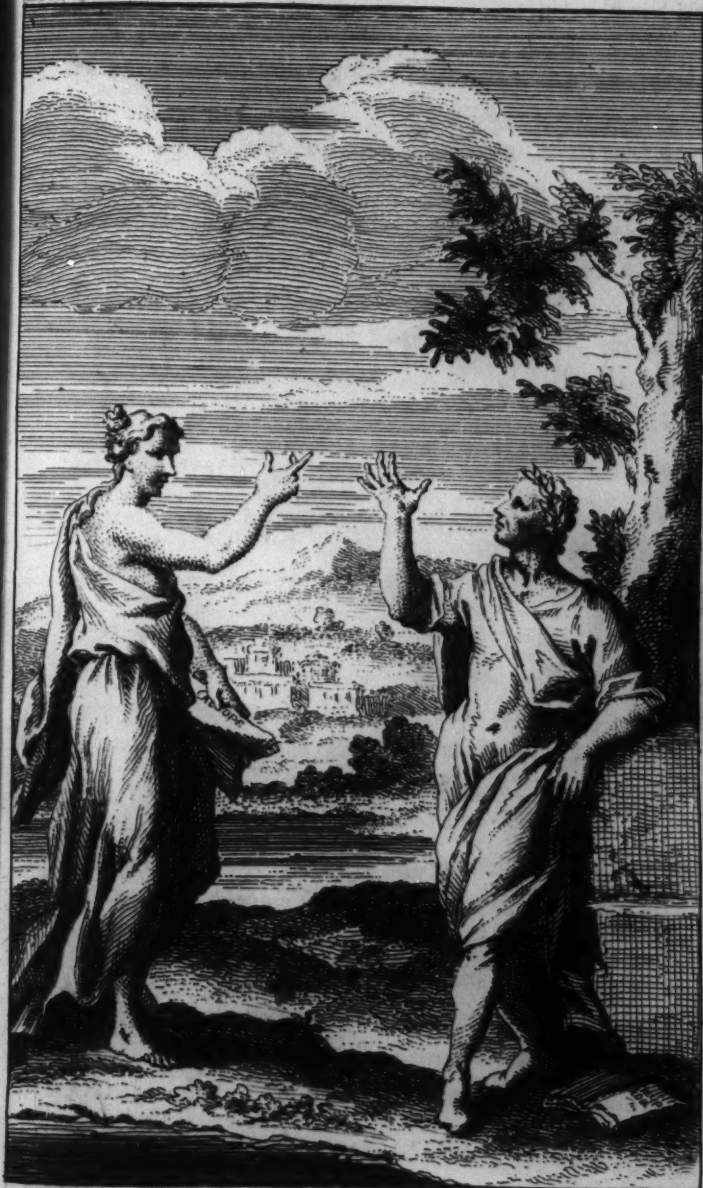
CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Vertue ; which is more amiable when it proceeds from a Fair Body. The Beauty both of the Male and Female Mind, which springs from the Power of the Understanding and Will. The Difference of the Italian and French Genius. Reflections on Noblemen, who suffer their Sons, when they have scarce come from their Tutors, to mingle themselves in all Companies without Distinction. Of Travel. This Book concludes with a Poetical Prophecy of the Pyrenæan Peace, then just on Foot, from whence the Author promises Felicity to the Muses, and a right Use of his Callipædia.

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HY must the pensive Muse her Labours cease;
 Forget her grateful Toil, and rust in ease?
 Shall *Phæbus* in perpetual Slumbers dream,
 Heedless of Verse, and a more noble Theme?

THUS far the Song of Love and Pleasure treats,
 To bless the Issue of the lawful Sheers;
 To form the envy'd Pride of either Sex,
 And mould proportion'd Limbs, and paint the blooming
 Cheeks:

A greater Task remains to crown the whole,
 The innate Virtues of a spotless Soul:
 How lovely are the Graces of the Mind,
 With heav'nly Forms and youthful Beauty join'd!

THOU, Goddess, whom no guilty Passions move,
 Sprung from the teeming Brain of chaster *Jove*,
 To whose bless'd Influence Mankind below
 Ingenuous Arts, and vertuous Manners owe,
 Assist the Song; the Theme is all Divine:
 May ev'ry Thought and ev'ry Word be Thine.
 The Muse no more the wanton Lay approves,
 Or tells of youthful Toys and softer Loves:
 Warm'd with a brighter Spark of heav'nly Fire,
 She sees the frowning *Cupids* all retire.
 (Fond Joys may please awhile, but end in Shame;
 A smoaky Stench surrounds the guilty Flame:
 The noisom Fires, at best, obscurely burn,
 And the gross Fuel will to Ashes turn.)

W H E N

WHEN first *Prometheus* did stol'n Life convey,
 And warm'd with sacred Fires the moulded Clay,
 Man walk'd erect, with a majestick Grace,
 And heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his smiling Face :
 A Ray Divine, pluck'd from th' immortal Skies,
 Shone in his Cheeks, and sparkled in his Eyes :
 But soon the Wretch fell from a juster Pride,
 Tho to primæval Light and heav'nly Spheres ally'd.
 Still querulous, and prone to vain Complaint,
 He talks of trifling Ills, and fancy'd Want ;
 That Heav'n regards his Happiness the least,
 More just to Brutes, and kind to ev'ry Beast :
 With fruitless Discontent the fond Ingrate
 Blasphemes the Gods, and blames indulgent Fate ;
 And thinks it hard that Man (the Lord of All)
 Should from the warmer Womb a *naked Infant* crawl.

WHAT, tho my Mind (says he) with Notions
 fraught,
 Boasts an unlimited extent of Thought ;
 And tho ambitious Hopes and vast Desires
 Confess a Soul ting'd with immortal Fires,
 If I must be a rude unfinish'd Sketch,
 By Nature form'd, and born a helpless Wretch ?
 Man the kind Womb by force unwilling leaves,
 And with just Tears th' unimely Exit grieves ;
 Heav'n no Defence to him, no Covering gives,
 And thus the hard cold Earth the shivering Babe receives :
 While the blest'd Brutes, tho form'd of coarser Mould,
 Are not expos'd to Famine or to Cold ;

Less Miseries attend th' ignoble Birth,
 Tho their dull Souls bend down their Looks to Earth,
 They by unerring Instinct all are taught,
 Ills to be shunn'd, and Pleasures to be sought :
 No outward Force the fearless Savage harms;
 Bold with his Strength, and fenc'd with native Arms ;
 On ev'ry Hide thick shaggy Ringlets grow,
 That dare the Club, and mock the coming Blow.
 The vigorous Bull the fierce Assailant scorns,
 And paws the Ground, and sets his bending Horns.
 The scaly Fish sport in their native Sea,
 And thus secur'd, they force the liquid Way.
 The Birds, on Wings well-pois'd, with emulous Pride,
 Race thro aerial Tracks, and cut the yielding Void.
 The pregnant Earth each worthless Insect treats
 With ready Viands, and unlabour'd Meats ;
 While she on hated Man no Food bestows,
 But got by weary'd Limbs, and sweating Brows.
 Beside that heav'nly Spark and active Fire,
 That does sound Sense and solid Worth inspire ;
 That innate Reason we so greatly boast,
 Is oft by Ignorance dull'd, by Passion cross'd,
 In winding Doubts and mazing Errors lost. }
 When first the Wretch a slumb'ring Infant lies,
 No Gleams of Thought, no Starts of Passion rise :
 The Notions all are sullied and dispers'd,
 While the sad Mind, in grosser Clay immers'd,
 In Darkness sleeps ; and an unthinking State,
 More happy thus than when she feels the pressing Weight.

FOR when slow Time, and studious Care reveals
 Where sacred Truth is hid, and Honour dwells ;
 When by an odious Train of formal Rules,
 And the rough Discipline of tedious Schools,
 Man comes to Reason, and begins to know ;
 The glimmering Lights, at best, imperfect show,
 What is our Good, but cannot Good bestow.
 For ah ! what Pains and Doubts distract the Soul,
 While fond Desires the Judgment's Choice controul !
 How hard a Task to guide th' unruly Will,
 Or fix the certain Bounds of Good and Ill !
 To still vain Hopes, and sudden Fears subdue,
 And flying Truths with steady Eyes pursue !
 Or Vertue's doubtful Ways to guess aright,
 While Error's pleasing Paths our straying Steps invite !
 How great a Toil to stem the raging Flood,
 When Beauty stirs the Mass of youthful Blood ;
 When the swoln Veins with circling Torrents rise,
 And softer Passions speak thro wishing Eyes !
 The Voice of Reason's drown'd, in vain it speaks,
 When hasty Anger dyes the glowing Cheeks,
 And vengeful Pride hurries the Mortal on
 To Deeds unheard before, and Cruelties unknown :
 Such is the Thing call'd *Man* ; and this is Life,
 An endless War of Thoughts, and an eternal Strife.

THUS the bold Wretch——Ah ! too profanely Wife,
 And partial to himself, incessant cries ;

A

A Judge unfit to search Heav'n's secret Ways,
Too oft blasphemes the Powers he ought to praise.

BUT groundless Murm'rings are with Ease reprov'd ;
Say, is not Man by every God belov'd ?

Man, Lord of all, and the Earth's darling Pride,

Tho form'd of *Æther*, and to Heav'n ally'd :

By Reason taught, and touch'd with purer Light,

O'er all beside He claims a Sov'raign Right ;

The kinder Pow'rs infus'd a nobler Mind,

To sway the World, and rule the bestial Kind.

What tho the Babe begins his Life with Cries,

When sudden Light disturbs his weaker Eyes ;

The new-born Man, unlike the hairy Beast,

Comes from the Womb (as from his Bed) undrest ?

Since the kind Mother, with indulgent Care,

Will swathing Bands, and soft Array prepare

To wrap the tender Limbs, and skreen the piercing Air :

She safe defends him from attending Harm,

And hugs him close, and keeps the Infant warm ;

Till settled Limbs support the darling Boy,

Who wanton smiles, and runs to ev'ry Toy :

Then trivial Knowledge, and first Thoughts commence,

And Reason's twilight gleams in lisping Sense :

But when it shines in full Perfection bright,

The conscious Mind pursues her boundless Sight.

Man sees thro all : one view t' his Knowledge brings

The Chain of Causes, and result of Things :

The Creatures all obey ; he gives the Word,

They patient yield, and own their destin'd Lord :

E

While

While Wisdom's Clue guides thro' Life's wild'ring Maze,
 Shows Vertue's Path, and Sin's declining Ways,
 (The different Tracks of Infamy and Praise)
 And specious Ills unmasks, and hidden Good displays :
 It marks the Road direct to real Bliss,
 And secret tells him when he acts amiss.
 Hence well-form'd States are propt with wholesom Laws,
 And just Decrees support the rightful Cause ;
 Arts are improv'd, and Turrets high-adorn'd
 Despise the ruder Caves, by Nature form'd ;
 Bright Palaces o'erlook the neighb'ring Woods,
 And smoaky Towns encrease the sitting Clouds.
 Nature in vain conceals her precious Ore,
 Men rifle all, and search the hidden Store ;
 They ev'ry Right, and ev'ry Pow'r invade ;
 The passive Elements, by Duty sway'd,
 Now dread the awful Tyrant whom they made.

THE Soul ('tis true) condemn'd awhile by Fate
 To this dull Prison, grieves the pressing Weight :
 Continu'd Doubts, and endless Tumults rise,
 While Reason dictates still what Sense denies :
 Prest down by Clay, she stoops to low Desires,
 And dotes on Earth, and fancy'd Good admires.
 But when the rising Mind impartial views
 Her wond'rous self, and her own Thought pursues,
 How vain the transient Show of Things around,
 What worthless Baits are guilty Pleasures found ;
 She spurns her Cage, and takes unbounded Flight
 To Heav'n, her blissful Home, and to Æthereal Light.

NOT

NOT that the Soul at once her Freedom sees ;
 The mighty Work is form'd by slow Degrees :
 First wholesom Rules restrain unheedful Youth,
 And reconcile the sickly Mind to Truth :
 Duty enforc'd, and Vertue's sacred Lore
 Timely imbib'd, will sovereign Health restore.
 'Tis true, an high Descent, an antient Line,
 And th' envy'd Honours of a Race Divine,
 Th' ambitious Soul to generous Acts incline :
 The purer Blood with nobler Warmth inspires,
 And vertuous Sons descend from vertuous Sires.
 But ah ! neglected Blooms will soon decay ;
 A thousand Baits unguarded Youth betray,
 Till kind Instruction has the Mind improv'd ;
 (For Truths oft taught are not with ease remov'd.)
 But if this first great Task be left undone,
 We soon shall mourn a loose degenerate Son ;
 The Work is ruin'd, tho so well begun.

SAY therefore, are not those absurdly vain,
 Who cause their Children's Fate, and then complain ;
 Who with a hopeful beauteous Offspring blest,
 Forget themselves, and hire unwholesom Breasts ;
 And to some common Wretch commit the Care
 Of Infant-*Calia*, or the future Heir ?
 Beside Diseases, and unnumber'd Ills,
 That latent spread, and flow in milky Rills,
 That from bad Teats, and putrid Channels pass,
 And taint the Blood, and mingle with the Mass ;

The noxious Food conveys a greater Curse,
 Even the meaner Passions of the Nurse;
 Th' unthinking Babe sucks in the deadly Bane,
 And new-form'd Lusts the native Vertue stain;
 Who draws the flaggy Breasts of wanton Dames,
 Shall base Desires imbibe, and burn with guilty Flames.

THUS the Great Founder of the Roman State,
 Was fam'd for brutal Rage, and boundless Hate,
 Which crush'd a Brother with untimely Fate:
 By Rapes he peopled what he built with Blood,
 And Rome to mighty Guilt her Grandeur ow'd:
 The savage Dam had sour'd with wolfish Spleen,
 The manly Soul, distain'd with Lust unclean:
 Hence wild Revenge glow'd in his Royal Breast;
 Who was his Nurse, his Actions plain confess,
 And whose the Pap which first the Infant prest.

BUT when the kind, the prudent Dame is found,
 Wholesome and chaste, in Mind and Body sound;
 The next great Lesson bids, with early Pain,
 Inform the Infant-mind, and mould the yielding Brain.
 For tho a Wretch to foul Attempts incline,
 Merely by Nature urg'd, and not Design;
 Tho tainted Juices in the Womb prevail,
 And stain the Birth, and secret Guilt entail;
 (As oft ill Humours will affect the Mind,
 While shut in Body, and to Earth confin'd)
 Yet virtuous Rules will new Desires instil,
 And straiten to themselves the warping Will;

Precepts well-urg'd will rising Lust controul,
Give a new Turn, and Beauty to the whole,
And from its winding Tract restrain the byass'd Soul.

THUS *Socrates* was obstinately good,
Virtuous by Force, by Inclination leud;
When secret Movements drew his Soul aside,
He quell'd his Lust, and stem'd the swelling Tide;
Sustain'd by Reason still, unmov'd he stood,
And steady bore against th' opposing Flood:
He durst correct what Nature form'd amiss,
And forc'd unwilling Virtue to be his:
Fame circling flies thro ev'ry *Gretian* Town,
Proclaims the *Sage*, and makes the *Hero* known:
Applause from Men might not alone suffice;
They stil'd him Good, but Heaven pronounc'd him Wise.

BUT if the painful Muse with anxious Care,
Should ev'ry Truth, or ev'ry Rule declare,
And on each Branch with tedious Niceness dwell,
To endless Tomes the mighty Task would swell;
Yet those first Maxims, which will Vice remove,
Childhood correct, and blooming Youth improve,
The Verse shall tell; and with what studious Care,
Indulgent Parents form the growing Heir:
While yet the helpless Babe, unthinking, lies
Still mute, but when he tells his Pain in Cries;
While yet the Parts with softning Moisture fill'd,
Sink at the Touch, and to Impression yield:
While the lax Sinews have no vigorous Spring,
Then mould, and shape the soft and tender Thing.

In Little let the future Man be seen,
 And form the Body to a graceful Mien :
 Nought now demands the Parents daily Care,
 But how to warm, and feed the Infant Heir :
 By easy Motion, and indulgent Arts,
 Now shape the Limbs, and fix the hardning Parts.
 No time as yet to teach, or change the Will ;
 No busy Thoughts distinguish Good from Ill.
 Unus'd to Clay, a-while th' imprison'd Mind
 Is at a loss to think, when thus confin'd ;
 But slumb'ring lies, and pent in Darkness shows
 No active Force ; no Spark of Reason glows,
 And scarce the Soul her own Existence knows.

SO when the coming Morn looks faintly bright,
 And gilds the Mountain-tops with weaker Light ;
 When first the Sun, unwilling, leaves the Sea,
 And ruddy Dawn begins the early Day ;
 The watry Drops still hang upon his Beams,
 And trembling Light breaks in imperfect Gleams,
 But when the God has shook his dewy Head,
 And cooling Moisture falls on ev'ry Mead,
 His brighter Orb its wonted Force regains,
 And spreads diffusive Heat, and cheers the smiling Plains.

BUT when the stronger Limbs to firmness grow,
 And Babes begin their Parents Voice to know ;
 When toying Childhood grateful Mirth affords,
 And tells its trifling Sense in faulting Words,

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Then strengthen too the Mind, as yet but weak,
 Teach then the conscious Soul her God to seek,
 And let her list the Praise she cannot speak.
 Oft talk of Him, and tell the awful Name,
 And how this *All* from that *First Being* came,
 And whose kind Influence still preserves the beauteous
 Frame.

When bursting Vapours eccho in the Skies,
 And flashing Lightnings strike the trembling Eyes;
 Tell him, 'tis Heaven incens'd that thus repeats
 Affrighting Sounds, and speaks in angry Threats,
 When heedless Men forget the sacred Law :
 Thus teach the Child, and thus the Infant awe.
 These early Traces in the tender Brain,
 Will fix the Notions which will long remain.

MERE Reason, by its own Reflection taught,
 May find a *God*, and seek the nobler Thought ;
 May searching guess the Origin of Man,
 And how itself, and how the World began.
 But ah ! — if not improv'd by friendly Art,
 Reason untaught these Truths will slow impart.
 Thus in the Western World, so lately found,
 Tho circling Years have past their constant Round ;
 Tho tedious Ages have successive roll'd,
 No length of Time could this great Truth unfold.
 Here all her Pride has bounteous Nature shown,
 And sports herself in Forms to us unknown.
 But tho each blushing Fruit, or smiling Flow'r
 Declares a *God*, and speaks his awful Pow'r,

Yet the dark *Indians* never will reflect,
 No Deity adore, no Heav'n expect.
 Thoughtless they live, nor heed an After-state,
 Intent on Earth, and careless of their Fate.
 'Tis hard to wake when drowzy Mists arise,
 And pleasing Slumbers close the willing Eyes :
 Such is the Toil, for an untutor'd Mind
 To rouse itself, or hidden Truths to find.
 The Youth thus taught, how Heaven will be obey'd,
 And what returns of Duty must be paid ;
 Then farther teach, and let him early know,
 What to ourselves, and what to Men we owe.
 Now ev'ry tender Sentiment improve,
 And let the Heart with softer Passions move.
 When Vices first their baneful Influence show,
 And when his little Cheeks with Anger glow ;
 When once the Seeds of partial Hate appear,
 Or envious Rage lets fall a silent Tear,
 Then Parents, if you love your growing Heir,
 Be justly angry, nor Correction spare,
 But kill the noxious Weeds with timely Care.
 Now Wrong forbid, and teach what Rules are just,
 And what the Ties of Love and mutual Trust ;
 What Honour bids, and Gratitude requires,
 And what Respect is paid to hoary Sires.
 A Father's Love and Mother's Care commend,
 And tell what Pains the anxious Birth attend.
 What Wretch, when thus inform'd, will not obey
 The Author of himself, and grateful Honours pay ?
 Then fix the Bands of Government, and show
 Who are the Sov'reign Pow'rs which rule below ;

Who

Who by just Laws, and an impartial Sway,
Protect the Good, and make the Ill obey.

BUT when the reasoning Soul extends her View,
And dares look round, and the vast Search pursue;
By Learning then the ruder Ore refine,
Polish the whole, and make the Work divine:
Ingenuous Arts will mildly purge away
The drossy Substance, and the base Allay.
Say, is not this the soft, the docil Age,
Whose Actions will the future Man engage?
Now vig'rous Streams spout from the lab'ring Heart;
And ready Wit and lively Sense impart.
Lose not the time: the moist, the tender Brain
Is easy form'd, and will each Hint retain.
The Soul's prepar'd for Wisdom's sacred Lore;
Ransack the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Store.
Let the Youth labour with incessant Pains,
And hourly read, and search the great Remains.
Nor Authors of a modern Date disdain,
Whose worthy Labours antient Truths explain.
The Muse will still admire the *Latian* Groves,
She the blest Soil, and happy Climate loves.
The *French* in Language pure, in Sense polite,
The willing Reader to the Task invire.
The lofty *Spaniard* is instructive found,
Tho soaring in his Flights, and fond of pompous Sound.
By a just History the Mind's improv'd,
For Men are ever by Example mov'd.
It shows the World, and to Reflection brings
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings.

It brings back Time, and the past Age retrieves,
 And here th' immortal Chief unenvy'd lives.
 Actions thus told heroick Worth inspire,
 And kindle in the Soul an active Fire,
 And stir the Breast with emulous Desire.
 But those who wild romantick Stories feign,
 The Fustian Hero beyond Nature strain;
 They form new Worlds, and tell of Kings unknown;
 Battles ne'er fought, and Victories ne'er won,
 Of monstrous Giants, and unequal Fights,
 And Dragons fell engag'd by doughty Knights;
 The Fairy Scene by pompous Show delights,
 By Fancy rul'd, weak Judgments please themselves
 With Chiefs enchanted, and with wandring Elves.
 But let the Youth the empty Tale despise,
 Remove the vain Amusement from his Eyes;
 For false Ideas, if indulg'd, at last
 Deprave the Morals, and debauch the Taste.
 But still the Muses claim a just Esteem;
 The Bard sees Visions, but Romancers dream.
 The Moral Verse will alway be admir'd;
 Poets may teach, for Poets are inspir'd.
 Vertue thus drest, is lovely in Disguise;
 And Verse will find him, who a Sermon flies.

AND now the Voice to manly Accent breaks,
 And the first Down o'er spreads the blooming Cheeks.
 When thus encreasing Strength, and youthful Fire
 Forward to Action, vigorous Thoughts inspire,
 And push him on to Love, and gay Desire;

Then

Then restless Passions, with a sudden Flood,
 Disturb the Man, and stir the rising Blood.
 Now the Tides swell, and foamy Billows roul,
 And rapid Torrents hurry on the Soul.
 Youth fondly mocks the Dictates of the Wife,
 And scornful smiles, when hoary Hairs advise ;
 The wanton Swain, when flush'd in blooming Years,
 The least Restraint (ah too impatient !) bears.
 Yet a bright Ray may pierce the yielding Shade,
 And sudden shine around the darksome Glade.
 Wisdom will buoy the sinking Soul, and save
 Amidst the Floods, and dare the coming Wave.
 But ah ! unwearied watch, with Caution steer,
 And careful look, when winding Gulphs appear ;
 Or soon in the swift circling Current tost,
 You'll whirl around, and be in Eddies lost.

BUT would you thoroughly purge the vicious Stain,
 Exert the Man, and let no Passion reign ;
 Believe the Soul, when freed from pressing Clay,
 Will to some unknown Region wing away.
 Think righteous Heav'n will its own Laws regard,
 And punish those whom Justice can't reward.
 But if no Fiends in gloomy Darkness howl,
 Nor Ghosts in airy Forms confess the Soul :
 If sulph'rous Lakes, and livid Fires below,
 To Priests their Being, or to Statesmen owe ;
 If vain we hope a bright Expanse above,
 Where Spirits riot in Excess of Love ;
 If after Death be nothing, nothing Death
 But th' utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath ;

If these are all Dreams, Whimfies, and no more,
 First made by Fear, and then enforc'd by Pow'r,
 What Motive can reclaim the careless Boy?
 He'll give a Loose, and grasp the fleeting Joy;
 Greedy indulge what Pleasures now invite,
 And snatch the present Moments of Delight:
 But future Joys believ'd, or future Pain,
 Will curb the wild Desire, and ev'ry Lust restrain.
 To trace th' intelligible World, and find
 Th' immortal Nature of an active Mind,
 Is th' utmost Height, and most exalted View,
 That Reason here can reach, or Thought pursue.
 To know our God, and know our selves, is all
 That we can Happiness or Wisdom call.

JUST Notions will into good Actions grow,
 And to our Reason we our Vertues owe:
 False Judgments are th' unhappy Source of Ill,
 And blinded Error draws the passive Will;
 Deceiv'd by Show, we seldom think with Care,
 While with false Beauty and affected Air,
 Too often 'tis the Dress that makes the Fair.
 But let not specious Errors soon betray;
 Unmask the Cheat, and chase the Clouds away,
 Long doubt, and oft reflect, and firm Assent delay.
 But ah! the Race of Life is easy run,
 While tedious Science is as yet begun;
 Thought must the previous Strokes of Sense attend,
 And huddled Images but slow ascend.
 From earthy Dregs the circling Fogs arise,
 And misty Vapours skim before our Eyes;

The

The Soul is forc'd, while pent in darksome Clay,
To grope in Shades, and guess the doubtful way.
Great is the Toil, but glorious is the Prize;
Who would not always labour to be Wise?
Thus Heav'n decrees, and we must search to find,
Or wink for ever, be for ever blind.

N O R may we hence indulge a wild Conceit,
And vainly hope to climb the utmost Height;
To view the inmost Essences of things,
And Nature's hidden Laws, and secret Springs:
She coyly hides, and shifts her various Shapes,
Slips from th' Embrace, and ev'ry Eye escapes.
Knowledge has Bounds, that stint th' unwilling Soul;
For finite Reason cannot grasp the whole.
We see enough t' employ the lab'ring Mind,
Nor may we search what Heaven forbids to find.
Mark how the Orbs their finish'd Course renew,
Still move alike, and constant Rules pursue.

L O O K up, and then conceive, how vast, how bright,
That inexhausted Source of joyous Light!
Think, if the sluggish Earth be downward prest
By its own Weight, and courts unactive Rest,
Th' unwear'd God to daily Toil succeeds,
And drives th' Ætherial Stage, and guides the flying Steeds;
While we, dull and unmov'd, see all beside,
Dance the swift Round, and circle thro' the Void.
But if the Sun, fix'd in his Central Throne,
Attracts the Planets, and commands alone,

He tunes the Spheres, and they harmonious sound,
 Earth too becomes a Star, and keeps the constant Round.
 But whate'er System Fancy may approve,
 Whether we like to rest, or chuse to move,
 Th' Effect's the same, and one Almighty Cause
 The Motion first began, and fix'd th' unerring Laws.

THE *Atomist* may groundless Schemes pursue,
 T' explain the old World, or create a new ;
 Well-pleas'd he may indulge his wandering Thoughts,
 And endless Voids conceive, and flying Motes.
 But let these roul long in the boundless Space,
 Then meet, and form an indigested Mass;
 If Motion thus with thoughtless Chance combine,
 And huddled Bodies close without Design,
 A rude and shapeless Chaos will arise ;
 No smiling Meads below, above no vaulted Skies :
 Till some blest Pow'r at length reduce the whole,
 Divide the Parts, and give an active Soul.
 Ah ! might Reflection to the Mind disclose
 What different Particles this All compose ;
 Might we but trace the Springs as yet unseen,
 And secret Movements of the vast Machine,
 The several Figures and the Motions know,
 To which the Species their Distinction owe :
 Tho various Forms adorn the beauteous Frame,
 Matter (unlike it self) is all the same.
 From the same blended Elements proceed
 The scented Flower, and pestilential Weed ;
 They form the yielding Grass, and flinty Stone,
 And waving Crops, by sportive Zephyrs blown.

Hence

Hence in cool Shade the humble *Myrtle* grows,
And high the *Oak* extends his leafy Boughs.
The living World has the same common Birth,
Here flower Insects cling to Parent Earth;
Now bleating Flocks we hear, and lowing Herds,
And the more grateful Harmony of Birds;
While sportive Fish thro watry Mazes roam,
And with a silent Joy possess their native home.

CAUSES remote from our Observance fly,
We have a nobler Object always nigh;
Man, lordly Creature! in whom Beauties meet,
Unnumber'd, and the lovely Frame compleat.
Mark the nice Structure, and the wondrous Art,
How just the Whole, how curious ev'ry Part.
By the Child's Features we the Parent guess,
And Looks divine an heav'nly Sire confess.
Man amiably majestick walks erect,
And from th' inferiour World commands Respect;
Reason curbs Force, and gives to Fury Laws,
And fiercest Creatures to Subjection awes:
They conscious yield, and own the righteous Sway,
And their just Sovereign passively obey.
Man is the Universe, in little shown,
The scatter'd Beauties here are join'd in one;
In him the several Motions are explain'd,
And the great World is in the less contain'd.
For as th' *Almighty's* Throne is fix'd on high,
(Far from these lower Spheres, and arched Sky)
Where *Seraphs* and *Cherubic* Orders stand,
Attend the Nod, and wait the blest Command;

Then

Then with Angelick Motion swift obey,
 And instantly themselves to farthest Worlds convey;
 Thus seated in the Brain, the reasoning Soul
 Exalted sits, and there directs the whole.
 At the least Hint the conscious Spirits start,
 Loaden with Images from ev'ry part;
 In branched Tubes the subtile Atoms roam,
 And from each Sense bring fresh Advices home.
 The immaterial Mind attends above,
 While they inform how outward Objects move.
 The God of Light sends down his streaming Rays
 On the warm'd Earth, and cheers with smiling Days.
 And thus the central Heart the Source contains
 Of vital Heat, and in its Cavern strains
 The bubbling Streams, that stretch the swelling Veins.
 Still it conveys the swift returning Blood,
 And restless thus maintains the circling Flood.
 The Sun (when Summer-Heats the Spring succeed)
 Changes the tarnish'd Verdure of the Mead:
 The dry'd up Rills no longer murmuring creep
 O'er the smooth Pebbles, and invite to sleep;
 But buzzing Insects make an uncouth Noise,
 And sulph'rous Vapours thunder in the Skies.
 So when the Heart tumultuous Passions move,
 If melting in the softer Flames of Love,
 With quicker Strokes the hasty Pulses beat,
 And glowing Cheeks confess the inward Heat;
 Or if fierce Rage provoke, and vengeful Ire,
 The Eyes then sparkle with unusual Fire:
 Ah! soon the Flames their rapid Fury spread,
 And colour all with a malignant Red.

Curse

Curfes and Oaths th' unthinking Wretch repeats,
And the Tongue falters in half-utter'd Threats.
How like the Earth mix'd with the watry Mafs,
Where troubled Seas the slimy Land embrace,
Are Man's lefs noble Parts, th' interiour Drain,
Where forc'd the cruder Sediments remain?
Here ftagnate Filth, and acid worthlefs Lees,
And noifome Heaps from various Foods encrease.
Hence windy Fumes, and fudden Vapours spread,
That fwell the Breast, and rack the aching Head,
Till forc'd by ftronger Nature to retreat,
They melting fall, and all difsolve in Sweat:
Dispers'd in watry Drops they pain no more,
But work infenfibly thro' ev'ry Pore.
And as the Sun by his own Heat exhales
Clouds from the Sea, and Fogs from marfhy Vales;
Which (tho' bafe born) ambitious higher move,
Prevent the Light, and hide the Worlds above:
So from corporeal Dregs the Mifts condense,
And intercept the Meflengers of Senfe.
Hence the clogg'd Spirits their Confinement mourn,
And Reafon waits in vain the fwift Return.
The clouded Images their March delay,
Till the rous'd Soul, by a fuperiour Ray,
Breaks thro' the Shade, and urges on the Day.

BUT if external Features may furprize,
And a juft Texture charms th' unwear'd Eyes;
What are the Godlike Beauties we admire,
When confcious Souls within themfelves retire?

Th' Angelick Natures, tho awhile fimmur'd,
 Yet know they are from Age and Death secur'd.
Matter, however moulded or refin'd,
 Can ne'er be thought to form a thinking Mind.
 When the sick, weak, dissolving Body lies,
 And rigid Death has fix'd the languid Eyes;
 Freed from those irksome Bands, th' immortal Fair
 Mounts up unseen, and spurns the grosser Air.
 Brutes by mere Sense, or secret Impulse move,
 Hate without Thought, and without Reason love.
 But she from simple Terms Conclusions draws,
 Notions abstract, and universal Laws,
 And from the Effect pursues th' undoubted Cause :
 Too bright for Sense, such Notions are innate;
 Heav'n must at first imprint, or Souls create.
 With Pleasure these th' attentive Mind employ,
 And conscious of her self, she feels a secret Joy.

THUS Nought without the first great Cause affects,
 Tho he moves all, and ev'ry Spring directs :
 Did not his Care the steady Frame preserve,
 Things would all clash, and from their Order swerve :
 Nought can eternal Happiness remove,
 Infinites neither lessen, nor improve.
 Myriads of Ages, e'er the World was made,
 Or th' Arches turn'd, or the Foundations laid,
 The Deity, unchang'd, was fully blest,
 Nor with Creation was his Joy increas'd.
 Full of himself, th' Almighty is the same,
 Tho he dissolve the universal Frame,
And Time, and Motion, have no more a Name.

BUT

BUT when the *Soul* believes herself Divine,
Will she to mean or bestial Acts incline?
Or thus inform'd, be mov'd with ev'ry Toy
That gives to tickled Sense a transient Joy?
Or can th' immortal Mind, which knows her self,
Stoop to base Gain, and pine for sordid Pelf?
Will present Fame a real Pleasure give
To Things, which must e'en Time it-self outlive?
If sinning Souls are doom'd to snaky Fiends,
And flaming Gulphs, and Pain which never ends;
And they, who always act as Heav'n approves,
Enjoy eternal Rest in peaceful Groves;
Who would not labour with unweary'd Pain
To curb Desires, and vicious Thoughts restrain;
To guide his doubtful Steps by Reason's Clue,
And the right Path thro mazing Labyrinths pursue?
Who would add Fuel to a gullry Flame,
And forfeit future Joy for present Shame?
Or greedy still indulge the craving Taste,
And thoughtless Time in noisy Riots waste?
Who on this thing call'd *Life*, has serious thought,
How short, how foolish, and how soon forgot;
With Scorn the Hurry of the World attends,
While busy Men pursue unworthy Ends.
The Rubs of Life without Concern he meets,
Braves ev'ry noisy Blast, and careless sits.
A Soul thus buoy'd, no sudden Storms can drown,
Vertue dares smile when Fortune seems to frown;
Whate'er befalls, the vertuous Man is blest,
Tho pin'd by Sickness, or by Want oppress.

Tho

Tho the great Vulgar, and the little, rail,
 And blasting Tongues o'er weaker Truth prevail :
 Arm'd, and secure within himself he lies,
 Will mock their Censure, and their Fame despise.
 Hardships encountred make the Hero great,
 And real Worth will rise by pressing Weight.
 'Tho envious Mounds th' increasing Stream oppose,
 It grows more rapid when it overflows :
Man was not made to please himself alone ;
 No, the least part of Life we call our own.
 The Soil, where first we drew the vital Air,
 Commands a grateful Sense, and claims our Care ;
 Relative Duties our Amusements cross,
 And all our Minutes to themselves engross ;
 The Offices of Love, and mutual Trust,
 Cement the whole, and make the Order just.
 What Wretch (ingrate!) to such respects as these
 Prefers his Sloth, and courts inglorious Ease ?
 All Men are useful, when they wise approve
 What Heav'n allows, nor too eccentric move,
 And sink below themselves, or soar above.
 Careful observe what Byass guides the Mind,
 And how the ruling Genius is inclin'd.
 Ambitious Chiefs the Trumpet's Call obey,
 More pleas'd than with the Shepherd's humble Lay.
 By Dangers never aw'd, nor chill'd by Fear,
 They grasp th' avenging Sword, and couch the Spear.
 While those, whose Veins feel no such vigorous Fire,
 To silent Glades, and thoughtful Groves retire.
 The kinder Fates produce the rural Swain,
 To sing, and love, and guard his native Plain ;

Or bid the fluent Scribe harangue the Town,
 And reap the peaceful Honours of the Gown.
 But when sham'd Treaties, or ambitious Aims
 Force injur'd States to prove their rightful Claims;
 When muster'd Legions to the Field are led,
 And widow'd Dames mourn their deserted Bed;
 Then (if inclin'd) while youthful Vigour lasts,
 E'er the first lovely Bloom of Life be past,
 Make the Campaign, and 'midst the Heroes shine,
 And boldly charge and force th' opposing Line.
 But, ah! in Camps a thousand Vices reign,
 Which blast their Laurels, and their Glories stain.
 False Honour justifies the bravely leud,
 And Men are infamous who dare be good.
 Just Right, and Pow'r, in War are all the same,
 The longest Sword decides the doubtful Claim.
 Hence martial Fires degenerate into Rage,
 And oft in Murders, or in Rapes engage.
 Ah! let the Muse the moving Camp attend,
 The virtuous Muse, that best and kindest Friend;
 She will harsh Sounds correct by gentler Notes,
 And charm the troubled Mind, and calm the Thoughts:
 She in bright Colours real Worth displays,
 And tells what Deeds deserve Heroick Praise;
 Informs, when Reason speaks, or Passions rave,
 And who the Cruel are, and who the Brave.
 Vertue (that shines thro' Mail) has greater Charms,
 And we by Justice ought to guide our Arms:
 Unlike the Natives of the *Thracian* Hills,
 Who ravage all, and glory in the Spoils;

No kind Remorse they feel, no Pity show,
 And *Pallas* only by her Armour know ;
 But often she retires to peaceful Groves,
 And gowned Arts, and harmless Study loves.
 Letters alone correct the Soldiers Hear,
 And *Mars* and *Phœbus* make the Man compleat.
 Think on your future Hopes and settled State,
 But slow resolve, or you will grieve too late :
 What now seems good, may not hereafter please ;
 View then the World, and travel Lands and Seas.
 Manners observ'd, and foreign Customs known,
 And Laws and Governments unlike our own,
 Enrich with Notions, and inlarge the Mind,
 The Judgment is improv'd, the Taste refin'd.
 A just Experience will alike reclaim
 From Noise, and empty Flash, and aukward Shame.
 The Soul thus pois'd, keeps a proportion'd mean
 Betwixt the Bashful, and the Bold-obscene.
 Gay and polite the Youths from Travel come,
 And leave the Prejudice and Rust of Home.
 With graceful Mien, and unaffected Air,
 They please the Friend, and captivate the Fair.
 Peculiar Vertues every Climate blefs,
 And Vices in their proper Soil increase.
 Observe the differing Nations, and pursue
 The pleasing Toil ; then various Scenes review,
 Impartial judge, and give to each their Due.

WHEN first you weary'd leave the *Alpine* Rocks,
 And see the distant Plains, and hear the bleating Flocks ;

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Book IV. CALLIPÆDIA. 119

Here *Italy* the ambient Sea divides,
 On either side embrac'd by swelling Tides.
 She the known World one mighty Empire made,
 And Provinces remote her Laws obey'd ;
Rome o'er the farthest Isles her Eagles spread,
 And vanquish'd Kings before her Legions fled ;
 Religion only now exalts her Tow'rs,
 And Papal Censure awes the Civil Pow'rs.
 The *Latian* Youth enervate now forget
 The hardy Toil, nor prone to martial Heat,
 Unactive lie, and please their wanton Thoughts
 By murm'ring Fountains, or in sleepy Grots.

BUT great Remains show what the Whole has been,
 And the vast Pile is in its Ruin seen ;
 The *Latian* Soil, whose pregnant Womb replete
 With vig'rous Motion, and enliv'ning Heat,
 Bless'd Souls produc'd, wise, diligent, and brave,
 Heroes design'd to rule Mankind and save ;
 Decay'd by Age, yet in her weaker Veins
 Prolifick Warmth, and active Seed retains.
 Oft from the Palaces of modern *Rome*
 Fam'd Sages and immortal Worthies come ;
 Who Kingdoms prop, and make the Nations bless'd ;
 On whom th' united World might safely rest.
 Such *Julius* now o'er *Gallia's* Realm presides,
 Directs her Counsels, and her People guides ;
 His Conduct steady, and unmov'd his Soul,
 Whose fix'd Resolves no adverse Pow'rs controul.
 The antient *Roman* is in *Julius* seen,
 What once the *Scipio's* were, and *Fabii* have been.

With dusky Discontent the *Spaniards* low'r,
 And curse the Hand that checks their growing Pow'r.
 But him no Anger moves, nor rancour'd Hate,
 Tho' hellish Furies would distract the State,
 Curs'd Fiends, from pensive Night and Chaos sent,
 To stir up mutual Wars, and Strife foment.
 Envy her self recalls her snaky Brood,
 And has unwilling own'd their Rage subdu'd :
 Their fast'ning Teeth still unsuccessful were ;
 Themselves they gnaw, and their own Bowels tear.
 But tho' his vengeful Arm might crush with ease
 Those foolish Malecontents, whom none can please ;
 Like *Cæsar* he forgives their causeless Hate,
 And by his Mercy would reclaim th' Ingrate.
Julius inherits all of *Cæsar's* Fame,
 And the same Verrues now adorn the sacred Name,
 But *Italy* no longer can assume
 The glorious Name of old, *Cæsarean Rome* :
 For into various States and Dukedoms to's'd,
 She keeps the Title, but the Grandeur's lost.
 Fled is the Vigour of her antient Race,
 And Subtily and Fraud supply the Place.
 A Cunning, oil'd with Words, is now their Choice,
 A soothing Temper, and bewitching Voice.

The fortish World, not circumscrib'd by Arms,
 Yields to prevailing Eloquence's Charms.
 The supple Nation with a servile Fear
 Now fawns and flatters in a Prince's Ear.

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A poor *Italian* Starveling is so low,
He'll creep, and cringe, and to the Devil go ;
Bid fair for Hell, with all his Might and Main,
If by the way he can a Penny gain :
Familiar to all Shapes, this Slave to time
Will shun no Danger, and refuse no Crime.
Yet think the Nation not so lost to Shame,
Without one Vertue to redeem its Fame :

Th' *Italian* Genius claims a sovereign Part,
For every Science form'd, and every Art ;
No Cloud embraces, but his sober Views
With indefatigable Pain pursues ;
And fast'ning on his Wishes and Desires,
No distant Hopes, no Time his Courage tires :
He does no Hazards fly, no Labour spare,
But shuns Expence with Providential Care :
Hence Fortune his superior Mind bestrides,
And equally her faithless Smiles derides ;
Alike regardless of her threatening Frowns,
While Industry th' *Italian* Name renowns :
Nigh Tyber's Banks still *Phœbus* does inspire
Illustrious Wits, still tunes the *Roman* Lyre :
Still on their well-known Hills the Muses rove,
New *Virgils* sing of Arms, new *Ovids* love,
And *Horaces* still haunt the fam'd *Ausonian* Grove.

Yet is it strange that Monarchs should obey
A Nation fall'n from high Imperial Sway :

Bred in a crafty Politician's School,
 From subject *Italy* they learn to rule :
 She sends us Statesmen, and new Kings submit
 Their conquering Gold to her commanding Wit.

IF, roaming thence, your curious Eye designs
 To see those Regions where the Sun declines,
 If you determine for the Coasts of *Spain*,
 And the stern Nations of the *Western* Reign ;
 There hardy Valour, and ambitious Pride,
 With Vanity and Avarice reside.
 The Thirst of Empire leads the Madmen on,
 And for their Glory, *Europe* is undone :
 Kingdoms must fall, and Kings like Victims die,
 To raise their airy Column to the Sky :
 But while she aims to keep the World in awe,
 And Yoke it to her universal Law ;
 Till her Designs are to Perfection brought,
 She tries the last Extent, and Pain of Thought :
 She wants nor Art, nor Labour, but inspires
 Her enterprizing Sons with high Desires :
 She knows no Limits, and no Law will keep,
 Tho Crowns on Crowns are pil'd on her triumphant
 Heap.
 New *Winds* may mutter, and new *Oceans* roar,
 And vainly bellow on a foreign Shore ;
 In other Skies malignant Stars may shine,
 And scaly Monsters roll the *Western* Brine,
 Yet nor their Courage shock, nor check their bold De-
 sign.

Nough^t

Nought can their itching Lust of Empire cure;
 They slight all Dangers, and all Toils endure:
 To gain a Scepter, thro' the Globe they run,
 Freeze in all *Snows*, and fry in every *Sun*;
 Nor parching Thirst can this strong Wish restrain,
 Nor Hunger scaring with her grisly Train.
 Yet, tho' this haughty and affecting State
 Thus labours with a Passion to be great,
 Tho' none more thirsty of superior Sway;
 None with a more submissive Mind obey:
 No Hardship their experienc'd Valour damps,
 Enur'd to Wars, and old in frequent Camps:
 Their passive Souls adore a *General's* Nod,
 And every Frown's the Thunder of a God:
 Such is the Temper of this Martial Race,
 By this they Rule, in this their Vertue place:
 Intent on Glory, they are seldom found
 To manage and improve their native Ground:
 To Till and Sow are things beneath their Care;
 To conquer Countries is their grand Affair:
 Hence *Bacchus* mourns in the neglected Vines,
 And slighted *Ceres* in the Valleys pines:
 For them the Sword and glittering Spear was made;
 For Clowns the Plough, the Pruning-Hook, and Spade
 Nor are the *Spaniards* fam'd for Arms alone;
 Intrigues of State, and Counsels are their own:
 In their close Breast they brood, secure from Sight,
 Deep as the Grave, and silent as the Night:
 Nay, to their Guilt they Saints and Angels ask,
 And play the Villain in Religion's Mask:

Hence often palming on the thoughtless Groud,
 They dim their Senses with a pious Cloud.
 But who with Patience hears them, when they speak,
 And windy Bombast swells the bladder'd Cheek?
 With the curs'd Plague of Vanity chastis'd,
 And all despising, are by all despis'd.

IF for another Clime your Fancy's bent,
 Surmount the *Pyreneans* high Ascent;
 From whose aerial Eminence repair
 To cooler Plains, and taste a milder Air,
 The *Gallic* Region has a different View,
 Various the Climate, and the People new.
 The *French* and *Spaniards* equally are brave;
 But *Those* as much too Light, as *These* too Grave:
 The *French* Affronts and Kindnesses regard
 Alike, nor *Those* revenge, nor *These* reward:
 Yet to this native Lenity is join'd
 A Martial Vertue, and undaunted Mind;
 A temper'd Courage, which no Fears can shake,
 Nor Death in all his frightful Figures break.
 What strange convulsive Horrors have they spread
 O'er trembling *Rome*, the World's once boasted Head,
 When *Brennus* ravag'd, and when *Bourbon* led?
 Thro *Latian* Fields the *Gaulish* Squadrons ran,
 And shook the *Capitol* and *Vatican*.
 Why should the Muse their numerous Laurels boast
 Of conquer'd Nations on the *Eastern* Coast?
 Why should she tell their Trophies and their Spoils,
 Their *Asian* Labours, and their *Libyan* Toils?

These

These Triumphs antient Histories rehearse,
And Poets sing them in eternal Verse.

But like a Mistress, does good Fortune play,
Fond is her Courtship, and as short her Stay.

The *French* can conquer, but some cross Event

Treads on Success, and blasts a brave Intent :

Whether the Cause from too much Flame arise,

And Valour by Excess of Valour dies ;

Or they the conquer'd Foe too much despise,

By vaunting Insolence unhappy made,

And to unactive Luxury betray'd ;

Or that their Genius prompt them to pursue

Things different in their kind, and always new :

By which Inconstancy their *Bays* are seen

To wither on their Brows, and seldom green.

Yet still their Prince they worship like a God,

Obedient Servants to his sacred Nod :

To Monarchy devote, they chuse to bear

Whatever Yoke their Kings command to wear.

This is a true and undisputed Sway,

Nor is the *Turk* more absolute than they,

Nor *Russian* Slaves more willingly obey.

Their Wills are Statutes, and a Law alone,

Whene'er they please to thunder from the Throne :

And if a Child the Scepter should enjoy,

The *Gallic* World bows to the Royal Boy :

If sprung from Ancestors, in Council wise,

And fam'd in Arms, he by Succession rise ;

Hereditary Right's so much their Choice,
In him, as in a *Nestor*, they rejoice,
And passively obey his lisping Voice.

Why should I tell, how friendly *Gallia* pours
Her highest Favours on *Trinacrian* Shores?
Gallia, to Strangers hospitably kind,
Submits to foreign Rule her lofty Mind;
And oft to those who from far Countries came,
Has to her Bounty sacrific'd her Fame.

Gallia, so prodigal to Strangers grown,
Folds with a fast Embrace a People not her own:
And if she finds them fit for Grand Affairs,
Of Prudence, equal to a Kingdom's Cares,
She loads with Titles their deserving Wits,
And to the private Cabinet admits.
So he, who now assists the *Gallic* Crown,
Whom *Rome* has honour'd with the Scarlet Gown,
Is to her Bosom taken, and repays
Whate'er she gives in Dignity or Praise.
This new *Alcides* on his Neck sustains
The Globe of *France*, and holds the Empire's Reins;
Enur'd to Conquest, and his Foes to bruise,
He *Spain's Geryon* with his Club subdues.

NOR

NOR winning Manners, and a chearful Face
 Will recommend alone the *Gallic* Race;
 Whose Conversation's sweet ingaging Air,
 Pleases alike the Witty and the Fair:
 The Light and Grave in just Proportion join'd,
 Divert the Passions, and instruct the Mind:
 From disagreeing Concord they produce
 A Harmony of valuable Use,
 And marry solid Wisdom to the sprightly Muse:
 To them the *Deities* disclose their Springs,
 Their brightest Fancies, and abstrusest things;
Minerva teaches, and *Apollo* sings.
 Whate'er in eloquent *Platonic* Lines,
 Whate'er in *Homer* or in *Virgil* shines,
 Whate'er *Venusium's* Poet did inspire,
 The *French* have follow'd with an equal Fire;
 And imitate the Trumpet and the Lyre.
 Whether they sing of Battels and of Arms,
 Or Woods resound fair *Galatea's* Charms;
 In them the *Roman* and the *Greek* are found,
 And *Echo* never heard a sweeter sound.

IF then from *Calais* you design to land
 On *England's* vile, unhospitable Strand,
 There shall you find a Race of monstrous Men;
 Where mangled Princes strew the *Cyclops* Den.
 A false, ungrateful, and rebellious Brood,
 New from a slaughter'd Monarch's sacred Blood:

They break all Laws, all Fancies they pursue,
 And follow all Religions, but the True :
 All there are Priests, each differently prays,
 And worships Heayen ten thousand various Ways :
 If by the Mob the canting Fool's admir'd ;
 The Brother's gifted, and the Saint's inspir'd :
 Hence the Fanaticks rave, and wildly storm,
 Convert by Pistol, and by Pike reform.
 Nor are th' Enthusiasts so abhorrent grown
 To holy, ceremonious Rites alone :
 An English-man on all Extremes will run,
 And by consent be wilfully undone.
 If an Opinion thwart what Antients wrote,
 He catches it, and bosoms up the Thought :
 Alcides would his Club as soon resign,
 As he a darling Heresy decline.

YET we must do the Sons of England Right,
 Some Stars shine thro the Horror of her Night :
 For Navigation, and for Skill renown'd,
 In sailing the Terraqueous Globe around :
 To them no Shore's untry'd, no Sea's unknown,
 Where Waves have murmur'd, and where Winds have
 blown.
 Tiphys and Jason, who in Argo came,
 Lay no Pretensions to so just a Fame,
 As Candish, Willoughby, and Drake's immortal Name.

THE

THE *Dutch* and *Celts* in some kind agree,
 Divided only by a narrow Sea:
 But that, detesting a Monarchick Reign,
 The *Dutch*, revolting from the Crown of *Spain*,
 Have tugg'd for Freedom thro a Crimson Flood;
 So much more dear their Liberty than Blood!

THEN, if you visit the *Germanick* Soil,
 You'll find it worth your Travel and your Toil:
 The Martial People's Arms once kept in Awe
 Old *Rome*, which gave the World Imperial Law,
 Of fiery Visage, and uncommon Size,
 They flash'd in her undaunted Eagle's Eyes.
 Their honest Hearts abhor the least degree
 Of winding Craft, and tricking Knavery:
 They scorn all Masks of Prudence, all Disguise,
 And Politicians serpentinely wise:
 Whether, thar born beneath a cold thick Air,
 Wit seldom falls to the dull *German's* Share;
 Or frequent Fudling does their Spirits drain,
 And *Bacchus* stupify their foggy Brain:
 For there they gage the Largeness of your Soul
 By Bumpers, and the Bigness of your Bowl:
 With them a swelling Paunch, and studded Face,
 Is always reckon'd a becoming Grace;
 And he, who can the twentieth Bottle stand,
 Is the best Hero of the *Drinking Land*.
 Nay, *Father Bacchus*, all their Councils guides,
 Dictates at Treaties, and at Leagues presides:

No mutual Friendship for sincere will pass,
 Without the Pleasure of a plenteous Glas:
 It then grows strongest, when most Healths they toast,
 And he's the truest Heart who drinks the most.
 So flush'd, and swoln with his accusom'd Load,
 Silenus prais'd of old the jolly God:
 His mellow Train would in the Chorus join,
 And bless the Riches of the purple Vine:
 The live-long Night the merry Satyrs sung,
 Evins the Subject of each fault'ring Tongue;
 Evins the Hills around and hollow Valleys rung,
 Nor, tho the German is so much inclin'd
 To quaff full Bowls, and drown th' æthereal Mind,
 Is every part so sottish and so wild,
 As if no Genius o'er the Nasion smil'd:
 Some bold bright Spirits have been known to blaze,
 For Learning, Wit, and Arts of wondrous Praise:
 Who has not heard what Kings their Ruin owe
 To the forg'd Thunder * of Mankind below?
 How from Germanick Skill th' Invention came,
 Whose dire Explosion sets the World in flame;
 When the loud Cannon missive Iron pours,
 Or from the slaugh'ring Bomb Gradivus roars?
 Nor must we his immortal † Name forget,
 To whom we owe the Monuments of Wit;

* Guns first found out by a German, 1280.

† Printing was first invented by John Gutsenberger of
 Mentz in Germany, 1450.

Whence what the Muse has sung, or Hero fought,
In Characters indelible is wrote.
All Times, all Nations shall the *German* know,
While Arts shall flourish, or the *Rhine* shall flow.

HERE must I tell how a *Teutonic* Soul
Bred up in stern *Bellona's* active School,
Is unacquainted with inglorious Ease,
And scorns the happy Luxury of Peace :
For if their quiet Prince has no demand
With hostile Arms upon a neighb'ring Land,
So much for Fighting is their ruling Lust,
That, left in Sloth and Lethargy they rust,
In murdering Wars they serve for foreign pay,
And prostitute their venal Hands to slay.

NOW Northward bend your Travel, nor disdain
To view the Countries nigh the *Baltick* Main,
The warlike *Sweed*, the *Polander*, and *Dane*.
If nigh the *Poles* the *Muses* like to dwell,
Their heavenly Heat will nipping Colds expel :
They fear no Danger from the freezing Air,
Or horrid Influence of the *Greater Bear*.

BUT you, perhaps, are not inclin'd to roam
Such distant Lengths from your dear native Home,
Nor will your Parents, and your Friends forego,
Nor by fatiguing Journeys seek to know
The Men, or Tempers of unequal Skies,
Nor will you at the vast Expence be Wise.

For

For things of this important Use and Weight
 Require sound Bodies, and a large Estate,
 To view the various World : the Weak and Poor
 Can nor the Labour nor the Cost endure :
 The Rich and Healthy should alone sustain
 Hazards by Land, and Dangers on the Main.

BUT when your Blood is to due Temper wrought,
 And Time has mellow'd you to riper Thought,
 Then fix your Soul, and your Career restrain,
 And prudently draw in the slacken'd Rein.
 On Civil Life now seriously attend,
 To serve your Country, and oblige your Friend.

FOR this, with nicest Observation try
 Whatever moves your Mind, or meets your Eye ;
 Whatever from a due Reflection springs,
 In wealthy Cities, or the Courts of Kings :
 O'er in your Mind their foreign Mannets run,
 Their Virtues follow, and their Vices shun ;
 In a just Mixture of their Arts excel,
 In acting worthily, and thinking well :
 So thro' *Sicilian Hybla's* pleasing Groves
 The *Bee*, intent on his sweet Labour, roves ;
Sav'ry and *Thyme* the little Drudge devours,
 And gleans his Harveſt from the fragrant Flow'rs ;
 Does the blue *Violets* and *Roses* chuse,
 And sucks fresh Virtue from the Morning Dews,
 To load his waxen Chambers with *Nectarean* Juice.

MEAN time enure your self to Thought, and strive
 To keep the noble inborn Heat alive ;

Improve

Improve whate'er your Reason has acquir'd ;
The Soul is active, and can ne'er be tir'd :
In valu'd Books your vacant Hours employ,
And, what your Travels could not give, enjoy :
To read good Authors, of a Taste refin'd,
Heightens the Stature of a lofty Mind.
If you delight to hear the Actions told,
Of Heroes prudent, resolute, and bold,
And every glorious Thing perform'd of old ;
To wise Historians for Instruction fly,
And read them over with a curious Eye.
Livy will tell you, how the *Roman* Pile
Rose to such Grandeur, in as grand a Stile :
And *Plutarch* mentions with a Master's Stroke,
How Captains battel'd, and how Sages spoke.
Or if you seek to know, with learned Toil,
The Dispositions of each Sky and Soil,
The Climes and Regions never seen before ;
Roll *Strabo*, *Ptolemy*, and *Cluver* o'er,
And ev'ry Author, whose prevailing Light
May chase away the Clouds of Error's Night,
Enrich the Mind, and set the Judgment right.

BUT, Lastly, let your Conversation turn
On what is good ; and from the Wiselest learn.
If human Nature you desire to know,
And from what secret Springs the Passions flow ;
When there are chose and cull'd, for noble Ends,
Some bright Companions, and well-natur'd Friends,

Know

Knowledge and Vertue on a worthy Mind
Steal silently, and propagate their Kind.

HERE must I need exclaim, nor can forbear,
On Noblemens improvidential Care ;
Who to their forward Sons give loose the Reins,
And taint the generous Blood which fills their Veins ;
Whose leud Associates commonly are known
For Sots, and Scandals of the Court and Town.
For soon as Tutors have resign'd their Charge
Of my young Lord, to let him live at large ;
He, who writes Man, must what he pleases do,
Indulge his Fancy, his own Course pursue :
Yet think not that this hopeful Babe of Grace
Will follow Counsel, and the best embrace :
No ; he'll to Brothels or to Taverns run,
And whore, and guzzle till the Morning Sun ;
Or at *Groom-Porters* he his Elbow shakes,
Accompany'd by Scoundrels, Pimps, and Rakes,
Who with false Pleasures the soft Peer entice,
Then plunge the Bubble in the Gulf of Vice.

NOR are this vile and ignominious Race
Content true Honour from his Breast to chase :
They shut his Eyes to beauteous Truth, and blind
With giddy Notions his unpractis'd Mind.
Soon as my easy and too generous Lord
With ample Feasts has crown'd the loaded Board,
Down strait the Parasitic Blockheads sit,
To scatter their insipid, flatt'ring Wit :

This

This sordid Crew of Rascals, without Sense,
 Praise every bit they eat at his Expende :
 The Viands some extol, and some the Wine,
 And every Glass they drink, cry, *Wondrous fine* !
 Here a stanch Sot takes up the foaming Bowl,
 And swears his Lordship has a Noble Soul :
 There a pert Coxcomb of a different Stile,
 A mere *Sir Fopling*, with affected Smile,
 Does Beauty's Queen, and Lady's Love commend,
 And vows there's nothing like a Female Friend ;
 With luscious Words excites his Patron's Fire,
 And kindles into Leudness young Desire :
 ' Did not your Lordship a young Damsel spy ?
 ' How you she ogled with a roguish Eye !
 ' She tip'd a wanton Wink, and smil'd, and sigh'd,
 ' As if for you the tender Victim dy'd :
 ' I know your Heart is to Compassion prone,
 ' True Flesh and Blood, not made of Steel or Stone :
 ' Can you withstand the torrent of her Charms ?
 ' Who would not languish in her snowy Arms ?
 ' Mind not what dull and sullen *Cato's* say,
 ' Or canting *Solons* ; you're as wise as they :
 ' Now your first Blood and springing Youth employ
 ' In amorous Sports, and give a loose to Joy :
 Such are the Guests which you at Board maintain ;
 Such the raw Mind in Vice and Nonsense train ;
 The common Chat of th' unreflecting Crew,
 Who drop whatever's Great, or Good, or True.

WHILE I new Matter for a Verse prepare,
 What heavenly Voice affects my list'ning Ear ?

What

What Deity a Human Form assumes,
 And with *Ambrosial* Breath the Air perfumes?
 All things around with Beams of Beauty shine,
 And Roses spring beneath her Feet divine:
 I see (nor does my Fancy cheat my Sight)
Calliope in all her Graces bright:
 What awful Lustre lightens from her Face!
 The Goddess known by her Majestick Pace!

WHY deigns the Muse to quit the learned Throng,
 And *Pindus* Hill, for my advent'rous Song?
 Say, art thou come my Labours to espouse,
 And with *Parnassian* Bays t'adorn my Brows?

GO on, said she, in thy immortal Theme,
 To merit mine, and all the World's Esteem:
 Improve thy Song, and in thy sacred Breast
 Admit with Joy a second heavenly Guest:
 'Tis not enough that your auspicious Care
 Has furnish'd *Man*, if you neglect the *Fair*:
 Shall Arts and Learning be alone confin'd
 To the *Male Image* of th' Eternal Mind?
 Nature, who gave till she could give no more,
 On *Woman* lavish'd all her precious Store;
 Who now courts solid and substantial Praise,
 Nor values Beauty, wedded to a Face;
 Her Mind peculiar Ornaments desires,
 And Vertues proper to her Sex requires:
 And since my tuneful Sisters all delight
 In comely Forms, obliging to the Sight;

Since

Since we alone can tell what softer Art
Suits with the Genius of a Virgin's Heart ;
I leave the learned Mountains to disclose
What well thy lov'd *Calliopea* knows :
Be thou attentive, while I deign to shine
On thy smooth Page, and brighten every Line.

'T IS true, that *Man* is more sublime and bold,
But *Woman's* figur'd of a finer Mould :
Hence the soft Nature of a pliant Clay
Will all Impressions take, all Forms obey :
Who then excludes the Virgins, as unfit
For the high Arts and Mysteries of Wit ?
Or why should base invidious *Man* deny
The Search of Truth to their discerning Eye ?
Why, when ingenit Reason shoots her Ray
To light us all, are they forbid the Day ?
Why should th' implanting Energy of Mind
Grow faint, and slacken in the Female kind ?
Impartial *Jove* forbids so great a Crime ;
Nor was *Apollo* only born to climb
Aonian Hills ; we too inhabit there,
The Muses, ever Tuneful, ever Fair :
Tritonian Pallas does her *Ægis* wield,
Nor will to *Phæbus* or *Gradivus* yield,
But rules in *Athens*, and commands the Field.

YET (O the Folly of the *Gallic Race* !)
No Princely Nymph does here our Rites embrace :
With thee, *Valois*, all Female Wit is fled,
With thee is every Grace and Beauty dead.

No more fine Arts are of this Country's Growth
 With modern Ladies, so supine in Sloth.
 The *Mind* lies fallow, and none care to toil
 In the good Ground, and sow the noble Soil.

BUT if we bend far Northward, to behold
 A People, horrid with the *Arctic* Cold ;
 There does *Christina*, Queen of *Vandals*, reign,
 And kindly welcomes the *Pierian* Train.
 From Southern Climes the slighted Muses flown,
 Find safe Protection in the frigid Zone :
 She peaceful Arts with Arms delights to join,
 And with her Father's Laurels mingle mine.
 Who can the Counsels of the Gods relate,
 And dark Designs of Providence and Fate ?
 The *Goths*, a Nation barbarous and rude,
 An ignorant, unletter'd Multitude ;
 Who o'er the World once like a Deluge broke,
 And chain'd the *Roman* Empire to their Yoke ;
 When trampled Arts did every where expire,
 Spoils of the greedy Sword, or raging Fire ;
 Have lost their rugged and uncourtly Mien,
 Fil'd into Smoothness by so wise a Queen ;
 And amply now to Learning have repaid
 For the wide Wounds their bloody Fathers made.

YE *Gallic* Matrons, if ye scorn to know
 The Pleasures, which from polish'd Letters flow,
 If you delight not to inform your Soul ;
 At least, preserve your Body chaste, and whole :

Whe

Whether the Loom you for Employment chuse,
Or else the Distaff, or the Needle use ;
Let Vertue be the Business of your Life,
And take Example by a *Sabine* Wife.
Who is not shock'd to see the beauteous Fair,
With Looks obscene, and meretricious Air ?
Lais and *Flora* modest Swains despise,
Their wanton Words, leud Smiles, and ogling Eyes,
And all the Tricks, by which loose Nymphs disgrace
The chaster Honours of the Female Race.
By no such Charms did *Psyche* from above,
Allure and captivate the God of Love :
By graceful Innocence alone she won
The melting Heart of *Cytherea's* Son :
A Beam from her Æthereal Vertue came,
And lighted up the pure, the Virgin-Flame.

SHE said, and strait she vanish'd into Air;
And me surrender'd up to gloomy Care.
Confounded at her sudden Flight, I spoke,
And into these despairing Raptures broke:
O Goddess, could my Voice or Reason sway
So far upon thee to demand thy stay ;
In Words and Numbers never heard before,
I would thy Presence once again implore :
Thou shouldst instruct me, and inspire my Song,
To tell what Arts to Government belong ;
What Qualities a Hero most adorn,
What Vertues suit a Mind to Scepters born :
These wou'd the heavenly Youth descend to hear,
Whose Kingly Hands now move the *Gallie* Sphere ;

At whose Paternal Throne his People bow,
 And whom before they lov'd, they worship now.
 Should I pursue my Labour, and rehearse
 Thy sacred Dictates in well-polish'd Verse;
 Should I to him thy pleasing Offerings bring,
 A Present worthy so divine a King;
 Should I declare the Methods to maintain
 His Subjects Love, the *Manna* of his Reign:
 He would, perhaps, with willing Ears attend,
 Approve my Duty, and the Muse commend.

BUT whar Imprudence does our Mind confound?
 How can a Prince, whom clashing Arms surround,
 Whom Wars loud Musick stuns with rattling Noise,
 Hear the soft Lute, and *Clio's* gentle Voice?

Prime Ministers unlearned Kings misguide,
 Who have nor Sense nor Courage on their side:
 By Guilt they govern the deluded Throne,
 And sacrifice all Realms to save their own.

For while at *All* th' unbridled *Spaniard* aims,
 And *Europe's* universal Empire claims;
 Who ravishes the World with eager Lust,
 Stung with Ambition's unextinguish'd Thirst;
 Contending Monarchs nothing can dissuade
 From carrying on *Bellona's* bloody Trade;
 The quiver'd God of Light no longer sings,
 But twangs his silver Bow, his Harp unstrings.

Fare-

Farewell, my Muse, do thou no more inspire
My fainting Breast, but let thy Flames expire
In languid Embers ; and lay down thy Lyre.

Perhaps, when Fate, which *Gallia's* Peace debars,
And hides in Mists the Darling of the Stars,
Lewis, the choicest Gift from Heaven above,
The Wonder of this Age, and Fortune's Love,
Shall chase the Darkness of opprobrious Night ;
Then shall he foreign Aid and Lustre slight,
And shine Himself with Beams of inborn Glory bright,
So frequent Fogs the Face of *Titan* shroud,
Veil'd with thick Air, or mantled in a Cloud ;
Till breaking thro' the Vapours of the Night,
He shoots his Beams abroad, a Flood of Light :
To Heaven and Earth he vindicates his Sway,
And absolute Prerogative of Day.

THE Time will come, nor may the Fates incline
To draw t' a wicked Length the silver Twine,
When, vainly practis'd in the Sports of War,
Spain, weary'd out with Hatred, shall give o'er,
And Wrath, and Blood, and Strife be seen no more.
Then proud *Hesperia*, from her Dangers wife,
Turns all her Counsels, and with asking Eyes,
For Peace to *Gallia's* pious Hero flies :
Who takes the suppliant Nation in his Arms,
Grants their Request, and with his Goodness charms.

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Hence

Hence muttering Drums, and murd'ring Cannons cease,
And the calm World is lull'd in soothing Peace :

War, Envy, and Ambition's haughty Train,
Bound, with a sullen Pride and stern Disdain
Groul on their hundred Knots, and bite the brazen
Chain :

While *Lewis* with angelic Smile looks down
On the tame Horror of each idle Frown.
See where he comes ! in God-like Beauty new,
And Olive crowns the Brows, where Laurel grew ;
With smiling Air, and condescending Grace,
He meets advancing the *Castilian* Race ;
And to the *Louvre* and *Versailles* admits
The Sacred Poets, and Celestial Wits ;
Whose lofty Songs shall strike the listning Sky,
Round the charm'd Court the Melody shall fly,
And Eccho in harmonious Raptures die.

THE Muse transported in *Mæonian* Verse,
Shall War's foul Causes and Beginnings curse ;
Which twice ten Years has delug'd out a Flood
Of crimson Dye, and mingled Blood with Blood :
While stiff in Steel, for many dire Campaigns,
The *French* and *Spaniard* battel'd on the Plains.
What numerous Navies with encountering Trees
Have planted the wild Wilderness of Seas !
What Fleets were lost ! what Towns in Ashes laid !
Now on each side inconstant Fortune play'd
With all the various Chance of War's severer Trade !
Then, as to Pity, Grief or Rage succeeds,
And in the Song the warlike Hero bleeds ;

The

The frighted Nymph dies at the horrid Sounds,
Of fancied Groans, and Sight of absent Wounds.

THEN shall *Enterpe* strike the peaceful Shell,
And Triumphs in alluring Numbers tell;
Triumphs which more than Victories will please,
Of learned Leisure, and improving Ease;
In various Verse shall various Pleasures show,
And make dull Life worth living for below.
Plump *Bacchus*, and the Patroness of Corn,
Shall with full Canisters the Feast adorn:
The generous Grape and golden Grain shall pour,
And rain promiscuous Fruits, a plenteous Shower;
Chiefly the turgid and luxuriant Vine
On laughing Hills shall wantonly recline.
Then shall in Matrimonial League be ty'd
The loving Bridegroom and the longing Bride,
In lawful Kisses their sweet Hours employ,
And court the Combat of the *Cyprian* Joy;
And, for their beauteous Child, with grateful Tongue
Shall bless the Muse, who so divinely sung.

SO when Great *Jove* did with the Giants fight,
To Heaven asserting his undoubted Right,
Cæus and vast *Enceladus* he slew,
With Lightning sing'd the bold conspiring Crew,
And lodg'd them in the Mountains, which they threw:
In *Ætna's* Caves, a Sacrifice to Pride,
They breed new Earthquakes as they shift their side.
Then the fair Sisters of th' *Aonian* Throng
Met the victorious God with lofty Song;

Curst the Rebellion of Earth's impious Race,
 Who durst with *Jove* dispute superior Place.
 Peals of Applause thro the bright Palace rung,
 And the charm'd *Stars* danc'd, as the *Muses* sung.
Gods were with *Gods* in strict Embraces bound,
 Full Bowls of Nectar walk'd the pleasing Round,
 And Mirth, and Joy, and Peace sincere, the heavenly
 Banquet crown'd.

FINIS.

